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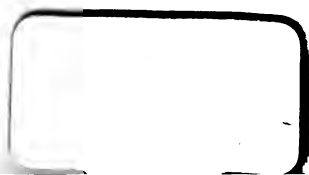
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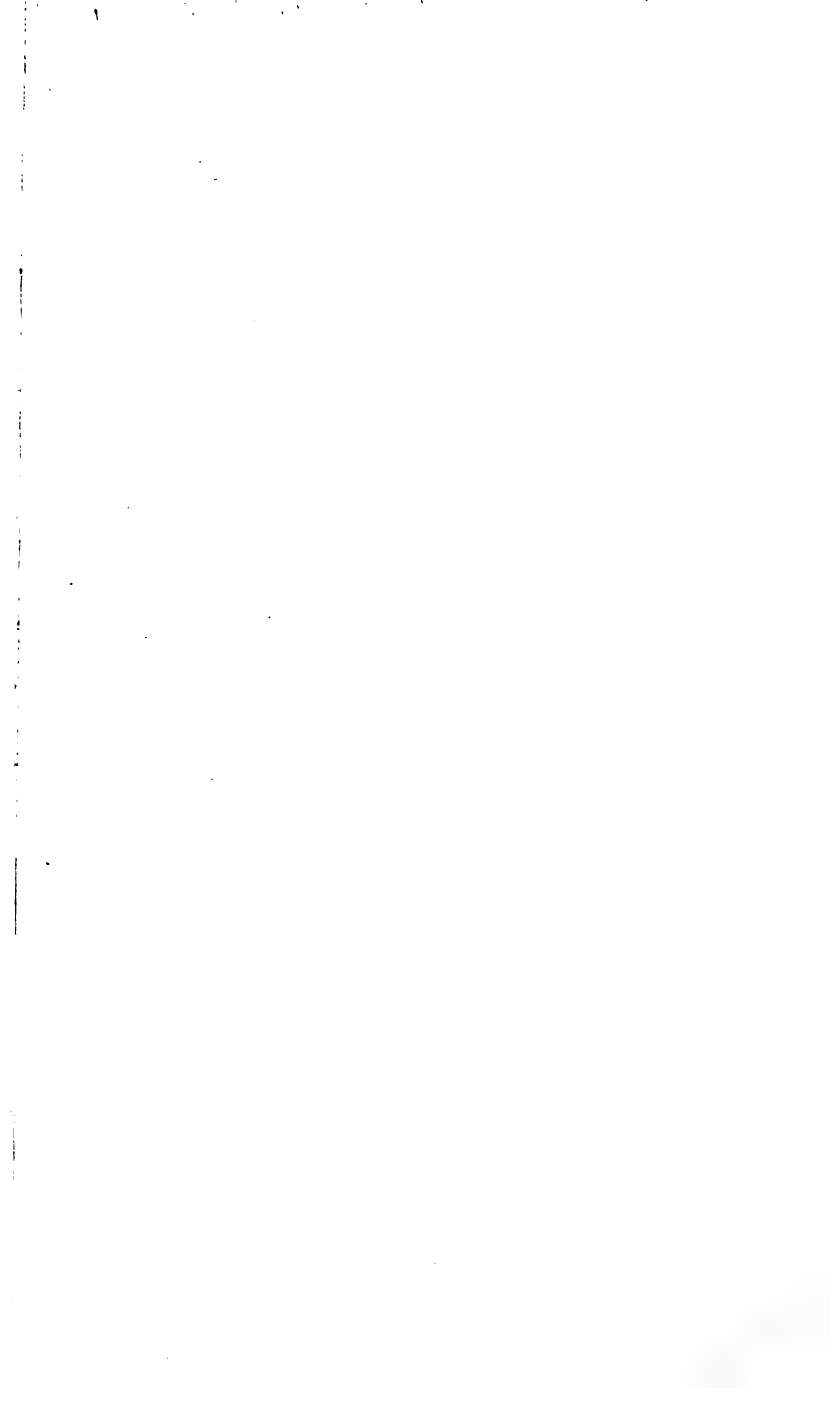
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SKETCHES OF ALGERIA

DURING

THE KABYLE WAR.

BY

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REORGANIZATION OF THE INDIAN ARMY."



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TO
MY MOTHER

I Dedicate

THIS VOLUME.

H. M. W.

PREFACE.

THE following pages were written at detached intervals, and under many disadvantages. The object I set before myself in the outset of my journey to Algeria was not to jot down at the moment, as so many have done before, the different adventures which befell me when treading for the first time the shores of a country quite new to me, or to note the manners and customs of a simple and singular nation. I regret I did not do so, for in the meagre outline I have traced of Kabylia, its inhabitants, and its final conquest, I have been forced to draw principally from memory. All I can say, however, in my own favour is that what I have here recorded is substantially true and correct. I have drawn for the most part on memory, but not on fancy. The

history of the political convict, whose tale seemed to me so fraught with interest, as he told it beneath the waving branches of the noble old cedars of Teniet El Haad, is not only word for word as it was then related, but is also susceptible of proof step by step. The old soldier still lingers out his life in French Algeria, a hopeless and blighted man. He who bled at Waterloo, who, a simple private of the Imperial Guard, witnessed the adieux of the first Napoleon at Fontainebleau, and who, with a few other kindred spirits, charged the Austrian guns at Leipsig, yet drags a lengthened chain of hopeless exile on the African plain.

With respect to the military operations, I have dwelt but lightly on them, though they were the kernel of the nut I resolved to crack when I entered on the journey detailed in these pages. I had heard much of the French-African regiments, of their admirable interior economy and good organisation; and though the fearful explosion which has since shaken our Indian empire had not then burst over us, yet long thought on the subject of our Sepoy force, which some Indian service had made

me acquainted with, led me to doubt its being on a sound foundation.

Meeting one day with a French officer of some standing, whom I had previously known in the East during the Russian campaign, I received an invitation to join him in Algeria, whither he was ordered. An expedition for the final subjugation of Kabylia was talked of. Here then was an opportunity, such as I had long sought for, and might never meet with again. But permission had to be obtained from the French Minister at War, and it was in vain I solicited that permission, though backed by the recommendation of Lord Cowley and the British Embassy. How I besieged Marshal Vaillant, and how I totally failed in moving him to grant me permission to accompany the French invading column, —how, through the kindness of the Chief of the Staff in Algeria, I partially succeeded, would afford little interest to the reader.

The result of the experience I have gained in a military point of view, I have purposely withheld in the present work, and have indeed dwelt but very lightly on the details of the expedition, thinking

they would but prove wearisome to the casual reader. I have, in short, merely endeavoured to awaken in him, while perusing the following pages, the wish to see more of a very curious and beautiful country than I myself saw of it; for Algeria offers strong inducements to the tourists who have hitherto overlooked it. The winter months may be passed there by the invalid with benefit to the health, for the climate is superior to that of Nice, and besides the constant movement of the curiously mixed population, the strange dresses, languages, and customs, around him relieve his stay of all insipidity.

To the naturalist and the antiquary Algeria presents a wide, and hitherto almost untouched field. Roman remains lie buried in the hills, which have been spared all visit save that of the wandering Bedouin or the rude Kabyle, who pass them by as things of bygone days unworthy of notice. To the sportsman Algeria would be an Elysium. True, the larger animals which once abounded up to the very walls of Algiers are now driven back into the interior. But there they remain, while he who is satisfied with small game need not go far to find it.

From the quail and partridge of the Chelif plains, to the snipe and wild duck of Lake Halloula,—neither more than a good day's ride from Algiers,—he may make his choice, or seek wilder and more exciting adventure among the lions and panthers of the more distant mountains. The strange mode of life too, strange customs, and strange people, now placed within reach of the most ordinary tourist, cannot fail to interest all who may visit the land. My wanderings may serve to arouse this interest, and to prompt some to visit the green shores of French Algeria,—green when November fogs and January's cold drive the mass of migratory English from their comfortable firesides to the dirt, misery, and extortion of Continental life.

With this aim I have spared the reader military detail, but the object of my Algerian rambles remained to be carried out, and should the theme interest any of my readers he will find the means of gratifying that interest by turning to the title-page of this book; for though renouncing it here, I could not entirely put aside the primary cause of my journey; and should my ideas, gleaned from actual

service, and strengthened by observing the working of the system I have advocated in the field, meet the approbation of any one who will lend them support on the ground of their intrinsic value, my pen and my time will not have been employed in vain, in what I have perhaps cheated myself into believing to be, though in an indirect way, my country's service.

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ALGERIA.

THE history of the French occupation of Algeria is too well known to require more than a superficial summary at my hands, but as the steamer slowly nears the port, a short digression may be permitted. The French had, even so far back as 1450, some possessions on the African coast, and their rights and privileges had usually been respected, but in 1818 their establishments were rendered very insecure. Under one pretence or another, the Dey of Algiers continually plundered them, until at last it became impossible to satisfy his exactions.

The exclusive right to the coral-fisheries had been obtained by the French in consideration of an annual tribute of 17,000 francs. Suddenly the Dey demanded 200,000, and this being agreed to, the money was paid into his treasury, upon which he immediately granted leave to other nations to fish on the French coral grounds. The French consul was next ordered to quit Algiers, and

was only allowed to remain on condition of paying a fine to the Dey of 100,000 francs. At this time the coast was infested with pirates, and two powerful tribes yet exist whose huts crown the heights of the Boudjaraéh overlooking the sea, and who furnished the boldest of these pitiless marauders; and, strange as it now appears, many nations paid a yearly tax to the Dey, to purchase exemption from their attacks. Among these we find Spain, Sicily, Tuscany, Sardinia, Portugal, Sweden, Denmark, and England. The tax thus levied amounted to no less a sum than 858,600 francs, independent of the presents expected on their nomination from the consuls of these powers, and which became the perquisites of the Dey. Armed remonstrances and reprisals occasionally took place, but the Dey of Algiers persisted in violating all sense of right, and the man-stealing continued until the wretched captives amounted to more than 20,000 souls, men, women, and children, who were objects of merchandise. The price of a stout, male Christian slave, in the market-place of Algiers, averaged about thirty pounds, while the market value of the female captives varied according to their personal charms. The handsomest became inmates of the hareems, while their plainer sisters degenerated into household drudges. Many a curious change of position must have taken place, and the situation of many must have been inverted; but the lot of the female captives was happy compared with that of the male slaves. The fate of those who were sold in the interior

was least to be pitied ; for hard work under a broiling sun, in marshy unwholesome places, soon delivered them from their bondage, and they were ordinarily well fed ; but for their brethren, bought up cheap by the Government, organised into gangs, and marched about like convicts, there was little hope. Their day was spent in hard work, under the lash of the Mahometan taskmaster, whose object was to extort as much labour from them as possible, and as they died they were replaced by others. The slaves refused by the merchants fell to the share of the Government, and from these, the refuse of the market, and least capable of work, the severest labour was required. The wretched holes and cells where these poor captives kennelled at night will in a few months no longer exist. In their present half-destroyed state, they exhibit a curious spectacle, and behind them, as shovel and pickaxe do their daily work of desolation, the new cathedral cross is seen more and more plainly lifting itself high in the air, over the spot where the Dey's palace formerly stood.

Incredible as it seems to us now, the various countries most concerned in putting down piracy bore with it, until in consequence of a dispute between the French consul and the Dey, respecting a sum of 7,000,000 francs due to two Algerine Jews—part of which the Dey endeavoured to turn into his own coffers—a rupture occurred, and the Dey forgot himself so far as to resort to personal violence, and struck

Monsieur Duval, the French consul, with his fan. A special embassy was sent over to Algiers to arrange this affair, but French diplomacy utterly failed before Turkish apathy, and without any declaration of war or warning, just as the French vessel bearing the special ambassador, Monsieur de La Brettonnière, sailed out of the fort, every gun capable of doing so opened upon her. Human patience was thus stretched to its utmost limits, and one fine May morning a squadron destined for the attack of Algiers sailed from the port of Toulon, and in due course disembarked its contingent of troops at a spot considerably to the westward, called Sidi Ferruch. The French troops landed under cover of their ships' guns, repulsed the attacking Turkish columns, and met the Dey's army on the plains of Staouli, about half-way between Sidi Ferruch and Algiers. An obstinately contested fight took place, and the most brilliant feat of the day—which occurred on the losing side—was the charge of the Turkish cavalry who rode in their headlong course right through General de Bourmont's divisions, and perished almost to a man on the bayonets of the French squares.

On the spot where this battle was fought and won by the French, a large convent now stands, the country round being conceded to the monks, who work the land, and have established one of the finest model farms in Algeria. It is a curious sight to see these workmen-monks in their half-lay, half-clerical dresses, toiling in

the daytime and performing their religious rites on Sundays and fête-days, with their bronze faces, long flowing beards, and hard horny hands. On week days to meet one of them with his soutane tucked up, his grizzled moustache drooping with heat and labour, and the long pruning-knife hanging to his girdle, makes it hard to believe in the existence of the priest under the garb of the labourer. But such is the scene now, while at the time we speak of De Bourmont's conquering columns marched steadily on over the plains of Staouli, driving before them the remains of the Turkish force, and soon crowned the heights that overlook Algiers. Thus taken in rear, completely cut off, and the French guns having knocked his outworks to pieces, Hussein, the last Dey, capitulated, stipulating only for freedom of religion, and respect for private property; and so the Turkish domination in Algeria, which had lasted over three hundred years, was brought to a close.

But it must not be supposed that the French possessed themselves at one stroke of Algeria. Algiers only was theirs, and the head-quarters of Turkish power thus annihilated, the Turks themselves emigrated, and the different provinces comprised under the name of Algeria chose, or were seized by, new rulers. The French were thus shut up in their new conquest, while rapine and murder reigned supreme even to the very gates of Algiers. But the germ of civilisation was in the land; foot by foot, and step by

step, the French advanced, conquering and organising district after district, until at last only the tribes of Kabylia, defended by their impassable gorges and ravines, their steep mountains and their forest glades, remained free and unsubdued.

Such is a rapid history of French Algeria. As for Algiers itself, it is a pretty town enough as first seen from the sea. Built on the side of a steep hill, the eye at once takes in the whole city, its white buildings massed together, and crowned by its citadel or Casbah, and the strong outwork called now the Fort Napoléon. Seen from a distance, as the steamer heads for the port, it greatly resembles a stone quarry cut in the mountain-side ; and as the vessel approaches nearer and nearer, the blended mass resolves itself into houses, mosques, and public buildings, all white ; while, far as the eye can reach on the left, the large houses and green foliage of Mustapha, overlooking the sea, become more and more distinct. On the right stretches the mount Boudjaréah, its sunny slopes indented with cool ravines, and its sides dotted with large white Moorish houses, peeping out of their clumps of trees ; the whole terminating in this direction with the bold, high promontory of Point Pescade. Two small islands break the force of the waves as they roll on towards this point, and the ruins on its summit are those of the stronghold of the old Algerine Corsair "Abdy." Many a tale of ferocity and cruelty is told of those old walls, in the days when Abdy's piratical galleys lay sheltered by the

natural breakwater formed by the two islets : and the projecting stone sentry-box overhanging the waves still exists, with its loophole looking far seaward, where the vigilant Corsair kept his watch for the passing sail.

The ruins are now tenanted by an old French coast-guardsmen, who, with his long moustache and longer sabre, is ready to act Abdy's part over again, should any audacious smuggler violate his territory. Forming the extreme point on the left, as the passenger approaches from the seaboard, Cape Matifoux juts sharply out into the clear blue sea, making a kind of crescent horn ; in the centre of which lie Algiers and its port. The Kabylean mountains on the one side, and the background of the Lower Atlas range, complete the picture ; and in lieu of the burnt and arid coasts the name of Africa is wont to conjure up, nothing meets the eye but luxuriant verdure and pretty country-houses. Cape Matifoux boasts its Roman remains peeping up here and there amid the tall brushwood : while the fisherman, peering down into the calm blue wave off this point, often sees far beneath him the walls of the old Roman port, now totally submerged. No consideration would induce him to throw his nets there ; for tradition tells him that strange hands would rend and tear them, and that evil luck would follow his barque long after he had forgotten the reason of his mishaps : so the water surges in and out of the old piers, and strange fishes poke their noses into, and explore the nooks and crannies where once rode the conquering galleys of

Rome. Foxes and jackals prowl about the ruins of what was once the large and prosperous town "Rusignia." But our steamer nears her port; the old Moorish houses on the hill-sides become plainer and more distinct, and their slopes look very pretty in their garment of green, which even winter never robs them of; and the Eastern-looking trees, the fig, the date, the palm, peep out here and there amid forests of strange-looking aloes and cacti, which glance in the sun's rays. As the "Caire" sheers into her berth, come crowds of boats rowed by strangely-dressed men, who surround her, and climb up her sides.

ALGIERS.

It is curious enough to step from the decks of a French steamer, full of recollections of London and Paris, to find, as if by enchantment, the whole scene changed. Up to the very moment of disembarkation one does not perceive this, surrounded, as the passenger for Algiers necessarily is, by French sailors, French soldiers, and by his own fellow-passengers. Even the man who seizes on your property and person, and rows you shoreward, is generally either French or Spaniard; so that until the landing is effected, old faces and European dresses meet the eye. But when once your foot is on the shore, the whole scene is changed as though by a wizard's spell; and you find yourself a component part of one of the most motley crowds in the world, made up of more nations than I can well name. There are Arabs, Jews, Spaniards, Moors, Negroes, Turks; in short, every nation has its representative, each dressed in his national costume, and chattering away in his own language. The veiled women too, add to the picturesqueness of the scene, and

the race of Israel, with their rich and various-coloured dresses, are a principal ingredient in this curious mixture of colour and creed. Formerly oppressed and ill-treated, fined, taxed, murdered, or only permitted to creep about the streets dressed in sombre colours, all gayer tints being strictly forbidden, the Algerine Jews led a wretched existence ; but nevertheless they amassed money. Now under French rule, they enjoy every privilege permitted to any colonist, and a great part of the commerce of the country passes through their hands ; while, perhaps from the fact of their race having been so long confined to the choice of sad-coloured garments, they indulge in great ostentation of dress, especially on Saturdays, when they literally blaze in gold and gaily-coloured clothes. On their working days they line the principal streets of Algiers, sitting outside their shops, and eyeing the passers-by with a cool, easy, impertinent stare, but never losing a chance of business. I really think the Algerine Jew unequalled—most certainly he is not surpassed by any other tribe, nation, or people—in arrogance, cheating, and rank cowardice.

Shortly after landing, I strolled along the principal street of Algiers. The footway of this street runs under arcades, sheltering the passenger from the summer sun and the winter rain ; and here the Jews abound. An Arab entering a café had called for absinthe ; and on being served, poured out a tumbler full of the fiery liquor, and drank it off. The man had previously

drugged himself with opium ; and the moment the fumes of the burning liquor he had superadded began to work, he was seized with a fit of sudden madness. Brandishing in his right hand a kind of club or thick stick, gesticulating wildly, and throwing about his arms and legs in the wildest contortions, the drunken savage rushed into the street. The day was hot ; and the Jews were scattered about in groups at their doorways, talking and bargaining. Passing by several French and Spaniards, the Arab attacked a group of Jews, and struck down one of their number. His comrades ran away, and the Arab pursued, clearing all before him. A second and third Israelite shared the fate of the first ; and it was only when some twenty of the gaily-dressed tribe were flying wildly before the single arm of the drunken Arab, who rushed on whirling about his club and calling on the name of Allah, that he was eventually stopped by a French gentleman, but not before he had killed one and wounded several of the Jewish tradesmen.

Let this anecdote speak as to the courage of the Algerine Jew : the clipped and mutilated coinage of the place will tell of his honesty.

Next to the Jews as traffickers come the Moors : and though their usual characteristics are anything but flattering ; though they are generally idle, dissipated, vindictive, and overreaching, yet there are many exceptions to the rule ; and I could name several of the Moorish inhabitants of Algiers whose names stand high

in the estimation of their French rulers. Their habits are generally luxurious, and they are fond of spending what they gain. Many of their women are extremely beautiful; and their gay costume and intellectual faces add greatly to the picturesqueness of the streets.

Very few Turks are left in Algeria. They disdain French supremacy, and emigrated *en masse* after the French occupation, selling their land and property for any trifle it would fetch, and reaching as best they could the nearest land where the Crescent had not yet paled before the Cross. Late events have brought Turkish character prominently before the public; and I will not therefore dwell upon the race here, further than to say that such of them as do remain in French Algeria usually pursue the calling of distillers of various essences, manufacturers of arms, sabres, &c.; but their number is very small. The Arabs, on the contrary, are in great numbers; and almost every tribe is at some period of the year represented in the streets of Algiers. They are generally a fine race of men; nor do they seem to be at all altered by their contact with the French. Some of their chiefs are rich; but, unlike the Moors or Turks, seldom show any outward signs of wealth. The poorer classes seem to like money, though they have little use for it, save to bury it in the ground. A pipe, good tobacco, a horse, and the shade of a spreading tree, with no one to interfere with him, forms an Arab's elysium; so that, easily satisfied, he is naturally idle, disdains work, and conceals his money if he

has any. A large sum thus annually disappears in Algeria ; and the hiding-places are often unexpectedly found. The head of a family possessing hidden treasure never confides the secret of its locality save to one of his children, and even this he generally does on his death-bed ; while the child, chosen as depository, is in his turn bound to keep the secret until his last moment arrives. It thus often happens, that in the case of sudden death the family are perfectly unaware of the secret, and the treasure is lost. Not only do the Arabs pursue this system among their families, but the tribes also have their hiding-places known to the chiefs alone. Thus, when on the occasion of a fine being inflicted on some refractory tribe, the chiefs are forced to make up a certain sum on pain of the seizure of their flocks and herds, the amount is at once paid ; but the gold or silver tendered is generally mildewed with age and long contact with the ground, having been dug up from the common hiding-place of the tribe, where it was deposited to be used only upon a sudden emergency. This tendency of Eastern nations to hide away their money in the earth is a curious fact ; and I remember hearing an old officer who had served under Marshal Bugeaud relate what occurred after the battle of Isly in the year 1844, when the French columns halted in the vicinity of three wells. The land was held by a numerous and powerful tribe which had not yet submitted ; and during the halt, some two hundred men of the French troops died, and the wells were said to have

been poisoned. A detachment sent to reduce the tribe in question quickly succeeded, and brought in the chiefs. They at once made their submission, and a heavy fine was levied on their tribe. A loud outcry was the consequence, poverty being pleaded as a reason for non-payment ; but the Marshal, knowing that the tribe was a very rich one, held the chiefs as hostages for payment. Still they persisted in their refusal ; and the Marshal ordered the head man to receive a given number of blows on the sole of the foot. Under this vigorous treatment the patient endeavoured to propitiate his tormentors, and at the same time to save the wealth of the tribe. The French, he said, would do well to search in a certain spot he indicated in the centre of the circle made by the three wells. This avowal was, however, useless, for the Marshal laughed at it ; and, to cut a long tale short, the old fox eventually paid the sum demanded. But something in his manner had struck the officer who had stood by to witness the punishment ; and by the sanction of the Marshal a search was made, the result of which was that a *cache* was actually found on the spot indicated, and a very rich one too. It was never known to whom it belonged ; the tribe who had concealed it fearing, doubtless, a further fine being inflicted as a punishment for the poisoning of the wells, and the whole passed into the hands of the French.

Poisoning the wells was anything but an unfrequent occurrence during the first years of the French

occupation ; for the Arab, though simple and hospitable, is very much given to such underhand ways, and loves to gain his ends by trickery and cunning.

I remember finding myself one afternoon, just as the setting sun gilded the last palm-trees bordering the desert to the south of Boghar, close to the black tents of an Arab encampment. As usual, a score or two of ragged curs ran out to bark at the stranger. My tents were far behind me, for I had ridden fast, and of my escort, all were left behind, save one native non-commissioned officer of Spahis. A feverish sirocco had been blowing all day, filling my mouth and eyes with a fine gritty sand. There was no road, not even a sheep-track ; and dirty and uninviting as the black tents looked, yet they were my sole refuge. Sending my only follower, who rejoiced in an infinity of names, the first two of which, Mohammed Abd-El-Kader, were all I could ever compass, to ask hospitality for me from the chief, I sat myself down under a palm-tree, while my horse, by way of not losing his time, began munching the dwarf date-leaves. An Arab never refuses hospitality, and I was soon seated beneath one of the black tents, enjoying a plate of couscoussou. A score of Arabs grouped themselves around and deliberately stared at me. Remaining perfect fixtures themselves, they followed my every motion with their eyes. I had just finished my simple dinner with a good drink of cool water, when I observed a movement among the hitherto statue-like

groups. The new-comer, who caused the commotion, was an old and venerable-looking man. His green turban, long, flowing white beard, and moustaches, gave a patriarchal air to his thin, meagre figure, as with a wave of his hand he motioned away the crowd of gazers. His aspect pleased me, and I was really delighted when he addressed me in very respectable French.

Pipes and some excellent tobacco, the last remnant of the gleanings of a Syrian campaign, opened the old man's heart and mouth. He was, he told me, a celebrated Arab physician, well known and feared among the tribes. Many years ago, when he was but a boy, and before the French occupation, a large ship went ashore near Sidi Ferruch, where he then was. Two of her passengers only were saved, a young Italian prince and his tutor. Both were at once seized and became slaves, but the prince found means to let his friends know of his situation. Part of his ransom was paid to the Dey, and the remainder promised on his reaching his own land. The tutor was left behind as a hostage, his price being included in the prince's ransom. That residue was never forthcoming, and the poor Italian, who was a doctor by profession, pined away in hopeless slavery. Thus he died; but my narrator added, "I, too, was studying medicine, and I did much to lighten the old Italian's misery; and he, in return, taught me the medicines of his land; by which means I became renowned among the tribes, and

effected hitherto unheard-of cures." Our conversation turned on the use of poisons, and I could hardly help smiling at his assertions on this score.

Piqued at my incredulity, the old man showed me a small phial, containing what appeared to me a liquid clear as the clearest water, which he asserted was a poison so powerful, that were its odour merely inhaled, the consequences would be death, and that, too, not immediate, but a slow, lingering, wasting away of the organs of life. He further asserted that no medical autopsy could after death detect the existence of this subtle poison. What I am relating may seem strange; but I can assure the reader it is strictly and literally true; nor do I write anything save what I have seen myself. The old man, noticing that though I said nothing I was evidently an unbeliever in his mysterious phial, asked me would I like to see its effect tried on a dog? I consented, and after sundry precautions to prevent his inhaling the fumes himself, the dog was, with some difficulty, made to do so. The operation lasted but a few seconds, and the moment he was loosed, the poor beast, by his bounds, his barking, and his gambols, amply testified the soundness of his lungs and limbs. My old friend then told me that within a week the dog would die; and, calling my Spahi, I gave it into his care, merely telling him it was a present from the old doctor, recommending it in consequence to his special protection. Mahommed seemed greatly to wonder at my taste in dogs, but he took it, and at

daylight the following morning the black tents of the Arab tribe were far behind me. The next day Mahommed reported to me that my new acquisition had refused his food ; and being, like most of his class, a bit of a dog-fancier, he offered to cure it. Without telling him the reason of the dog's illness, I promised him a reward if he saved it ; and Mahommed went away sure of his backsheesh. The dog died, however, on the fourth day. The poison must have been a very subtle one ; but being ignorant of anatomy, I was unable to prove the truth of the latter part of the old man's assertion by opening it. Poisons form a study among the native doctors, and the instance I have given will show that they are far from ignorant of their subject.

A well-known race, formerly numerous enough in the streets of the Algerine capital, were, on my arrival, rarely to be met with,—I mean the Kabyles of the Djurjura ; and this wild and warlike people certainly merit a brief description. The Arab of the plains delights in his easy and indolent life. He is a gentleman farmer ; that is to say, he just pitches his black tent under the shade of some luxuriant fig-tree, scratches up the ground around, sows and reaps. He will grow just enough to support himself, to pay the quota expected from him to his tribe, and sufficient overplus to buy himself a little tobacco, and every two or three years a new bournous. Thus with small wants, and gains exceeding them, he drawls through

life, like a dog, under the shade of his tent, pitched in the valley or the mountain. Not so the Kabyle. Active, industrious, and intelligent, inhabiting not the luxuriant plain, but a chain of high and precipitous mountains; he trusts not to the barren soil, but to his manufactures, which he exchanges against the necessities of the plain. The Kabyle is essentially warlike, and though the various tribes fight among themselves, yet all unite against a common danger, forming a republic, which, up to the time of which I speak, had bid defiance to each successive race, which had swept as conquerors over Algeria. The Roman Legions had been rolled back from their mountains like billows from a rock. The Arab, the Moor, the Turk, even the French soldiers, had never been able to conquer their mountain ridges. The Kabyle warriors laughed at the efforts of their columns, and boasted that their land was, like their hearts, untamable; and when a stronger force than usual penetrated their defiles, the contingents would line every rock and ravine with their best marksmen, ever giving way before the French charge, but ever uniting again in their front. Evacuated villages and bare huts were all that welcomed the French advance, while not a bush or rock, available for the purpose, was neglected by the enemy. The point must come when the attacking force must pause and commence its retreat, and then came the Kabyle jubilee. Clouds of their skirmishers would, as by enchantment, line the heights. Night

and day were the French columns harassed ; all stragglers were cut off. The rear-guard continually driven in ; the advanced guard continually attacked, and fired into by unseen enemies ; not a rock, crevice, or cranny, but what was taken advantage of, and the French would debouch upon the plain, after a harassing and fatiguing march, to see the smoke of the Kabyle muskets fired as a *feu-de-joie* from the mountain heights. Thus no power in Algeria had been able to subdue these wild warriors, whose origin seems to be very much lost in conjecture. Inhabiting a barren, picturesque country, unable to grow corn or barley in any quantity, every mountain height crowned by their over-peopled villages, they have of necessity been a hard-working, manufacturing race, bartering their produce for the necessities of life. Such an unconquered country, existing in the very heart of the French territory, seemed a strange anomaly ; and one of the tribes composing this warlike republic was more particularly obnoxious than the rest. These men, the Beni Raten, whose populous villages perched on the mountain crests looked over the conquered plains, were continually descending from their fastness, and firing into the French outposts. Two positions, close to the foot of the mountains, had been occupied by the troops. The one on the highroad to Algiers boasted a small but strong fort ; the other, on the further side of the ridges, was entrenched as strongly as possible. Still the sentries of Tiziou zou and of Dra el Mizan could

not sleep on their posts. These two points, evidently intended for a base of operations, served the Beni Raten as convenient butts against which to discharge their guns; and the long dark nights of autumn hardly ever passed without the sentries being serenaded by the whistling of a ball or two; while Dra el Mizan was several times attacked by the Kabyles in force. Much of the time spent by me in Algeria was passed among the hills of the Beni Yenni and the Beni Raten; and as I shall have to revert to the theme, I will not here dilate on the strange habits and customs of the Kabyle tribes; suffice it to say, that in addition to their trading dispositions, they were constantly at war. When not subject to the French attacks, they fought among themselves, sometimes on one pretence, sometimes on another, but oftener without any at all.

In illustration of this habit, I remember hearing General Daumas, whose life has been spent among these tribes, relate a most characteristic anecdote.

Two men of the same tribe and the same village met on the neutral ground of an Arab market-place. They were debtor and creditor: the sum due by one to the other amounting to about five farthings. The one demanded payment, which the other refused.

"Why will you not pay me what you acknowledge to be a just debt?" was the question asked.

"I don't know," was the reply.

"If you have not money," continued the creditor, "I will wait."

"I have plenty of money," answered the debtor.

"Then why," was again the mild question, "do you refuse me payment?"

"Because," was the irritating response, "I have taken a fancy in my head not to pay you, and I won't!"

The creditor's patience was exhausted. He fell upon his refractory debtor, and threw him on the ground. Both men were well known in their village, and each had his followers and admirers. These took part with their respective favourites: and it was only after six hours' hard fighting they were separated, and then forty-five corpses were picked up on the field of battle. The two parties returned sullenly to their village, where the fight recommenced. This, added the General, actually took place in the beginning of the year 1843; and in the year 1846 the strife still continued, the village being inhabited only at its two extremities; and the centre part, being deserted, served only as a battle-field.

When I first landed, in the month of March 1857, on the shores of northern Africa, war had been proclaimed against these Kabyle tribes; and the Governor-general had disseminated among them a proclamation stating the French grounds of complaint against them; giving them a certain period beyond which their submission would not be received, and excluding them from the French territory until such submission had been made. The Beni Raten were particularly pointed out by this manifesto. The Kabyles laughed at the

French and their manifesto. "Let them come," was the reply, "and we will show them what the Zaououas can do." But they now had no outlet for their merchandise. The moment a Kabyle appeared on the French frontier, or on a French market-place, he was imprisoned as a spy. Their direct trade was gone; and yet they must have the necessaries of life. They bought and sold, therefore, to a limited extent, through the medium of the Arabs, who, knowing they were trusted through necessity and not by choice, robbed them awfully.

The Kabyle, who in ordinary times works in the towns, fabricates arms, guns, swords, ploughs, rakes, and other utensils in iron, and who is a good mason and a good gardener, severely felt the almost total stagnation of his trade. The coarse stuffs spun by their women were no longer seen in the market-places; the men could no longer buy their provisions in the plains, or their sulphur at Algiers. Their powder-manufactories were stopped. In short, the blow fell heavily; and they almost regretted their rupture with the French. Yet this was not sufficient to quell their spirit. The time fixed beyond which their submission would not be received was fast approaching; and the only news which came in from the frontier was that the sentries of Tiziouzou and Dra. el Mizan were more frequently fired into than before. Such was the state of matters as respected Kabylia in March, 1857.

TRAVELLING IN ALGERIA.

I WONDER more travellers do not turn their winter wanderings towards Algeria ; and that a greater portion of that wave of tourists which annually discharges its accumulation of sight-seers over the continent, does not break on this African shore. It is true that a sprinkling of English and Germans do get as far as Algiers, drive through the romantic gorges of La Chiffa, and wander among the orange-groves of Blidah. Nay, I have even seen the spectacled nose of the English tourist looming large among the mighty cedars of the unrivalled forests of Teniet El Haad. Oran, Bona and Philippeville, all boast their little contingent of strangers, some in search of pleasure, some looking after health. But these visitors are not numerous ; and considering the great facilities afforded, and the different nature of the scenery and inhabitants from those to be met with in the usual beaten track followed by the ordinary tourist, I cannot help wondering at it. This must result from the fact that Algeria is almost unknown to the ordinary traveller. What if I were to devote a

chapter to the purpose of endeavouring at least to lift the veil which, heavy as a November fog, laden with the accumulated smoke of the thousand chimneys of his native city, weighs on the geographical knowledge of the travelling Londoner, in all that concerns French Africa. The beautiful winter climate, which is in reality the spring of Africa, must ever be of itself a great attraction to those who fly from London smoke and fog. At the very moment when all hope of fine weather and genial sunshine departs from the mind of the unhappy denizen of the English capital—at that very time the hills of Kabylia and the ranges of the Atlas Mountains, which have risen sharp and clear in the unbroken sunshine for many a day, or have been seen looking hazy and indistinct in the bright moonlight, night after night for months, now disappear, for the first time wrapped in their mantle of clouds. Months have passed without a cloud, save when the hot desert wind has covered the heavens with a thin hazy veil, scorching up everything before it; and now at the close of the hot season, all seems dried up and burnt. The dry meat served for your meals tells, by its insipid taste, a sad tale of the great want of rain and verdure: but now the clouds heap themselves round the mountain-tops, the wind sweeps with resistless violence down their sides, the thunder grumbles and roars in their defiles and gorges, and the flood-gates of heaven are opened. It is no such puny rain as falls in England in November, or in any other month of the

year, but a very deluge of water ; which, in lieu of penetrating the caked-up ground, slides down the hill-sides as though they wore caoutchouc cloaks. In the towns and villages people have, during the fine weather, neglected their water-spouts and gutters, and many and ridiculous are the accidents which ensue. Old gentlemen may be seen in curious costumes digging away at choked-up gratings and holes, with any instrument available to the purpose nearest at hand, trying hard to save their menaced wine-cellars from the angry flood. Ladies scream out hasty orders from their balconies ; and Arab and Christian urchins, delighted with the uproar, dash frantically through the splashing waters in a state of high excitement. After a few days the sun again makes his appearance, no longer indeed scorching all nature with his fierce rays, but shorn of his beams. The Sirocco is no more to be dreaded ; but the sun has still the power to change all those burnt-up plains and parched mountain slopes into sheets of verdure, and to fill all the nooks and crannies with strange and beautiful wild flowers ; and thus with intervals of rain and sunshine, untroubled with fog or cold, the winter of Algeria rolls on.

Such is the climate ; and for the people and scenery, let the reader picture to himself those who have passed the last nine months of their lives amid the rigid conventionalities of a town life, frequenting the " House " or the Club, exchanging at once the duties of the office

or the committee-room, the afternoon drive or walk round the Park, for the rude caravanserai, the black tents of the wandering Arab tribes, the long ride along the mountain-ridge, or up the narrow and winding gorge, jostled and elbowed not by his brother M.P. or by his cringing dependant, but by the warlike Kabyle chief or the wandering Bedouin. Steam has rendered all this easy ; and the London dame may be contemplating to-day her smoke-dried fuchsias and geraniums in the bow window of her West-End residence, and the following week find herself sipping coffee under the shade of the African date-tree, in the midst of a circle of curious and admiring Arabs, intently contemplating her, and wondering at her strange notions and manners, quite as much as she does at theirs.

Ladies need have no fear of travelling in French Algeria. On the occasion of my first journey into the interior, a lady was of the party. She was well mounted ; and as we swept across the wide plain of the Metidje, the old General and his escort of Spahis, under whose protection we momentarily were, found it no easy task to keep up with her. Our pace was such as to bring us in a few hours to Blidah ; and few towns in Africa are more beautiful than Blidah. Situated at the foot of a lofty range of mountains which sweep down to its very gates, and its white buildings embosomed in the magnificent groves of orange-trees, which form a source of riches to its inhabitants ; covered with olive-trees and verdure of the most luxuriant de-

scription, and clothed with white Moorish houses, its mountain-slopes are very beautiful; and yet no later than the year 1825 this town was totally destroyed by earthquakes; and it is asserted that no less a number than nine thousand souls perished under the ruins of their fallen houses. After this, Blidah was several times occupied and given up by the French. The adjoining mountains were only subdued foot by foot by the advancing troops; every inch of ground was sharply contested; and what with war and earthquakes, the town was all but ruined.

Blidah was gay enough the day I saw it for the first time, for the General commanding the division had organised a great *battue* on the adjoining plain. Numbers of wild boar were said to haunt this plain, and covered as it is with short thick brushwood, there was good shelter for them. The meet was numerously attended, several ladies were there, the officers, not only of the garrison, but many from Algiers and Milianah, were present; and the sun shone brightly on the long line of Arab beaters, as with their long sticks striking the bushes around, and their loud yells ringing in the clear air, they vainly endeavoured to satisfy General Yussuff's love of sport. Behind the beaters came a line of mounted Spahis, and some thirty yards in rear rode the General Yussuff; while far away on his right and left stretched group after group of officers, dressed in every kind of uniform, and mounted on every possible variety of the Arab

horse, capering, walking, and caracoling as fancy dictated.

On our right, as we advanced along the plain, lay the long range of the Atlas Mountains, with the white walls and green groves of Blidah glistening at their feet; on the left the low range of hills near Koleah, remarkable for the singular tumulus placed in their centre. It is now broken into and defaced, and even tradition has lost the clue to its origin. Some call it "the Christian's Tomb," others that of "the Queen," but for what Queen or for what Christian such an enormous pile has been placed in so conspicuous a position no one knows. There it stands looking over the wide plain on one side, and over the blue sea on the other, a memento of some one, or some thing, whose memory, in spite even of such a gigantic effort to preserve it, has passed away from the earth. Behind lay the high mountains of Cherchell and Milianah, and before us the long plain covered with brushwood, where we were to have found great quantities of boar, but where we did find nothing save a thorough drenching. Instead of following the monotonous incidents of a day's unsuccessful hunting, which presented no interest to the actors in it, and consequently cannot interest the reader, let me call his attention to the principal personage of the day's sport. Firmly seated on a splendid Arab charger, not looking anything like as old as he really is, and his quick determined eye glancing restlessly hither and thither,

rides General Yussuff. His history is a romance, for, general of the French army as he is, and the hero of many a wild adventure and bloody fight, he was born an Italian and became a slave during the Regency. He embraced Mahometanism from his earliest youth, and worked on in slavery, his hopes ever turned to the moment of freedom. At length his handsome person and his undaunted demeanour attracted the attention of the favourite wife of his master's harem, and things went on in the way usual in such cases when elderly gentlemen persist in having a plurality of young and handsome wives, and of young and handsome slaves, until one day, betrayed by a comrade, the young Yussuff found himself the inhabitant of a wretched dungeon. Instant death was the Pasha's award as regarded the false wife, but Yussuff was reserved to suffer a slower and more terrible doom. As he lay expecting his fate, fortune again smiled on him. The negligence of his guardians affording him an opportunity, he struck down his jailor, and killing him, fought his way through the guards and escaped.

The hardships and privations he went through, the strange adventures and narrow escapes which befell him in his desolate condition of a runaway slave, I cannot enter into. They would fill a volume, and none but the General himself can do the subject justice; suffice it to say, he lived on until the French landed in Algeria, and seeing no safety for himself elsewhere he embraced their cause, and from that day has remained faithful to

their interest. When the country was in part overrun, the government directed the formation of native regiments, which furnished an opportunity of rewarding young Yussuff's tried fidelity.

The French recognised the soundness of our Indian policy in employing the native soldier as a means of holding in safety the conquered land ; but at the same time they foresaw that the day might come when disaffection, or mutiny, might creep into the ranks of a regiment purely native. It was therefore enacted that half the non-commissioned officers of each corps, and all the higher grades of that rank, should be filled by Frenchmen, and, further, that each officer should be allowed a French soldier-servant, whose name should be borne on the muster-roll of the regiment. Sudden mutiny and disaffection was thus guarded against, but the encouragement held out to the deserving soldier was also very little. To obviate this, it was decreed that a certain portion of the subaltern officers should be chosen among the best instructed and most faithful of the native sergeants, but that the natives should not be allowed to rise higher than the rank of captain without the special permission of the reigning power in France.

The young Yussuff had deserved well of the French Government, and he received a commission in one of those native regiments then in their infancy, but which have since proved themselves second to none on the blood-stained fields of Africa and the Crimea. Step by step he fought his way upwards until he had attained

the highest grade within his reach, and this would have satisfied most men. It had, however, little effect on the ardent temperament of Yussuff, and one chance yet remained to him. The same rule which forbade his reaching the higher grades of command, permitted in particular instances the wished-for promotion to be accorded; but only by the direct will and sanction of the head of the French nation, and only for personal gallantry in the field, could such a favour be merited.

Yussuff gained further honours and distinction, and at length came the battle of Isly, in which the French fought under the disadvantage of being far outnumbered by the enemy. After several successful cavalry charges, Yussuff's little squadron was noticed to disappear like a wedge struck into the solid masses of the enemy's array; which closing around it in every direction, most completely cut off its retreat. Major Christée, a well-known cavalry officer, was directed to gather together what men he could, and endeavour to disengage Yussuff's cavalry. He did so, charging directly on the spot where the Spahis and their gallant commander had been seen to disappear. Again the compact masses of the troops of Morocco gave way before the wild shout and the waving sabres of those Arab riders. They in their turn disappeared, engulfed in the superior numbers of their opponents, but a wild and exulting shout burst from their lips as they recognised their gallant leader Yussuff and his remaining men, their comrades' death terribly revenged by a perfect

mound of the dead enemy. That exulting shout struck terror into the hearts of the soldiers of Morocco. They were already disheartened; the coming up of unexpected reinforcements completed their despondency, and they gave way on every side. Flushed with excitement and revenge, prompted by many a long-cherished feud and hatred, the Spahi sabre did its work, and driving before them a mingled mass of fugitives, Yussuff's cavalry emerged from the fight.

They had traversed the enemy's columns, and the whole mass lay between them and the French army. Yussuff gave but a moment's breathing time to his men, and did not allow their excitement to work off while he hastily arrayed them in some order; then once more the loud yell of the Spahis was heard, as they drove down at top speed on the now disheartened masses of the enemy. This time Yussuff went right through them, captured several standards, and again reappeared before the eyes of his astonished General, who had already numbered him, and the major he had sent to disengage him, with the slain. Chagrined as he had felt at the apparent loss of a great part of his cavalry, he was the more pleased at its victorious reappearance.

The gallant cavalry charge at Isly did much not only to contribute to the brilliant victory of that day, but raised the native troops in their own, and in the estimation of others; while this, and many another gallant and daring feat, won for the brave *Sabreur* promotion step by step, until the oppressed and fugitive

slave, without other help or assistance than his own undaunted valour, became general of the French armies, and received the command of a division of the army of Algeria.

His comrade in this affair was less fortunate, for Major C., without whose assistance Yussuff could never have disengaged himself from the superior numbers by whom he was surrounded, escaped from all dangers to be completely passed over, his gallant action being merged in the glory acquired by Yussuff. Of a retiring and sensitive mind, he brooded over the injustice, and eventually published a pamphlet on the subject, for which he was directed to retire at once from the service.

Such injustice is not unfrequent in every country, and an officer whose conversation helped to pass away the time as we rode over the vast plain without seeing the trace of wild boar, and who had assisted at the charge, a short description of which I have endeavoured to give, told me of a strange instance of gallantry unrewarded, which happened before his eyes the morning of that same day.

Just before the French army took up its position before the battle of Isly, "I was sent forward," he said, "to effect a reconnaissance on the left flank of the enemy. A body of cavalry had been noticed, and it was necessary to ascertain its numbers and position. A low range of rising ground concealed my approach, and leaving my troop at the foot, I ascended cautiously the rise before me, followed only by my orderly—the

man who is now riding behind me, and whose face, never very handsome, is now embellished by the sabre-cut which the action I am about to relate cost him.

“My orderly, I must tell you, is a wild harum-scarum fellow, without a thought save to satisfy the caprice of the moment. Drafted from a lance regiment, he had been sent to Africa to do penance for his sins. Peering cautiously over the crest of the hill I saw some small masses of the enemy’s infantry taking up a position, so as to line a little ravine, formed by the bed of a torrent, and the handful of cavalry whose approach had been previously noticed, stealthily advancing toward the very spot where I lay, apparently with a similar intention to my own. They were more than double my number, still I could rely on my men. Should I charge them? was the question I asked myself. A banner, gorgeously embroidered, was borne in the centre of the troop, and a few men in skirmishing order were rudely thrown forward to cover the advance. I should be acting contrary to orders, but then the glory of capturing the standard! My horse, a splendid Arab, was in fine condition,—in short I was on the point of giving way to the temptation, when, suddenly, the enemy’s mounted skirmishers wavered, and the whole body went threes about. A wild yell at this moment burst from my men, and quicker and quicker rode the retreating force, thinking as they did that the whole

French cavalry was after them. They were not fifty yards from me when they turned and fled; their standard-bearer, badly mounted, fell to the rear, and lo! before my very eyes, galloping madly over the plain, my orderly, mounted on my own charger, was after him. I shouted to him to return, but I might as well have shouted to the wind which whistled by me. Returning to my men I forced them to stand fast; and, skirting the hill, at once debouched on the plain, determined, if necessary, to disobey orders rather than suffer the crazy fellow to perish unaided. A pistol-shot fired by him had evidently taken effect on the horse of the standard-bearer, who dropped more and more behind; and such of his comrades as in their fright turned in their saddles to glance towards the rear, seeing my movement, made vigorous use of their long spurs and left him to his fate. Well mounted, my mad orderly soon caught him up, and sabres flashed in the air. The first cut was evidently parried by the standard-pole, while, as I afterwards learned, my orderly received the slice which divided his nose into equal parts, and spoilt the little beauty Nature had given him. The next instant the saddle of the standard-bearer was empty, and man and banner lay a dark dot on the plain. At this moment a mounted *aide*, followed by an escort of some twenty men, galloped up from the rear to know the cause of my delay. Glancing towards the front, I saw my fellow, leaving behind him the dead

trooper, was continuing alone his course towards the enemy. I could only account for this movement by supposing him to be wounded and unable to check his horse, which, as I have before said, was in high condition.

“With a sigh for his fate I turned, and, forced as I was to ride hard to the rear to make my report, I could only beg the officer who remained to do what was possible for my lost trooper.

“I subsequently learned that, not content with the standard as a trophy, he had dashed off with a view of capturing his late opponent’s steed, intending to pick up the standard on his way back. Confident in the powers of his horse, which he knew well, he thought he could effect this; and he would have done so, had not a sergeant of the newly-arrived party, seeing the standard and the dead trooper lying together on the ground, dashed at it, and instantly starting off at full speed never drew bridle till he found himself before Marshal Bugeaud, who received from his hands the first trophy won on the field of Isly, and without asking further questions, decorated him there and then with the Cross of the Legion, and noted him for promotion.

“My poor orderly returned eventually, but the events of that busy day, and those which followed, consequent on the rapid movements of the army, soon obliterated all remembrance of the matter, and the

sabre-cut, together with the horse which he had captured, and which was a very bad one, were all he ever got by his mad daring."

Our unsuccessful boar-hunt was brought to a close by a drenching shower of rain. I thanked the old officer who had helped to while away the time with his tales of Isly and the French occupation, and the following morning saw us again on our journey towards Medeah.

LA CHIFFA.

THE sun's rays just tinted the distant mountains, but had not yet lighted up the long plain, or gilded the roofs of the far-off white villages belonging to the Swiss colonies, when the rattle of arms and accoutrements below my window, together with the tramp of feet and clinking of spurs on the staircase, warned me it was time to mount. Leaving Blidah and its orange-groves, our way lay over the very plain which we had yesterday explored. Pretty little cottages bordered the road-side, each with its garden of flowers, and half hidden by masses of rose-trees; but just as the day shone upon them, we turned sharp to our left, and soon entered the romantic gorge of La Chiffa.

The road through these defiles was constructed, like almost all the roads of Algeria, by the French army, and a difficult task it must have been. One of the first things a French column thinks of, after occupying an enemy's country, is the construction of roads; consequently, after having battled for and con

quered the mountain-ridges height by height ; even while the peppering musketry still woke the echoes of La Chiffa, the pickaxe and the mattock of the working parties toiled below. The river which gives its name to the gorge, escapes, or rather rushes, from its narrow bed, which is formed by the base of two mountains, just where the giants seem to take root in the earth ; and away it goes, winding and brawling along, now stopped and unwillingly turned aside by enormous blocks of fallen stone, now running merrily down the face of the rocks. High above it runs the road, cut actually in the mountain-side, and following the devious and winding track of the river. The precipice is sometimes frightfully near ; and as the heavy diligence rumbles along, it is only protected by a slight, and totally insufficient balustrading, and often not by that. The mountain-sides are clothed with savage verdure, and clumps of trees of Oriental stamp. At every turn and twist of the road, some new and most romantic scene bursts on the eye, while right down the face of the mountain cascades of water pour in every direction, sometimes in thin and trickling rivulets, sometimes leaping down in sheets of foam to throw themselves into the river below. Troops of monkeys peep down on the passer-by, and often, after pelting a stone or two at him, leap and bound up the side of the hills, pausing now and then to chatter and gibe at him. These monkeys are said to have been very mischievous during the time the different regiments

were employed cutting the road, for they seemed to resent the intrusion, and, forming themselves into troops, rolled down stones and masses of rock on the men beneath them, by which many were injured and some were killed. They are fewer in number now, and quieter in their habits, still the traveller seldom passes without having an interview with them, and will often be unaware of their presence until some pebble clattering down the rocks makes him look upwards to see his chattering enemy tearing off among the dwarf palms. At a turn in the road the Rotten Mountain burst suddenly in view. This eminence derives its name from its crumbling state, its sides continually giving way and rolling down enormous blocks of soft stone. The early diligences between Blidah and Medeah are often completely stopped by these barriers; and though I never heard of any accident happening, yet days are sometimes required to clear away what the Rotten Mountain has rolled away from its sides in a few seconds.

But while I have been describing the route, the old General and his staff, myself included, have gained an appetite with the ride through the sharp mountain air, and the order for a halt is given about half-way up the gorge. If any of my readers ever traverse these defiles, I would advise them to halt there too, for it is a pretty spot. A kind of opening in the side of the pass is formed by the sweeping line of a high mountain striking at right angles with the gorge.

The road arrived at the base of this giant hill, suddenly turns, and totally disappears from view. Down the opening gushes a bright clear stream, and on its banks, fronting the road, and in a little nook formed by the hills, lies a small cottage. Its builder has gained a plot of ground from the mountain, and the sides of the stream are overshadowed by fine fig-trees of enormous size. In front run the road and the deep precipice, and far below the brawling Chiffa; while down the face of the opposite mountain, and in full view of the cottage windows, tumbles in one glancing sheet of foam a small cascade. This cottage, so romantically situated, formerly belonged to a colonist. Doubtless he was a Swiss, and with the recollection of his far-off mountain-home yet dear in his heart, he chose this quiet and beautiful spot. I don't think any one but a Swiss could have picked out the locality, or taken so much pains to reclaim a few yards of ground from the mountain-side. He did so, however, this first proprietor of the soil; but his plantations and his gardens, after years of industry and toil, proved useless. He had worked for the monkeys, who soon fell on their prey, and have ever since, in large troops, regularly sacked the place. Figs, and fruit of all kind, lettuces, cabbages, and vegetables of whatever description, were carried away with a prodigious celerity; and the present inhabitant of the cottage never dreams of planting anything, or indulging the insane hope of eating the fruit of the magnificent fig-trees which

overshadow his dwelling. From these incidents this romantic spot has gained the name of "the Monkeys' Stream," and the cottage is now a small restaurant, bearing on its sign-board the appellation of "Le Ruisseau des Singes."

Our horses picqueted on the mountain-side ; our breakfast ordered, and our chief being busy writing despatches for the officers commanding at Medeah and Milianah, I felt tired of hearing the jangling clash of sabres and accoutrements, which seemed totally foreign to that sequestered spot ; and as I strolled along the road, addressed a few words to the mounted orderly who was waiting for the despatches in question, and whose bronzed face and grizzled beard and moustache betokened an old African soldier. He told me of a large cave which existed not far off, which was said to stretch far away into the heart of the mountain, and which had never yet been thoroughly explored. Strange and uncouth figures had been formed there, he said, by the dropping water ; and stranger tales and legends were told by the Arabs about the cave. Here was an adventure worthy of a knight of old ; so, furnishing myself, by his advice, with a lanthorn and a box of lucifers, I determined to spend the hour which must necessarily intervene before breakfast in exploring the old cave. Pressing into my service a small Arab boy, I soon came to the spot where I was to turn from the road, and descend towards the bed of the river. I did so ; but in place of the easy descent promised me, only

a few notches and holes cut in the rock existed to aid my steps. A narrow plateau, however, some twenty feet below, gave me courage, and I managed to scramble down. Looking cautiously over, I saw that the mountain-side made a perpendicular descent of at least seventy feet sheer down to the river below. Above me soared a few vultures, looking like wheeling specks against the blue sky. Turning towards the mountain-side, I found a low kind of hole, which I could only enter by stooping. This must be the entrance of the Caves of La Chiffa. So, taking the lanthorn from the boy, I directed him to wait my return; and after lighting it, scrambled in. It was indeed of great extent, and reminded me much of some of the Derbyshire mines. Its height varied greatly; sometimes forcing me to stoop, at others it being impossible to discover the roof. Pools of water covered the ground in places; and it filtered and dropped through the sides and roof, forming strange and uncouth forms. Pillars and columns of fantastic shapes were there; statue-like figures having unformed and swollen-looking heads; and twisted snakes and serpents hanging from the roof over them. I paused, and all was silence in the old cave save the eternal drip, drip, drip of the falling water as it splashed into the pools below, working on as it had worked for ages at these strange creations of its uncouth statuary. I went on, thoroughly chilled by the damp, and wet through by the dropping water, until, after various turns, I came to a sudden bend,

which seemed to lead towards the very heart of the mountain, and there before me stood, as if keeping guard over the secrets of the place, the dripping form of a woman holding a child in her arms. It was badly formed and contorted, and had no face save a disgusting-looking round mass, down which the rain-drops glided, and fell on the square-formed shoulders. It was a caricature of the human form; but it really did not require any imaginative help to recognise the outline of the woman and her child, as the light of the lanthorn flashed on the wet, cold, porous-looking stone. A few steps further on the cave again twisted; and my foot slipping on a round slippery mass of rock, down I came headlong into the pool below, crushing the lanthorn under me in my fall! My light extinguished, I found myself in total darkness; and on having recourse to my box of lucifers, the matches, thoroughly soaked, refused to light. I endeavoured to recall my recollections as to the different turns; and pitching away the crushed remains of my broken lanthorn, tried to grope my way back in the thick darkness. Many were my misfortunes, as now above the knees in the cold water, now tumbling over the loose rocks, I groped my slow path onward: but just as I was congratulating myself on having made good progress, I felt a kind of horror creep over me, as my outstretched hand slipped over a damp, slimy-feeling stone, the form of which I recognised from the touch as that of the woman and her child, not fifteen paces from which I had fallen. I

had all but returned to the spot from which I had started. Annoyed and bewildered, I sat down on a mass of stone at the base of the fantastic image ; and as the noise of my footfall died away in distant echoes, silence once more reigned paramount in the cave. The drip and splash of the water filtering through the living rock was all to interrupt it ; and as I sat there I could not help, though without fear of my resurrection, being annoyed at the awkwardness of my situation. I shouted as loud as I could, in hopes that the boy whom I had left at the cave's mouth might direct my motions by an answering shout ; but as the rumbling echoes died away, no answering voice reached my ear. The cold dripping water struck a chill to my very bones ; and as it was no use sitting there, I recommenced my wanderings : and, to make my tale short, after several falls, my hands and knees cut and bruised, and thoroughly soaked, a small glimmering of light rewarded my perseverance.

Two long hours had I been wandering in that wet cave ; and when I did emerge into the bright African sunshine, I made a vow, as I wrang the water from my hair and whiskers, never again to become an explorer of caves or grottoes. My Arab boy, tired of waiting, had decamped without payment ; and on my arrival at the Monkeys' Stream, the General and his suite had departed too. An orderly had, however, been left behind to serve me as guide ; and drying myself as best I could under the rays of the sun, I comforted the

inner man with what the hungry soldiers who had been before me had left, and bade good-bye to the place. I have often passed it since ; but the fancy of again exploring those caves has never returned to me. Should such a wish enter the heart of any of my readers, the caverns are as yet unexplored ; and he will find the little restaurant, the rugged defile, the steep descent, and the entrance to the cave, just as I have endeavoured to picture it. The slimy-looking mass representing the woman and her child will in all probability have the same effect on him as it had on me ; only I would counsel him to keep his legs if he can, and at all events to make sure of a light. Should he follow this advice, the adventure in which I failed so signally may yet be brought to a successful issue, and we may yet learn to what point of the mountain these enormous caverns tend.

MEDEAH.

PERCHED high on the mountains sits the little town of Medeah. Mountain upon mountain rises around it ; and the climate affords a striking contrast to that of the plain. Its buildings form a kind of amphitheatre, built on the mountain summit ; and the road, after entering the gorges, is one continued ascent. Many rivulets of water give fertility to the plateaux, whose ridges are covered with snow in winter. Olive-trees and orange-groves are no longer to be met with ; the fruit-trees of a colder climate, such as the cherry and apple-tree, replace them ; and even the poplar grows well. Medeah was occupied four different times by the French troops, the last time only being a definite one. The Arab tribes inhabiting these ranges of the Atlas Mountains could not be induced to remain quiet ; and eventually the principal town of these hostile factions being evacuated by them, the French, under the command of the Marshal Vallée, in the year 1840 took possession of it, and reduced the neighbouring tribes to sub-

mission. It is a beautiful place ; and the cold climate makes it contrast singularly with the plains.

A day's halt in the little town, and sunrise found us once more on our onward way. Up to this point a good road had made the riding easy ; but now all road or track ceased, and our path lay along the mountain-side, or up the dried-up bed of the winter torrent. The sharp broken nature of the ground rendered the way difficult, even for our Arab horses ; as, dipping down into a beautiful valley, we breasted another steep ascent. The dwarf date and palm-tree now began to clothe the hill-side, and the wild asparagus and artichoke abounded everywhere. The course of the torrent was marked by masses of rhododendrons in full bloom ; and wherever a little opening allowed of it, the ground was covered with strange and beautiful wild flowers. Flowers such as would have adorned a greenhouse in England here carpeted the mountain-slope in the wildest profusion ; while long reaches of barley and wheat showed the presence of some Arab tribe long before the curling smoke of their fires, or the cluster of black tents, broke in view.

The Arabs have a curious mode of cultivation, which seems to answer on these rich mountain slopes, but would appear singular enough to the eyes of an English labourer. The more workmanlike and laborious actually put themselves to the trouble of ploughing up the land before sowing ; if the word ploughing can be given to so rude a proceeding. The instrument

they use for that purpose somewhat resembles a plough in its form, and is roughly hewn in wood. Bullocks drag it along by main force. The sharpened point is depressed towards the ground which it enters, tearing it up, and forming such a line as we use to sow vegetables in. But this is a proceeding only resorted to by the first-rate Arab farmers; the generality content themselves with throwing the seed on the ground, and covering it with earth by means of their simple plough, and then they eat, drink, and smoke, until such time as sun, wind and rain, ripen their crop, while so fertile is the ground that their little villages of tents are literally buried in waving fields of corn and barley. We made our way through these alternate patches of cultivation and savage wildness, marked by no track of any kind, until at length attaining the culminating point of our day's journey, the long plain across which our route lay was stretched before us. Casting a last look backwards on the chaos of mountains piled one upon the other towards Medeah, and which formed a curious picture of the most primæval wildness, we began our descent towards the plain, drawing bridle about mid-day.

Our halting-place was one of those caravanserais which, built by the French Government, serve at the same time as farm-house, hotel, and entrenched camp in case of need, and lie scattered here and there over all Algeria, to the great convenience of the traveller.

These buildings are well and solidly constructed,

and are generally so disposed as to be capable of serving as strong places of protection ; sufficient to guard the neighbouring colonists, with their flocks and herds, from any ordinary inroad of a native force. They could not, it is true, stand against artillery, but then the French are far too military a nation to have fallen into the same fault as we have done in India in this respect. We made first-rate artillerymen of our Sepoys, they, on the contrary, never allow the native to learn the use of that important arm of the Service. These caravanserais, therefore, surrounded as they are by a high wall, susceptible of being at once crenellated, would be able to hold out against any ordinary attack. A good well of water always exists in their interior, and the cattle are usually driven into their precincts at night. So much for them as forts and farms. As hotels the traveller generally finds them comfortable and clean, while a fixed tariff of prices prevents any attempt at extortion. The tenant of the place can never vary from this scale, and a book is kept, which the passer-by can call for at pleasure, noting down any remark he may think fit, either in blame or praise of the reception he has met with ; and this book is regularly inspected by Government officers. The host, too, in these out-of-the-way caravanserais is usually so well pleased to see a new face that he makes himself very agreeable.

On leaving the caravanserai, we traversed a wide plain, and it was sunset before we reached the foot of

the high but beautiful hill, whose summit is crowned by the white walls, and buildings of Milianah.

This town has a situation of peculiar beauty, on a mountain crest some two thousand feet above the level of the sea. Seen from the plain, it presents a charming *coup d'œil*, its white walls being literally half hid by a perfect forest of lemon and orange-trees, while numerous streams of water gush out of the mountain-side, and fall in cascades towards the plain. One of these cascades is very considerable, and may be seen from a great distance, as it springs forth from a mass of green bushes, directly under the battlements of Milianah, and tumbles downward in one clear bright sheet of foaming water. The town itself is clean and well built, and boasts some beautiful gardens created and kept in order by the officers of the different regiments from time to time quartered here. The remains of the old Citadel still exist, and the French bullets may even yet be extracted from its strong clay walls, but it is fast falling before the pick and shovel, and the old arsenal which, in Abd-el-Kader's time, was well stored with arms of every kind, and possessed forges, and manufactories of different kinds of arms, now resounds to the clack of a huge water-wheel, for it is transformed into a mill for grinding corn. Tradition says that great treasures were buried here.

When the French advanced against Milianah in 1840, they found the place deserted; the inhabitants having fled in great precipitation, had not time to

transport with them their gold and jewels. These were collected together in two separate heaps, the gold forming one, the jewels the other. They were buried under the surveillance of two chiefs, at least such was the legend told to the French on their arrival before the town. They, however, blockaded in the conquered fortress, harassed and fatigued by the incessant attacks of Abd-el-Kader and his army, had quite enough to do to look after themselves, and paid no heed to the tales of buried treasure. Years rolled on, and the Emir and his followers were driven back step by step into the interior; the chiefs to whom the hiding-place was known perished, and the legend of the buried treasure only remained. Subsequently the gold was found; but notwithstanding this lucky discovery, which confirmed the half-forgotten tradition, the jewels have never been heard of, and whether they really exist or not no one knows. Old Roman remains are still occasionally to be met with here, but the mildness of the climate and the beauty of the gorges and ravines, which abound in this range of the Atlas Mountains, on a spur of which the town is seated, are what principally recommend it to the notice of the tourist.

These slopes are clothed with fruit-trees, unknown in the more arid plains, and their fertility was once such as to gain for Milianah, in the Emir's time, the name of Abd-el-Kader's granary. Many a pleasant ride I have enjoyed among the mountains of Milianah, and one which struck me at the time as very beautiful,

was that which, winding along the mountain-sides, bends towards the sea, and conducts the horseman (for it is only a mule-path) to the classic old port of Cherchell. This place will one day be repaired, and rebuilt by the French, for it will form a valuable outlet for the produce of Milianah, and of the immense and fertile plains of the Chelif, which lie at the foot of the Atlas Mountains, and are overlooked by the hill on which that town is built. Its reconstruction will also save the long land carriage, which now impoverishes that fertile subdivision; but all this is for the future, for though the port of Cherchell was once capable of giving shelter to the Roman fleets, it has no pretensions now to anything more than a safe anchorage for the passing steamer, or the small coasting craft from Spain, and the road conducting from the capital of the subdivision to its port, is nothing better than a most picturesque mule-track; winding most inconveniently, but most beautifully, between high ranges of well-wooded mountains. Cherchell itself seems to have been terribly maltreated by frequent and successive earthquakes, and in some places its soil seems to have been literally ploughed up by these commotions of nature. It was only in 1839 that a French column moved against the place, and then only because when a French vessel was becalmed before the port, the inhabitants of Cherchell manning all their available boats, made a daring and piratical attack on it. The Captain, totally unprepared for such an attempt in times of profound peace, made

his exit by one side, as the pirates entered over the other side of his ship.

The fugitive Captain, accompanied by his wife, disguised in man's attire, and the whole of his crew, managed to reach head-quarters at Algiers, while the pirates having seized their prize, stranded and plundered her at their convenience. The French troops at once took possession of the place, and this they effected without difficulty; but once within its works they found themselves as usual besieged by clouds of armed Arabs, and forced to live amidst a continued fusillade. This resistance was, however, ultimately subdued; and, singular to relate, the captain of the plundered ship coming to ChercHELL, to see whether or not he could recover something from the wreck, was so pleased with the place, that he solicited a grant of land, which he easily obtained, and, taking to ploughing land instead of sea, became the most active and enterprising colonist of the locality.

The old Roman port, or rather vestiges of it, still exist, and Roman remains are plentiful there. The ruins of circuses, palaces, temples and forums, repay the wandering antiquary's search, and old coins and medals are continually dug up. The old Roman dock has lately been cleaned out, and now, as in old days, forms a very tolerable shelter for vessels of small tonnage.

A treasure escort was about to leave Milianah for the south, so, separating myself from the General and his staff, whose onward route presented but little

interest to me, I turned my face towards the desert. A hasty adieu to the kind and hospitable garrison of Milianah, and the following sunrise found us winding along the plains of the Chelif; before us the wild mountains heaped one upon the other, and in their midst the little Fort of Teniet El Haad. Forging the river and journeying slowly over the long plain, our route presented little or nothing which would interest the reader; indeed my object in detailing the incidents of a journey prolonged to Laghouat on the south, and to Boghar on the east, was merely to give a sketch of Algerian scenery. All that I saw is easily to be seen by any one who loves the wild and savage charms of the African frontier, or who prefers the deep gorges and mountain-passes of Algeria to the more tame and beaten track, followed by the ordinary autumn tourist. Sometimes riding over arid and burnt-up plains, to enter suddenly on a green and beautiful oasis, sometimes skirting the bed of a river, and at others climbing the rocky mountain-ridge, to camp beneath the date and the palm-tree, we journey on, now the guest of the officers of some small fort or garrison, but oftener eating the ever proffered plate of couscoussou, beneath the shade of the black tents of the wandering Arab tribe. Only two occurrences of any note marked my journey towards Laghouat.

Reaching, on the evening of the day I had left Milianah, a small village situated in the plain, almost at the feet of the mountains which rose giant-like in

the setting sunlight, as though to bar our onward path, we heard that three lions had been committing great ravages, and that one had actually entered the village the previous evening, and had carried off a child which chanced to be passing along the main street at a late hour. It was not to be thought that, having once tasted such food, the Lord of the Mountains would be slow to return to the larder which had furnished it; and the villagers had determined to await his coming. The little troop of which I formed an unit, marched, slowly enough, escorting as they did, treasure destined for Government purposes at Laghouat and Teniet. According to their route, they would halt at a caravan-serai a mile or two distant; consequently, it would be easy for me to assist at the good villagers' night watch, and catch up the escort in the morning. I longed to make a first acquaintance with the lord of the African mountains and plains, and; detaining from the escort a young Spahi non-commissioned officer, whom the General had specially attached to my person, I declared my intention of sharing the perils of the night.

THE NIGHT-WATCH.

THE village in whose main street I dismounted was but a cluster of houses bordering the highroad, which highroad stretched right away towards the mountains. It was among these mountains, some fifteen miles distant, that the lions were supposed to dwell; but what seemed to me strange, was the statement that three had been seen or heard. I knew little of the habits of the lion, but enough to be aware that this king of beasts usually chooses a tract to himself, and even then the tax he levies on the surrounding country is a fearfully heavy one. I concluded, therefore, one of these to be a lioness, and the third, in all probability, their cub. In this, however, I was mistaken; for I subsequently saw two of the lions, both males, and I could only account for this, by supposing them to have been driven from some far-off retreat, for neither of them had been long inhabitants of that part of the country. Of the existence of the third I had never any ocular proof. It was by the bed of the river, which

was crossed by the road about twenty yards further on than the village, the lion had approached. Debouching suddenly and unseen he had bounded up the road, and into the little cluster of houses, his mighty roar spreading fear and terror throughout every household, which even the two or three shrill screams uttered by the unfortunate child, seized upon by the hungry brute, were insufficient to dispel.

The frightened villagers allowed the lion to carry off his prey unmolested, the more easily, perhaps, that the child was one of an unfortunate family, whose father and mother had been carried off the previous summer by a more dangerous visitor than the casual lion—I allude to the deadly fevers which annually sweep over these half-cultivated plains. However this might be, the child had been eaten; and as there was no more likely spot for another meal—for the walls of the caravanserai were much too high for the lion's leap—it appeared probable he would return by the same path. When, after having finished my simple dinner, I came out into the street, I found that the local heroes had thrown up a kind of barricade across the road, at the entrance of their village; and so great was the respect in which the lion was held, that I noticed moreover that the houses nearest the barricade had their doors left on the latch, to serve as refuge in time of need. Prudence could not be carried further. A strong north-west wind was driving the fleecy clouds fast across the face of the moon, then three parts full, as we took

our posts. The great mountains had disappeared in the feeble light, and it was with difficulty the white dried-up bed of the river could be traced in its course towards the mountains.

Our barricade threw a dark shade on the road, immediately in its front, and as hour after hour crept on slowly, the night grew darker and darker, as the moon gently sunk towards the horizon. The comrades of my night-watch had, after recounting sundry stories, in which lions and lionesses occupied the place of the ogres and ogresses of a fairy tale, fallen asleep one after another, and no one within the barricade remained awake save my Spahi and myself. Behind us a light twinkled here and there, left doubtless by some anxious wife or relative, to guide home the tired lion-slayer.

I watched the clouds as they flew rapidly across the moon's face, and as memory dreamily recalled a similar night two years before—the broad plains of Wallachia and Roumelia, the banks of the wide Danube, and the battered walls of the far-famed Silistria, rose, gaunt and ghostlike, before my eyes. In short, I was settling down into a sleep, when a distant but distinct roar woke me up to the reality of my position. I heard the click of my Spahi's carbine as I started from my recumbent position, but the roar was as yet far distant. It was the first time I had ever heard the roar of the kingly lion when traversing in all his dignity his native plains; and all I will say respecting it is, that though I would

not have thrown up the barricade behind which I listened to it, yet the sound made me feel not at all displeased at having a few good planks between me and the author of it. Two more roars followed the first, at short intervals, one evidently emanating from a second lion, much more distant than the first. All were now thoroughly awake, our guns were looked to, each took his position, and the honour of giving the signal to fire was conceded to me. An hour at least passed over, and the time seemed doubled, as with eyes fixed on the river's bed, just where the road traversed it, we watched in anxious silence.

The moon was fast sinking; three quarters of an hour more and our watch would become useless; not a sound disturbed the stillness of the wide African plain, save the discordant creak of the tree-frog, heard from time to time at regular intervals, and the hope of seeing the lion that night was fast dying away within us, when, suddenly, a dark mass seemed to emerge from the deep bed of the river, and by the last pale beams of the moon we saw the child-eater advancing towards us. He came on at a long trot, and we, our guns pointed towards him, waited his approach. Thinking he would pause on perceiving the obstacle which barred his route, I delayed the word of command,—and yet, were he with one spring to clear the barrier, as he was quite capable of doing, what would be the consequence? A low whisper ran through the little group, as of impatience at my delay, and the lion seemed to hear

it. He stopped, uttered a loud growl, and then appeared to me, in the imperfect light, to crouch for his spring. At this moment, obedient to my signal, six guns broke the dead silence of the night with one simultaneous report. The first glance showed me the lion rolling on the ground, the second my four comrades in full flight towards the nearest house, leaving my Spahi and myself sole occupants of the barricade. Gathering himself up the lion uttered a most fearful roar, still facing the barricade, and this time but two flashes replied to his kingly challenge. Looking out over the plain while my Spahi was busily engaged loading his piece, I saw that our adversary must have his fore-arm broken, for he was dragging himself, more than walking, towards the clumps of thick cover which here and there bordered the river's bed. All this time he was uttering the most terrific growls, and a hastily shut door behind told me that my late companions were as yet anything but satisfied as to the consequences of their recent deed. Raising my revolver I was about to fire at their retreating and wounded foe, when, suddenly, the thought struck me, that we, the bravest certainly of the party, were, after all, acting but a cowardly part. Six men, armed with all the implements the brains of their fellow-creatures had been able to compass in the cause of destruction, had not dared to meet the lion face to face, but had treacherously fired into him, they themselves being in safety. I lowered my pistol, and watched the slowly retreating

form of the wounded brute. As he reached the thicket he turned his head towards the spot where his instinct told him his enemies lay hid, uttered a loud fierce roar, and disappeared amidst the dense underwood.

My Spahi, delighted with his exploit, now shouted to the truants to return, and a large fire being lit in the middle of the village, it was determined, in full council, to leave the wounded brute in quiet, and await the coming dawn, when the dogs could be hounded on into the thicket, and when, if not dead, his wounds, which must be grave, would be stiffened, and give him over an easy prey to his conquerors.

Not quite so well satisfied with my late conduct as my Spahi seemed, I called to him, as with important step, he paced before the huge fire, his dark swarthy face showing intense scorn, as he listened to the brag-gadocio tales of his late companions; and my rifle loaded, and cocked in my hand, I endeavoured to make up for my want of chivalry, by reconnoitring the thicket the lion had dragged himself into. The moon had sunk, and the stars gave but a feeble light, as we neared the clump. A magnificent palm-tree rose in its centre, and under this tree there would, in all probability, exist a clearing in which the lion would be lying. Were he alive, death would inevitably be my portion did I approach him—sure and unavoidable death—for aim was impossible in that half light, even were there the opening I fancied to exist; but, on the other hand, might he not be dead, and then, too, the

villagers had seen me go out, and pride urged that I could not return without some tale to tell.

Entering the thicket, and putting aside the dwarf date-trees with my hand, I had hardly made three paces slowly and cautiously in advance, when, just as these branches closed behind me, leaving me in pitch darkness, such a roar, not ten paces from me, as it appeared at the moment, saluted my ears, as fully proved to me that the lion was alive, and took away from me all wish to proceed further. Pausing, I considered my situation. I had come with the purpose of finding out whether the lion was alive or dead, and if I had not sufficient proof already, a second roar and the crackling of dried sticks in my front, fully decided me. I turned, pausing a few moments in the starlight with eager ear and beating heart, after gaining the open ground; but the lion contented himself with the warning he had given me, and left me to regain with my Spahi the roaring fire, round which was told that night many a tale of prowess and of lion-hunting, which, were but half the knightly deeds then recounted true, would have left such men as Gordon Cumming and Jules Gérard far, far in the shade. Long, however, before morning dawned, the noisy tongues were silent. Sleep had asserted its dominion; and thrown on the ground, wrapped in their cloaks and bournous, the village heroes slept round the embers of their expiring watch-fires, dreaming doubtless of their past deeds and future prowess.

THE THICKET.

MORNING arrived at last ; and hardly were its first streaks visible, when, as if by common consent, the queer-looking, uncouth figures, which rolled into strange, outlandish shapes of all kinds, dotted the ground here and there, gradually unrolled themselves, and when thus untwisted, showed the "human form divine" in a very sleepy state. After sundry yawns and harmless French oaths, the whole village seemed to awake, and each arming himself as best he might, the great business of the day commenced ; and the whole of the male portion of the community capable of doing so sallied out, closely huddled together, taking the direction of the thicket, a whole brigade of village curs following at their heels. The curs in question were certainly the most eager to advance, for it struck me that some of the greatest heroes of the previous night would have walked much faster had their faces been turned in an opposite direction. Surrounding the thicket, we encouraged the dogs to enter it, which

they soon did with loud and joyous barks. The poor brutes imagined, doubtless, that it was a hare or rabbit they were to find; but hardly had the last wagging stump of a tail fairly disappeared, than, as though by enchantment, the barking ceased suddenly, and the whole pack returned to us trembling with affright, and so utterly cowed, that they refused even to follow us, the greater part disappearing in the direction of the village. Still, as we had not heard any roar, we concluded his kingship defunct, if he had not indeed dragged himself further, and escaped us.

Emboldened by the silence, we entered, dividing our forces. My Spahi, self, and two others, followed on the lion's track, while the remainder entered the brushwood by the opposite side. Slowly and cautiously I put aside the thick prickly date-leaves, and worked my way through walls of strange, distorted-looking cacti and tall rushes. The crack of a breaking stick alone marked our advance, and we had thus gained some twenty paces, when, knowing that we must be near to the high palm-tree, close to which I had heard the lion roar the previous night, I motioned to my companions to close up, and trailing my rifle, twisted myself, as best I could, through the thick prickly cover. Suddenly I caught a glimpse of the lion. There he lay; but, concealed as he was by the trunk of the tree, he might only be wounded, not dead. Gathering myself together, with a shout which in the eagerness of the moment I could not repress, I leaped

through the intervening reeds into the opening, and raising at the same moment my rifle to my shoulder, I waited the result. As quickly my Spahi was by my side, and a second or two later my two other companions followed. It was useless: the interest of the chase was over,—the lion was stone dead! There he lay; his fore-arm shattered by two balls; a third had passed right through his body: while a fourth had struck him on the spine. How he had managed to drag himself so far, I know not; but he had done so; and with the exception of the terrific roar he had uttered the previous night when I had entered the thicket, he had died in stern silence.

The whole party soon came up, and their noisy rejoicings over the noble form of the dead lion annoyed me. Each claimed the credit of having fired the successful shot. This one had aimed exactly at the fore-arm, that at the exact spot where the ball which had traversed his body had entered; two had aimed at the spot where they knew the spine lay, thinking it would be fatal; and now they quarrelled over the prostrate form of their dead foe in a most violent manner: so leaving them to settle their disputes at leisure, I mounted my horse, which was ready saddled, and, followed by my faithful Spahi, rode hard for the mountains, hoping to catch up the escort I had quitted the previous night.

It was still very early as, after a good brush across the wide plain, I sighted the party I was in quest of.

They were just entering the first defile of the mountain-passes as I pulled up my horse by the side of the officer in command of the escort, and was at once eagerly questioned as to the occurrences of the previous night. Not far distant from the village where I had stopped, they had heard the lion's roar, and had heard, too, our first discharge; for on the clear still air of an African night sound travels far: so I had to kill my lion over again, for the amusement of their officer, while Mahommed, my Spahi, did as much for the troopers of the escort. I and my companion had dropped slightly to the rear, having checked our horses to admire a magnificent group of copper-coloured mountains, which rose to our right.

"Surely those mountains must harbour large game," was the remark I had just made, as we were suddenly startled by noticing the leading files of our little party unsling their carbines. Many a tale of peril and of wild adventure told by my companion had enlivened our road; and as he had served some years in Africa, and his duties had called him frequently towards the frontiers of the desert—the direction in which we were now heading—his descriptions and adventures had served to beguile our route. He relating his African, I replying with Indian adventures, we had ridden carelessly forward, admiring the view, or speculating on the game to be found in these mountain-passes, when the sudden halt and the unslinging of the carbines startled us.

Pushing past the rear files, we galloped to the front

just in time to prevent the serjeant who led the advance firing at a noble lion, which, advancing towards the same path which we were pursuing, had halted abruptly at our view. He had evidently come from a different direction to that we were pursuing, and was making his way towards the very pile of mountains whose sombre colours had excited our curiosity. Five minutes later, and we should not have seen him; but as it happened, there he stood, evidently very much astonished at thus plumping suddenly on so large a party. Were we to fire, we should doubtless either kill or mortally wound the animal. In the first case, all would be well, and we should be the richer by a lion-skin; in the second, we should be sure to lose one or more men, and it was a responsibility the young officer in command would not assume. Hastily giving the order to unsling carbines, he closed up his men with some difficulty, for the horses were getting very restive. In case the lion showed a disposition to attack, all were to face towards him, and it was to be hoped that the general discharge would prove mortal. If disposed to let us do so, we were to pass him quietly.

I had often heard that the lion by day in no way resembles the same animal by night. During the darkness, seeking his prey where he can find it, he will attack anything, with the greatest ferocity; but during the daytime, it being his proper period for sleep, and being besides generally gorged with food, he seldom attacks man. In the present instance, I had little con-

fidence in the effects of our fire, for our horses, as their riders forced them to approach their dreaded enemy, became more and more alarmed and restive. The lion was doubtless the one I had heard roar in the distance the previous night, and he had been to the other side of the mountain range seeking his food among the douars of the native tribes near Teniet, from whence he was now returning to his den.

Our files well closed up, we neared the lion, who showed no symptoms of fear, gazed at us not savagely, but apparently with great curiosity. Then he moved his tail to and fro, like a large cat; and as we neared him, he deliberately sat down on his hind-quarters, looking then for all the world like a queer-coloured large Newfoundland. Just as we ranged up with him, passing by in single file, the horses' heads and tails well together, he opened his huge mouth with a mighty yawn, uttering as he did so a sound between a heavy sigh and a growl. This he did without rising, and in a most sleepy manner, as though he were supremely indifferent to our presence. All this time our horses were terribly excited, and my own, a jet-black Syrian barb, which had carried me many a mile over the plains of Wallachia and Roumelia, and who, from his intense love of mischief and fighting, I had long since christened "Bashi-Bazouk," was now completely cowed, and though walking at a very slow pace, his black coat was all white with foam. I was not fifteen paces from the lion, and I could not resist the fancy

that seized me to rein in and look at him. Trembling in every limb, my horse obeyed me, and as the rear files of our escort moved past, I contemplated the noble brute. He was a splendid male, of the colour called by the natives "the black lion;" and which, they say, is the most fierce and terrible of all. He seemed sleepy and quiet enough just then, and did not even look at me. The jangling of the men's arms appeared to catch his attention; and it was indeed but a moment's pace that was allowed me for contemplation, for a slight move on his part caused my horse to bound aside so suddenly as almost to unhorse me; and when I recovered my seat, and my power over my frightened steed, the sleepy fellow had deliberately lain down, and resting his noble head on two mighty paws, he followed us with his eyes as we slowly moved away.

A sudden curve in the road soon hid him from our sight, and I must confess I felt much more satisfied with my second encounter with the lion than I did with my first; in fact, it was certainly more satisfactory to both parties, for the lion went back doubtless to his den in the far-off copper-coloured mountains, there to sleep off his fatigue, and we, increasing our pace, soon came in sight of the white buildings and the little Fort of Teniet El Haad.

Teniet is a kind of advanced post on the confines of French civilisation, shut out from frequent communication with the large towns to the northward, by the mountain range and long reach of plains I had just

traversed ; while to the southward, a long, barren tract reaches away to Laghouat and the lesser desert. The town itself is small and insignificant, the garrison small also, but well lodged, and better provided for ; while to the traveller the great point of interest lies neither in town or fort, for about a mile and a half from Teniet exists a mighty forest. The trees of this ancient wood are cedars, thousands of which measure six and seven feet in diameter, and are of proportionate height. It covers no less a tract than eight thousand acres of ground. It is, indeed, a noble forest ; and under the patriarchal shade of its waving branches I made one day an acquaintance, a recital of whose simple tale cannot but interest the reader, and may tend at the same time to throw a light on certain dark pages of the history of our own times, known but to few, and which, bearing as they do on the history of French Algeria, may be permitted a place in this volume.

I think I may not improperly term my chapter "A Chapter on Transportation," for my new acquaintance was a transported man ; but let not the reader imagine I am about to give the history of the daring deeds and hair-breadth escapes of some crime-stained convict. No, the man whose tent I one day found pitched near my own under the shade of the giant cedars, was not even a repentant ticket-of-leave man, but simply a French officer, who but a few years previously had commanded a brigade, and had, as a youthful soldier, witnessed the first Napoleon's adieux to his

Old Guard at Fontainebleau, the horrors of the retreat from Leipsic, and shed his blood on the field of Waterloo ; but who, now in the frontier post of Teniet El Haad, drags on a forgotten existence, far from his country, his family, and his home. It may not be generally known that transportation exists in France, and that Algeria has been extensively used as a penal settlement, but so it is ; a large number have within a very few years been thus sent into the young colony.

These people, of every age, class, and position, whose crime was attachment to the Republic, and whose absence from France was necessary to the establishment of the Imperial power, were at once seized, embarked on board ship, conveyed to Algiers, and from thence directed towards different parts where camps were formed, consisting only of such wretched outcasts. It will easily be seen that such a number of people as I have named, thrown at once into so thinly peopled a country as Algeria, required great care and vigilance, the more so as no large public buildings existed where they could be domiciled. It was necessary to find them employment, too ; and how was this to be done, when it was not one class alone that furnished the political convicts. On the contrary, every grade of society, from the highest to the lowest, had contributed its contingent to swell the numbers of this deluge of political pariahs, torn from their homes, pursuits, and private fortunes, to begin life anew on the shores of French Africa. There was to be seen the late

minister ; the colonel, a few days previously in command of his brigade ; the young collegian, the aged lawyer, mixed up with the painter, the mechanic, and the day-labourer. Formed together into convict camps ; dirty, ill-clothed, and miserable, the sufferings of those who had hitherto followed the liberal professions were much greater than of those who had been used to manual labour.

It became necessary to stop intercourse between these camps and the people, in order to prevent the spread of their political principles. Moreover, work must be found for them, and in a young colony such as Algeria, there was none save that of clearing the ground and of making roads. They were formed into gangs, therefore ; and a grotesque though cruel sight it must have been to see men who had only been used to the employment of the pen or of the brain, make their first efforts at clearing the plains of the hard and prickly dwarf palm, or working at tracing out the highways. Fever and dysentery, of the most malignant kind, soon cleared away the less strong, and the camps gradually thinned, and ultimately have nearly disappeared. Some returned sick and dying to France, others renounced their principles and so found grace and pardon ; while all over Algeria numbers of these men, their future destroyed, their fortune lost, and calling in their own country gone, have made up their mind to their position, and having adopted some trade or profession, live on in Algeria, under the strict

surveillance of the police. Even their political career is at an end, for younger and more energetic men fill their place in France, and their country knows them no more. The kind and mild rule of the present Governor-General, the Marshal Randon, has done much to alleviate their sufferings. Perhaps this was all necessary to the Empire, for with such an excitable nation as the French, the same land could not hold in peace these men and an Imperial Government.

I cannot, however, resist the temptation of presenting Algeria to the reader under a new phase, not as the country of the Arab, the Moor, or the Turk, the Elysium of the French colonist, or the promised land of the sportsman, but as the condemned penal settlement; as the place of torment and of punishment for the Socialist, the Communist, and the Republican; as the land where, with his anxious eyes turned towards his beloved country, many a man of the best blood in France has sunk into the grave as, with look fixed on the blue waters of the Mediterranean, he hoped on from day to day, ever expecting to see coming over that deep sea the messenger that was to announce what to him at least would be the fall of despotism—a recall to his lost home, and his much-loved, but ideal republic. Teniet and its cypress forest is to me replete with these reminiscences.

A CHAPTER ON TRANSPORTATION.

THREE days I had spent agreeably enough exploring the cedar forest; the fourth I had employed in reproducing by means of photography some of its giant trees. The next day was to see me again in the saddle, and my horses' heads turned southwards toward Laghouat and the desert. I remember I had not been very successful; the wind had annoyed me, my small tent had been blown down, my bottles broken, and my instruments damaged, and returning late in anything but a good humour, I came in sight of my tent pitched under the shelter of a noble old monarch of the forest. To my great surprise two tents in lieu of one met my view. I rubbed my eyes; but the extra tent was always there. Dismounting, I found that a French colonel had arrived, had called on me, and proposed to join his dinner to mine. My servant, a self-sufficient rascal, whom, in my bad humour I heartily abused, and who in reply calmly answered that he presumed Monsieur had not succeeded with what he

was pleased to call my "Lanterne Magique," as Monsieur was in a humour "massacrante." He also told me he had assented in my name to the proposal; and what was more, my dinner that day, as it ever happens when one particularly wishes it should be otherwise, was a peculiarly meagre one. There was no help for it, however; and an hour later found me dining under the old cedar-tree with my unexpected guest.

The wind had gone down, and the moon had risen, its beams shimmering through the weird, waving branches of the old tree, making curious and fantastic shadows on the ground; the tents gleamed white in the moonlight; and in our rear was a laughing, chattering group of servants, their faces lighted up by the glancing flame of the fire round which they sat. Now and then the wailing cry of the jackal or hyena prowling round the distant fort, or the sound of the dying wind as it swept through the branches, mingled with our voices. The shadows shifted and disappeared; the white tents became dark in the deep shade; the laugh and the joke ceased among the group behind us, giving place to a steady, prolonged rumbling noise which gave token of anything but a noiseless sleep; but the fine warm night found my new acquaintance and myself chatting still. Leipsic, Spain, Waterloo, were our subjects, together with many another battle-field in which the speaker had figured, mixed with curious incidents of the various French revolutions, the occupation of towns and cities, and the storming of barri-

cares. My companion was a fine gentlemanly-looking man, apparently younger than he really was. He wore the Cross of the Legion at his button-hole ; and I could not help wondering who and what he was, and what could bring him to that far distant place. Of his rank as a colonel in the French army, I was aware, and also that he had risen to that rank from the position of a private soldier of the first Napoleon's Imperial Guard ; but what was he doing, an idler under the cedars of Teniet ? He spoke, too, of his wife, his daughter, and his château in Brittany, in a manner which made me think his heart was not in Africa. A French officer in Africa out of uniform is rather an anomaly too ; and altogether my curiosity was excited. We agreed to breakfast together, and for two nights afterwards the moon still shone on my tent, pitched beneath the old cedar-tree.

One morning, conversation turned on the subject of transportation, and it was then when expressing a wish to know something of the French system of political expatriation, I learned with surprise that it was to one of the greatest sufferers by that very system I had addressed my question. I felt very sorry for my indiscreet curiosity ; but that afternoon, over our dinner-table, he himself recurred to the subject, and eventually gave me the following sketch of the personal results to himself arising from the *Coup d'état*. Much more bitterness of feeling was shown than I choose to reproduce ; but the facts he detailed are recorded in all their naked truth.

“Every nation has an incontestable right to choose its own form of government,” began the Republican officer, as if desirous of prefacing his own history by a vindication of his own conduct and rights, “and in this choice the will of the people should be sovereign. We French have ever had the reputation of being an unquiet and revolutionary race ; and yet if history be consulted it will be seen that France never attacked the reigning power until that very authority had itself violated every fundamental law it was sworn to obey. Take for an instance the old monarchy ; how obstinate, how enduring was the worship paid to the name of king ! Nothing short of the Brunswick manifesto and the flight to Varennes could have rendered the 10th of August possible ; and when eventually the abolition of royalty was decreed by the Convention without discussion, and amidst universal applause, the nation betrayed by Louis XVI. at home, and threatened by a formidable coalition from without, was actually forced to seek safety in a form of government which did not even then proclaim the doctrines it afterwards advocated of liberty and of progress.

“ So in the year 1851 as in that of 1792, in the year 1830 as in that of 1848, the French nation took up arms in defence of the Constitution which the executive power was sworn to sustain, and should have obeyed. Was the violation of all fundamental laws ever more patent than it was on the 2d December ? Alike in their causes, the various movements were but

different in their results, and thus the date of the 2d December will ever remain a day of darkness, for the simple reason that the party which should in justice have been suppressed, actually triumphed, and because the personal ambition of one man that day prevailed over the common good.

“Accomplices of the master-hand which dealt that terrible blow to French liberty have represented the act as one of necessity; have justified perjury, by painting that too as necessitated by the state of France, and as being but a measure calculated for public good. And what then was the actual state of France under her last republic? was it not more healthy than it has ever been since? From what catastrophe public or private has the reign of the sabre and the bayonet saved France? Is not her debt heavier at this moment than it was then? Would the late war, which has cost France such a sea of blood, and such a mass of treasure, have ever taken place? Is it rational to suppose that Russia would ever have dared to provoke a Republic which only wanted an excuse, an opportunity, to propagate its doctrines in Poland and in Hungary? On the other hand, what has the Empire done to moralise the masses? Has instruction progressed in France? Yes; in this way: the children of France are now given up to the guidance of the Jesuits. The instincts of their elders (for I can dignify the motive power by no other term than that of instinct) are turned towards speculation; liberty of

thought and speech forbidden; the habits of the French are becoming daily more sensual; the mind of so volatile, yet energetic a nation, must have an outlet, and a political career being forbidden, liberty of free discussion and of the press being at an end, the excitement of speculation as a means of sudden wealth, and at the same time as the nearest way to extreme sensual gratification, becomes the sole career open to the youth of France. Thus the distinction of classes becomes every day more and more marked, and slaves, fit tools for despotism to work its will by, are daily forming to its hand. When will the day come when the sun of liberty, which shines so brightly behind the setting of this dark picture, shall rise and dispel with its life-inspiring beams the fog of tyranny and darkness which now dims the present of my beloved France?

“Swayed by the prestige attached to a great and beloved name—influenced by a sudden caprice—the French nation allowed itself to be enchained by a man whose former life could bring forward nothing in his favour; and not only suffered itself to be enthralled, but submitting without any reserve to the conqueror, actually disavowed the armed protest of a few of the most devoted and courageous citizens, and did not blush to abandon them to the cruelty and despotic will of the victor. France even went, if possible, a step further, for it is a well-known and easily appreciated fact that great political struggles are never accom-

plished without stirring up among the population of the country where they take place a multitude of evil passions. Thus, in the rural districts, where the distinction of classes is strongly marked, and wealth unequally divided, the *Coup d'état* furnished the landed proprietors, who had long lived in fear and trembling for their privileges, with an opportunity of revenging themselves for past terrors. Scenes took place in which the better class hounded on the soldiery to the committal of atrocities which have been carefully concealed from the world, but concerning some of which I can personally speak.

“But though I express myself strongly on this subject, let it not be imagined that the French nation remained indifferent to the *Coup d'état*, for more than 200,000 men rose at once to protect the constitution which the present Emperor was sworn to defend, but which he then menaced, and ultimately destroyed. Without combination, without proper leaders to command them, what could these men do against the bayonets of the soldiery which everywhere hemmed them in? They were fairly outmanœuvred and subdued,—they knew it, and submitted. Here, then, the *Coup d'état* should have stayed its hand. The leaders of the popular movement banished—the masses powerless and subdued, the end was gained, but revenge was still unsatiated.

“I remember at a small town named Clannecy, in the department of the Nievre, which had shut its

gates against the *Coup d'état*, an advanced guard of Dragoons seized upon three men who were certainly armed, but had been received under the protection of a flag of truce to treat with the military. Once in their hands, without a word being spoken, these three men were marched to the rear; a firing party was detailed, the time necessary for loading carbines given to them to prepare for another world, and without further ceremony they were shot down. One of these poor fellows, though pierced with three balls, was able to raise himself up, and cried with his fast failing breath, '*Vive la République!*' I even remember the man's name,—it was Chapuis; and though I give it you without concealment, I will not be so explicit as to the name of the man who on hearing the cry stepped out from among the ranks of the French soldiers, and struck down the pale and dying man with a coward's blow. As he did so, the victim being in the act of drawing his last breath, Monsieur de M——'s servant imitated, though more humanely, his master's action, discharging his two pistols into the poor fellow's head. What would have been said in the camps of Kamiesch or Balaklava had the Russian prisoners been so treated, even though unprotected by a flag of truce?

"Many were thus shot down, while a still greater number became the victims of gross ill-treatment. At Sancerie the prisoners were shut up in a stable, and, as a kind of rough pleasantry, their food given them in the manger. At Bourges they were forced to march at

the tails of the troopers' horses a distance of fourteen (French) miles in eight hours. On this march one poor fellow, unable to stand up from excessive exhaustion, dropped. The troop of prisoners was halted, the officer commanding the party gave the necessary orders, and the unfortunate man was shot, and his body, still warm, thrown into a ditch and covered over. Several more shared a similar fate, and found a like resting-place ; and two of that same troop, who had the audacity to remonstrate against this treatment, were so cruelly beaten that they were left for dead in the nearest jail. I could multiply these instances at pleasure, but why offend your ears with such tales of horror? The death of these men was but an unit in the vast whole of horrors which then desolated the departments of France, and for which horrors their primary author is, though perhaps personally ignorant, not the less responsible.

“One more instance, and I have done. At Coutrains one of the men, most popular in that part of the country, could not be found. His friends had induced him, partly by persuasion, partly by force, to retire from the arena of political strife. The military were at fault, but at last a means presented itself. It was rather unscrupulous, but what then? Guibert, for such was the republican's name, was in hiding ; he could not be far off, so his aged mother was seized and put into jail, and it was announced that she would only be released on her son's giving himself up. As may be easily imagined, he did

so at once, and was immediately incarcerated, while the mother, in lieu of being liberated as the price of her son's sacrifice, was tied before that very son's eyes, by a cord passed round her neck, to a cart, and thus paraded through the streets of her native town to her own house! There her aged husband was taken prisoner, and another of her sons, then lying ill in bed, was also captured. Poor fellow! his malady was rapid consumption, and he subsequently died of it in Africa. Despite the broken-hearted mother's cries, entreaties, and prayers,—notwithstanding that an officer, Captain S——, commanded the troop, the whole started off at a round trot. Let us hope—although it is difficult to think so—that it was by forgetfulness they had omitted to remove the rope which tied the poor helpless old mother to the cart containing her old husband and her dying son. Be this as it may, half running, half dragged, as she stumbled along in her heavy sabots, the poor old creature's prayers and tears were drowned by the brutal jeers and loud laughter of the soldiery. The recollection is enough to make my old blood boil even at this distance of time, but this recital is literally true; and thus the elder Guibert,—he, I mean, who had given himself up on the assurance of his mother's release, found himself not only the inmate of a prison, but the unhappy author of his family's sufferings. Poor Guibert! his trials did not end here, but he had at least the satisfaction of knowing that far as they had gone his persecutors had not succeeded to the full

extent of their desire. His jailor left him, and then an officer, Lieut. A——, of the 27th Regiment, entered the captive's cell, heaped on the defenceless prisoner all kinds of opprobrious epithets, and holding in his hands a loaded pistol as he did so, struck and kicked the unfortunate man. This officer afterwards publicly declared that he had acted as he had done in order to provoke Guibert to retaliation, that he might have an excuse for blowing his brains out.

“Guibert the elder died shortly after, an exile at Cayenne. His younger brother also perished, a proscribed man in the province of Algeria. The elder brother had spoken in favour of the republic, the younger had long been a valetudinarian, and had never taken any share in politics.

“For thirty-six hours the prisoners were left without food; and when at last a poor woman, by dint of frequent application, was permitted to approach the prison-bars with a loaf of bread, and her husband stretched out his arms through them to receive it, a bayonet thrust from the sentry above pierced through one of them.

“A fair was held some days afterwards at Clanecy, and the groups of country people assembled there were much surprised at seeing a detachment of cavalry make its appearance at the gates of the town. Not knowing what might happen, they dispersed rapidly, and the Dragoons, probably irritated at seeing the hatred and suspicion they were held in by the people,

and without any orders to that effect, charged the flying crowd. One old man, wounded by a pistol-shot, fell, and an officer riding up to him deliberately dismounted and passed his sword through his body.

“ These acts occurred in a single district; but eighteen departments had revolted against the *Coup d'état*, and in each and all the vengeance of its author was unscrupulously dealt forth. Not only did individuals suffer, but the sins of the father were visited on the innocent children, and the families of many proscribed men were punished with relentless severity.

“ Thus it fared with the people who had remained faithful to the Republic; and as to their leaders, or rather the men who should have been, but were not their leaders, their fate became certain. Seized where they could be found, they were transported without law, or form of law. My own history was that of all. My regiment was quartered at Nevers; and as it was well known that I, an old soldier of the first Napoleon, and a sincere admirer of the Republic, could not be tempted by any bribe to act against that very government of which the President was the sworn defender, I received an order to give up my command. At once obeying, I retired to my château in Brittany, situate near the port of Cherbourg. Here, no longer an actor in the great drama passing before me, I lived quietly with my wife and only daughter, when, all at once, and at the

same time with the news of the *Coup d'état*, arrived an order for my arrest. I was well known in the department; no crime could be laid to my charge; and when the news of my proposed arrest oozed out, the excitement was such that the authorities hesitated to proceed against me. One day, however, when I was walking alone and unsuspectingly in my own fields, I found myself suddenly surrounded by gend'armes, and I was informed that I was a prisoner. My captors behaved civilly enough. They expressed their regret, but refused to allow even a momentary return to my house. The magistrate's order for the arrest was shown me; and my son-in-law, hearing of my position, brought me a horse. There was no help for it; the gend'armes had their orders; they obeyed them, unwillingly it is true, but they and their families were dependent on their position for their daily bread: so casting one long, lingering glance towards the house, my late home, and which contained all that was most dear to me, and which I was never to see again, I rode, surrounded by the gend'armes, through the streets of Cherbourg, on my way to the common jail."

ON TRANSPORTATION: THE CONVICT.

My guest thus continued his narration:—

“ I knew that my fate was incarceration, but did not anticipate all the accompanying horrors which I suffered; for, not only was I thrown into the common jail, but a cell was allotted me, into which not a ray of light could pierce, and neither my wife nor child were permitted to come near me. I, an old soldier, who had more than once shed my blood in defence of my country, what had I done to be treated worse than the common felon? I petitioned the authorities, whose power was as yet supposed to emanate from the Republic which I loved; but my letters and remonstrances remained unheeded and unanswered. They had their orders, and I had only to suffer in silence. It would have been difficult to have kept me long incarcerated thus on a charge so absurd as that on which I had been arrested, which was, that of conspiring against the Republic, a form of government to which my attachment was so well known as to have

lost me the command of my regiment. It became necessary to find some other pretext. An armed force, therefore, entered my house, ransacked everything, and finding nothing against me, proceeded to the out-houses. Here a bundle of old rusty picklocks, carelessly thrown into a corner, was stumbled upon. Not only had I never seen them, but I was ignorant of their existence. They were all that could be found; and the ingenuity of those, who on these grounds framed a charge against me, is to be admired. I had concealed prohibited tools in my house—tools used only by robbers—and my object in so doing was, that by their means I might be able to open at will the doors of the military arsenals and powder magazines! A child would have laughed at so absurd a tale, but it was all that could be readily got up; and ingenious as it was, I was tried on it and acquitted.

“The clerk of the court came to me to tell me the good news, and to congratulate me on my recovered freedom. I remember his very words. ‘You are at length free,’ he said, as he took my arm, ‘and as my reward for being the first thus to announce to you your freedom, allow me the pleasure of conducting you to your wife and child.’ These words woke an echo in my breast—I was again to be restored to my family; but the jailor was present, and I restrained my emotion. Led forward by the messenger of good news, I walked towards the door of my cell, but judge my surprise when the door was closed on me, and the jailor, stam-

mering out his excuses, drew from his pocket a paper, which he placed in my hands, and of which the following is a verbatim copy :—

“ ‘In the prevision that Colonel —— will be acquitted of the charge brought against him, the jailor of the public prison of Cherbourg is hereby directed to keep the said Colonel —— prisoner until further orders, in the event of such verdict of acquittal being given.’

“ Hitherto I had been a prisoner, subjected to a definite accusation, however ludicrous ; now I was acquitted of all charge against me, and yet still detained as a prisoner. In a few days I received a written order from the lieutenant of gend’armerie, directing me to hold myself in readiness to accompany him the following day to the prisons of St. Lo.

“ Justice could not have been more cavalierly treated than in my case, and it will be hard for an Englishman to realise the truth of my tale, yet the order for detaining me a prisoner was duly sealed and signed, and I had no appeal. The press was effectually muzzled, and the will of the embryo Emperor rode, rough-shod, over the law ; magistrates and soldiery bending before his will like reeds before the tempest.

“ I reached the prison of St. Lo in due course, and here, without any reason being assigned, I was subjected to the rigours of solitary confinement. This was unusual treatment, even for great criminals, for a murderer, who tenanted the next cell to mine, and

whose name I remember was Pagney, was permitted to see his relatives; whilst my friends, who flocked to see me, were excluded from my prison, and were only permitted to leave their cards. Even the knowledge of this act of commiseration was denied me, for they remained with the turnkey, and I never saw them.

“Thus, totally forgotten by the world, as I then thought, I lingered out three months—and long and weary months they were—in the prisons of St. Lo, during which I heard nothing of my probable fate, nor of the reason of my confinement.

“My future remained in the hands of a tribunal which had been organized in each department. It was composed of the prefect, the general commanding, and the attorney-general of the department; and this tribunal deliberated and gave judgment with closed doors, its proceedings being secret. No questions were asked me, no charge brought against me, my letters and remonstrances were treated with silent contempt; and it was ultimately decided that a certain town in the interior should be allotted me, where I was to live under surveillance of the police: in fact, I was to become a kind of ticket-of-leave convict.

“This mild mode of proceeding displeased the Government, who interfered here in the same manner as they had before done at Cherbourg. The sentence was disapproved and annulled, and the tribunal, after being brought to task severely, were directed to alter the award, and to condemn the Colonel —— to trans-

portation. My destiny was thus sealed—transportation became my doom—for my judges, if such they could be termed, would have equally condemned me to death, had they been ordered so to do. As it was, they merely revised their sentence, according to the form dictated to them.

“The gend’armes who had arrested me were poor people dependent on their position for daily bread. They had families, perhaps, dependent on them in turn, and they had received a military education, teaching them obedience to orders emanating from their superiors. For them there existed every excuse; but what palliation can be found for the conduct of this mixed commission, who, at a word from another, without a question being asked me, without any judicial form being observed, quietly sat down after the lecture they had received, to revise the sentence they had already given, and to mould it into the required form?

“My absence might be necessary to the growth of despotic power. The Emperor had a certain object in view. My devotion to the constitution was known; and Napoleon, with unscrupulous determination, swept me from his path; but what palliation can be found, save that of the sordid hope of gain, as an excuse for the conduct of the impromptu tribunal? The proceedings of the much-execrated Inquisition were as nothing to this, and yet the same tragedy was being enacted throughout the whole of France.

“Town and village had bowed before the yoke of

despotism; not a murmur, not a dissentient voice, dared make itself heard; all was dead and servile silence; and it was amid this dull and funeral calm, long after the storm of battle and resistance had swept past, and left the present Emperor master of the destinies of France, that his parasites and slaves filled up their lists of proscription and of death.

“As it was in my case, so it was in all others. No public form of trial was gone through, no public accusation was made, but house after house was violated and searched, as though their inmates had been robbers or murderers. The victims disappeared, they were snatched away from their homes and houses. For a time the silence of the tomb enveloped them, and they were ultimately thrown, without resource and without warning, on a foreign shore to lead a life of misery, poverty, and exile, simply because their existence was incompatible with that of the Empire in France. Those who could be corrupted had been gained over already, the remnant were transported.

“Algeria was my doom, and as I had never seen the tribunal which sentenced me, so I never saw even a copy of my sentence. One morning a paper without signature was placed in my hands bearing the following words:—

“‘Colonel —— is hereby directed to hold himself in readiness to proceed, without delay, under escort to Brest, where he will be placed at the disposal of the naval authorities.’

“Much time for lamentation was not given me, for dawn saw me rumbling along in a cart guarded by three gend’armes. Thirteen marches separated me from Brest, and at the close of each day’s march I was consigned to the keeping of the jailor of the town or village in which the halt was made. In some of the smaller villages these jails were terribly foul and dirty, and my nights were often passed in cells not much larger than an ordinary dog-kennel, without the convenience of chair or table, an armful of foul, half-rotten straw being thrown to me as bedding. Even the jailors seemed sorry to treat an old officer thus, and on several occasions they gave me up their own rooms. My escort, too, were civil, and sympathised with my position; and thus journeying on from jail to jail, I at last reached Brest. My cart rumbled along the streets of the town, and sorrowful as I felt I could not suppress a smile as I thought of the mode of progression which had been chosen for me; but it was soon at an end, for, without ceremony, I was at once transferred to the convict hulk, on board which I found five hundred of my fellow-sufferers. Some were destined for Cayenne, some for Algiers, and were, like myself, political convicts.

“Gleaned from every corner of France, these men were drafted from the hulk as means of forwarding them to the various places assigned to them occurred, and *en attendant* they were penned like cattle on board the convict-ship, where they suffered dreadfully from want of room and air. Of this wretched cargo I

now formed an item. Most of my companions in wretchedness had been torn suddenly from their homes, and their families or friends knew nothing of their whereabouts. They were totally destitute of any change of clothes or linen; and as they had slept, like myself, in the felons' jails of the different towns and villages they had passed through, some idea of their state of filth and misery may be formed. The cells they had occupied, the resting-places of the robber and the murderer, were often swarming with vermin, and of this contamination they were unable to free themselves.

“Never shall I forget the misery, filth, and degrading wretchedness of the Duguesclin's lower deck, which being seldom cleaned exhaled the most disgusting odours. And on this lower deck we were all penned. The day was supportable, for we were allowed on deck to breathe the fresh air twice a-day, by parties. It is true, we were surrounded by armed sentries whose orders were to keep silence among us with the bayonet, and that a corner only of the deck was allotted us, where we were crowded together like sheep in a pen; but we had light, we had air, and our comrades below were relieved, too, by the absence of so many of their numbers. Night was the period of our great suffering. The deck then exhaled its moist fetid odours, and all the dead-lights were shipped, and the port-holes closed save two. We used to take it by turns to approach these two small openings; and no one, save he who has known what it is to feel the want of fresh air,

can imagine the happiness of those whose turn it was to approach the opening, and placing their foreheads against the ship's side to inhale a few gasps of the free air of heaven. All night long this continued, and great indeed was the relief when morning dawned, and the portholes were opened.

"Another great, and perfectly useless privation which we had to endure, was the want of fresh water. Water we had, and plenty for all drinking purposes; but the tank in which it was kept was foul, and we suffered in consequence. This water was contained in an open reservoir at the foot of the main-mast, and one day a sailor, missing his hold, fell from a great height (the maintop, I believe), and his head coming in contact with the sides of our water-tank, death was instantaneous. The poor fellow had his head split open, and his blood and brains were dashed into the tank; and it will hardly be believed, but I pledge my word to the literal truth of the occurrence, that notwithstanding all our prayers and entreaties, the water remained unchanged, the tank uncleansed, and our daily ration served out to us as usual.

"Again, I ask, what could be the use of such cruelty? Our absence from France was necessary to the establishment of despotic power, marching with giant strides towards its end. The relentless author of the *Coup d'état* had seized us, and without form of law had made convicts of us. His aim was gained; but how could our ceaseless suf-

ferings add to his security? It is a question I cannot answer; but though hope began to sink in our hearts as day after day passed over our heads and found us denizens of the convict-ship, our cup of bitterness was not yet filled.

“I have already said that the motley crowd of convicts jammed together on the Duguesclin’s lower deck consisted of men of all ages and conditions. There was the youth barely emerging from childhood, and the gray-haired old man, almost on the brink of the grave. There stood the once rich banker, side by side with the poor workman, the poet, the professor, the lawyer; in short, every class was represented. And now, to fill up the measure of insult offered us, a number of criminal convicts were added to our ranks. Men who had been condemned for the most fearful crimes, the lees and offscourings of the prisons of France, were mixed up with us; and it was only after the most earnest entreaties and remonstrances, that we at length obtained the separation of a rope drawn across the deck to divide us from the robber and the murderer. Even then the barrier was but ideal; for what was a simple rope between us and these men? And now the air which had hitherto been poisoned by impure exhalations, by foul and fetid smells, resounded with the fouler oath and the more impure execration. Slang, and the most horrible language, floated around us; for the felon-troop seeing our loathing and detestation of their society, which

it was impossible for us always to suppress, and recognising no difference between our mutual position, took their revenge in the only way open to them.

“ At length this terrible life ceased, and the convicts destined for Algeria were drafted on board the two frigates, the *Mogador* and the *Berthollet*; and to our great relief we found ourselves, during the voyage between Brest and Algiers, the objects of the solicitude and humanity of both officers and men.

“ My personal history here ceases to have anything in common with the sufferings of the mass of transported political prisoners. My private fortune has enabled me not only to establish myself comfortably in Algeria, but to give some aid to others less happily situated than myself; and in these far-off solitudes, with nothing to occupy my mind save my own sad recollections, receiving only at distant intervals letters from my family, and permitted only to move within a certain limit from my house, without a special written permission from the police, my interest in passing events is as contracted as it once was powerful. My wife and family I have never seen, and shall, in all probability, never see again; for I can never revisit France, at least, under its present Government. The remembrance of the cruel and causeless wrongs I have undergone in common with so many others must for ever embitter and tinge my political opinions with private hatred; but as the subject of political transportation is one little known, I will give you a few particulars of the ultimate fate and sufferings of my fellow-convicts.”

THE POLITICAL CONVICTS.

In accordance with the promise given in the last chapter, my informant thus resumed his story :—

“ After a few days spent in the Lazaret of Algiers, the living cargoes of the Berthollet and the Mogador, of which I still remained an unit, were formed into bodies and marched into the interior. Six of these divisions were directed on six different points, viz. Birkadem, Douera, Bourbika, the Maison Carrée, the Cinq Trembles, and the Maison Blanche. Tents were served out to them in a given proportion, and camps were formed. Time was required to teach these men camp manners ; and when the wet season came upon them, they suffered dreadfully from fevers and dysentery. Unused to living under canvass the heat at first struck them down. They knew nothing of the manner of pitching their tents, so as preserve them from the tropical rains, and the soldiers, who regarded them as troublesome cattle, did but little to help them. Numbers died during this season of probation ; and many more standing all day on ground saturated

with wet, and sleeping at night on wet straw, laid the foundations of diseases which enabled them, at a later period, to return on sick certificate to France and die in peace.

“It became necessary to find employment for the surviving exiles, whose ranks were strengthened by fresh drafts from the mother country faster than death thinned them — although African fever and deadly dysenteries did their best to reduce their numbers. Work was therefore provided, but with a total disregard to their capabilities. The officers who commanded the various camps heartily disliked their office, and looked upon their prisoners as so many incumbrances; the soldiers, whose duties were augmented by them, shared these feelings; and thus, from the Marshal who commanded the colony, and who chafed bitterly against the system which condemned Algeria to take rank with Botany Bay, down to the poor sentry who guarded the political convicts, not a single friendly eye was theirs — not a helping hand was stretched out to aid them. But, as I before said, they could not be suffered to eat the bread of idleness, and employment must be found for them.

“Many of the exiles had followed liberal professions; many had been borne away from comfortable homes and from good society, while others had always been used to hard manual labour; but all alike were directed to work on the roads, and in draining the marshy plains. In many of the villages which had sprung up

here and there on these vast plains, the population had been mowed down by fever, and renewed sometimes as many as three times. This was attributed to the want of drainage, and the inhabitants of the convict camps needed work. What better employment could be found for such troublesome cattle? Often wet through, above their knees in mud and dirt, and kept without any change of linen, the men of weaker natures suffered in silence, bearing blows and contumely without complaint, until the hospital tent received them first, and afterwards the trench dug in the churchyard.

“The more stubborn resisted, and ultimately refused to work. Words and blows were tried in vain. ‘We are sure to die,’ was their reply to both, ‘kill us, then, at once,’ and before their untameable obstinacy, both blows and recrimination failed. Some of these men were dragged, by means of ropes tied to their feet, to the places appointed as the scene of their labours, but a remnant still held out in their stern refusal, and pestered their task-masters with their continual demands for death. After every available means had been used, and had failed, these men were marched into the towns and there consigned to prison, where, after a long confinement, some gave in, and the remainder died; and when the jailor came to carry off the last relics of the fallen Republican, he would find scratched on the prison wall, over the wretched pallet bed, such words as these:—

“ ‘*Here lies — assassinated by Buonaparte.*’

“ Some officers commanding the camps did what they could to alleviate the sufferings of their prisoners, others behaved in a different manner. One, who signalised himself over his fellows by inhuman conduct, and whose only excuse was youth and inaptitude for command, a young lieutenant of the convict camp of Douera, one day directed four men, for refusal to work, to be sent to prison. They could not leave the camp until the following day, and some of their comrades, knowing nothing of the severity of martial law or military discipline, and having managed to procure some bottles of wine, fêted their departure that night. Toasts to liberty were drunk, the *Marseillaise* was sung, and low as the chant was, it reached the ear of a neighbouring sentry. The lieutenant in question at once interfered, struck right and left, seized on the four first delinquents, and ordered them to be put in irons. Upon this the whole party rose and petitioned the officer to allow them all to share the punishment, as they had shared the wine and the fête together.

“ Lieutenant M—— drew up a report of this occurrence, so worded as to show his own promptitude and firmness in a conspicuous light, but giving such gravity to the matter as to cause the four refractory prisoners to be brought to a court-martial; and the court, presided over by a Lieutenant-Colonel, condemned them to death on the evidence of the lieutenant.

“ Douera is situated at about eighteen miles from Algiers, and no sooner did the capital punishment

awarded by the court become known on the public Exchange of that place than it created a great sensation. People looked at each other in consternation, asking under what rule they lived, that drinking a toast to liberty, and singing a Republican song, was punishable with death. The Bourse was closed, and small knots of people might be observed assembling here and there. The Government seemed alarmed, and, it soon became rumoured, was looking for a feasible mode of retreat, but the award of a court-martial cannot in France be set aside by any other tribunal.

“It was necessary to do something, and the day of execution was adjourned from time to time until that something was found out. For eight months these four poor fellows lingered on in daily expectation of being led out for execution ; but at last, after diligent search, a flaw was found in the proceedings of the court which had condemned them, and a second court was detailed for their trial. This court, on the same evidence, and the same accusation, completely and fully acquitted the prisoners, and restored them to their former position.

“Other prisoners for a similar crime were dealt with subsequently on a different principle. The anniversary of the taking of the Bastille was celebrated by some of the convicts. A few bottles of wine had been scraped together, and the *Marseillaise* was sung. Four men were seized and imprisoned. They remained a whole month in jail before trial, and were then sen-

tenced to eight days' solitary confinement. The sentence seems severe enough, but the military authorities of Algeria thought otherwise. In the dead of the night, and without warning, these men were brought out of their prison, and embarked on board ship. They knew nothing of their destiny; but were eventually disembarked near Oran, and there turned loose on a vast plain without any means of existence, or protection against the rays of the sun. They might sing, they were told in mockery by one of their guards, the *Marseillaise* there as much and as loud as they pleased. Without tents, exposed to the burning sun by day and the deadly dew by night, these men nourished themselves with roots and wild fruits, and at last excavated for themselves holes in the ground, where they burrowed for shelter like the foxes and jackals.

"One day in their wanderings they fell in with seventeen of their former comrades, who had, like themselves, refused to work, and being of those whom hunger and imprisonment could not tame, had been turned loose in that vast wild plain to drag out a miserable existence in sorrow and isolation,—to sing in short to the eagles and vultures the *Marseillaise* as much as they liked. I don't know what has become of these men, no one troubles his head about their ultimate fate.

"Upon those who still remained in the different camps, disease worked its will. Upwards of three thousand died in Algeria alone, and numbers besides, who were permitted to return to France on medical certificate,

reached their native towns and villages only to become tenants of the churchyard. But this permission was difficult to obtain, only conceded when urgently asked for by the military medical man, and even then the authority of the prefect of the sick man's parish must be given, before leave could be granted him to die on French soil.

“Private hatred had, in the cases of many of these banished men, been mixed up with political considerations; and some were not only wholly guiltless of any political principles, but ignorant even of the reason of their arrest. The *Coup d'état* became in the hands of unscrupulous men a pretext under which they satisfied private feuds and personal vengeance. Thus many were punished who had never manifested any political tendencies, or even classed themselves with one party or another. I know of many instances of this kind, I will relate but one.

“In the large and rural district of the Yonne, dwelt M. C——, a rich and influential proprietor: (I will not mention names, for the actors in this tale still live, and the hero of it does not even yet know the cause of his misfortunes.) The majority of the inhabitants of C——'s parish were Protestants, and had long begged for a chapel in which they might celebrate the rites of their religion. Several times the Municipal Council had deliberated on the matter, and each time the influence of the parish priest, a bigoted and intolerant man, had prevailed against the general wish.

Their prayer, just in itself, had been refused, but the Protestants, with great obstinacy, still stirred in the matter.

“ Monsieur C——, though a rigid Catholic, recognised the justness of their demand, and, supporting it personally, brought all his interest to bear in their favour. He ultimately carried the day, and the Protestant community had their chapel. The parish priest saw his influence weakened, his power tottering; and as the number of his community was few, he had plenty of time on his hands to mature and carry out his schemes of vengeance. C—— was a good-natured fellow, who would have harmed no one willingly, and was totally unsuspecting of others. He used even to rally the parish priest on the numbers who flocked to the Protestant church, comparing them with the small proportion who heard mass, and appealing to him in a half-laughing manner, as to whether that sight was not the best proof possible as to his C——’s correct views in the matter. Quietly and soberly — so far as words went—did the priest reply to the argument; but C—— was a married man; his wife was young and beautiful; and the priest was her confessor and spiritual adviser. The effect of his ministrations was soon seen. Madame C—— became the curé’s mistress, to the great scandal of the whole parish, the deluded husband alone excepted. Doubtless the curé had perpetrated the act for vengeance only; but his affections had, despite himself, become interested: and the hus-

band, although unsuspecting, was an impediment to the priest's misguided passion. At this juncture, the *Coup d'état* shook France to her centre, and opened a door for the curé's love-suit and his revenge at the same time. How he must have laughed to himself as he denounced C—— as a dangerous political character, a fierce and determined Republican, when he, poor man! had never in his life been capable of serious or settled political conviction.

"However, C—— was seized, imprisoned, and transported to Africa. He never knew the author of his denunciation, nor was he aware of his wife's conduct. I have often seen his affectionate letters to her, written from the convict camp and the convicts' hospital. Surely those letters, always worded in a consolatory strain, begging her to hold hope and strength, must have gone to the weak woman's heart, must have awakened feelings of grief and remorse, as she thought of her wronged and persecuted husband, and then looked on her guilty lover. The waving of his priestly vestments must have sent a chill draught to her heart after the perusal of one of the poor convict's letters, written in pain, misery, and affliction, and yet endeavouring to hide his own wretchedness, and to support what he deemed a loving heart. I knew him personally, and finding him in the hospital pining gradually away under the influence of an African fever, aggravated by want of hope and energy of character, I succeeded, by means of a friend — a medical man, whose rank and

name I must keep a secret, even while detailing his kind act — to procure poor C—— a medical certificate, and I saw him depart, eager to rejoin his young and beloved wife, still believing her pure and virtuous. Of his further history I know nothing, but I much fear the day may come when he may wish he had been left to die in that fond belief in the prison hospital of Algiers.

“ But I might go on gossiping on this subject for ever; suffice it to say, that the number of political convicts is now greatly diminished. Sickness and death have contributed much to their reduction; many have returned to France; and numbers, tired out with the long strife against a dominant power, have given in their adhesion to the existing form of Government. Thus the purpose of the author of the scheme of political transportation has been fully answered, the stronger and sterner natures, the men who would have led armies and established dynasties, have been broken and ground to death, have perished by disease in the villages of the African plain, or the marshes of Cayenne, while the more pliant have bowed to the storm, and kissed the rod. A remnant yet remain, who have survived both disease and hardship; but years have passed away, younger men have filled their posts, and their country knows them no more.

“ The number of these convicts now left in Algeria is small, and their fate having passed into the hands of a kind, generous-minded, and humane man — the present

Governor of Algeria—is less an object of pity. They cannot, it is true, return to their native country, but they have in general resigned themselves to their lot. Some have engaged in trade, some have been joined by their wives and children, who have managed to collect the shattered remains of their former fortunes; but all look forward to the day when, under a less despotic sway, their country may permit her outcast sons, who have suffered in, what they at least deem to be, the holy cause of liberty, to tread once more the land of their birth, and to lay their bones beside those of their fathers in their own loved France.”

THE LETTER.

Hot and burning poured the sun's rays on the date-trees of Laghouat, and on the long sandy tracts environing its green gardens; and darting among the thin, feather-like palm-branches, which afforded but a nominal shade, they made my little tent resemble an oven rather than the abode of humanity. It was twelve o'clock, the hottest period of a hot day, as a jaded, worn-looking native trooper drew bridle before my temporary abode; and pushing his large brown-looking hand into a great leathern despatch-bag, proclaimed himself the postman, and at once spread before me a mass of letters of all kinds, sorts, and description. There was the firm clear hand-writing and the square envelope, which indicated official correspondence, and then followed every size and sort of scrawl, down to the rambling, hardly legible superscription of the poor villager.

Gravely saluting me with the infallible "Es Salaam ou Alikoun," to which I as gravely replied by the

eternal "Alikoun as Salam," this strange postman alighted; and after giving into my charge the contents of his letter-bag, he seated himself on the ground before my tent-door, and while waiting until I had run over the mass of letters he had confided to me, kindled his pipe of comfort. A Frenchman would, in such a case, have refreshed himself with a glass of wine, an Englishman with a glass of grog, but the Turk or Arab dispels fatigue by means of tobacco. Sending him out a cup of coffee, of which the poor fellow seemed really in need, I turned over letter after letter, hoping against hope, to find my own name among the numerous heap. They were all destined for officers of the garrison, or for shopkeepers in the little town. One small letter alone bore my address; and as the writing was evidently French, and the post-mark Algiers, it was thrown carelessly aside; nor was it until at least half-an-hour's grumbling against distant friends and relations had somewhat relieved my mind, and after having seen the tired old trooper clatter off on his wiry-looking little nag, that I turned again to the despised epistle.

An hour after having perused it, my tents were struck, my horses saddled, my adieus made to the commandant of Laghouat, sundry cups of coffee drunk, and many shakes of the hand exchanged with the officers of the garrison, while solemn promises were interchanged to meet again, either at Laghouat or elsewhere, and my horses' heads were turned northwards.

The herds of antelope flew before my horse's step as we traversed the long plains near Boghar, and the troops of graceful gazelle scoured past me in the dim morning light, as if they would tempt me to follow. And so I should have done, but that the little square-looking envelope, with its crabbed writing, and its contents of some half-dozen lines, had opened a new career to me.

The antelope and gazelle passed me in safety, for the campaign against Kabylia was determined upon, and I had no time to spare for other pursuits. The Marshal commanding the colony had laid the plan of his projected campaign before the Emperor, and it had been freely discussed. Long had its execution wavered in the balance, but at length it had been sanctioned, with the proviso (and it was an important one) that Kabylia should be attacked and subdued, without any additional troops being applied for from France—or, in plainer terms, the Marshal was left free to do what he could with the means he had at his disposal. This was not what he had hoped, or looked for, but though all-powerful in Algeria, his interest was not in the ascendant at Paris. It had long been known that anything proposed by the Governor was sure to find impediment from the Minister-at-War, and of course the love of one for another was not great. The colony suffered now and then from this rivalry, and in the present instance the consequences were that the Governor was left to

carry out his project for the complete and definite subjugation of independent Kabylia how he best could.

Nothing daunted he took his measures accordingly, and called on the Generals commanding divisions and subdivisions, to send in a nominal roll of the force each could dispose of, without compromising the tranquillity of their commands. He directed strong working parties to be sent out to repair the roads then existing between Algiers and the Fort of Tiziouzou, which was to be the base of operations, so as to render them fit for the passage of the troops and their material, while, at the same time, a new road was to be driven to the foot of the mountainous district of Kabylia. The letter I had received contained this news, as well as a kind invitation to join one of these working parties; and while my horse carries me gallantly across the wide plains to the south of Boghar, driving before him herds of antelope and gazelle—while long strings of camels and of mules are daily and hourly employed transporting between Algiers and Tiziouzou, the stores necessary for the encampment and sustenance of an army of twenty-five thousand men—while generals commanding divisions, and colonels commanding regiments are hurrying to and fro, in all the bustle of preparation and authority, I will endeavour to give the reader some idea of the country and quaint customs of these warlike Kabyles.

From the frontiers of Morocco to those of Tunis, French Algeria is, with the exception of the mountains

of the Djurjura, completely subjected to civilised rule; and were it not for the climate and strange dresses, the traveller might fancy himself in France. In the towns, French shops, French cafés, French faces, are to be met with in every street, and at every turn. Here, with grave and stolid mien, walks the magistrate and the banker, while, brushed by the old bournous of the Arab, as he passes by, there is to be seen the light, gay countenance of the little grisette, as she trips along by the side of the Jewess, or the veiled Moorish woman, quite as much at home in the streets of Algiers, Constantine, or Oran, as if she were in Paris, Lyons, or Marseilles. Thus, with the exception of some daring robbery on the very frontier, travelling in Algeria is quite safe; and though occasionally representatives of the martial spirit of Young England do show themselves, much to the amusement of the French, on a journey into the interior, armed with a Colt or a Deane and Adams, yet it is after a day or two usually consigned to the portmanteau of the traveller, as being much easier of carriage under his shirts and shooting-coat than in his pockets.

French steamers run along the coasts, and lumbering old French diligences, which look as if they had been sent to Africa as a cure for consumption, tumble along every practicable road. Pretty little French villages dot the plains, and solitary cottages peep out here and there, half hidden in their clumps of orange, lemon, fig, or almond-trees, and seem to glance merrily and

cheerfully in the sunshine, as they speak of the French colonist's home.

The French and the natives get on remarkably well together, the latter seeming to have a perfect confidence and implicit reliance on the laws and justice of the former. Every race is sure of protection, and though the bigotry of creed is a definite and insuperable barrier to complete amalgamation, yet they rub on happily and contentedly, nor does the native seem like a member of a conquered nation. The French certainly have the knack of this kind of thing; and I was much struck during my first days spent in Algeria, by seeing the contrast between our occupation of Turkey during the war, and the present occupation of conquered Algeria by the French.

At Varna, Shoumlah, Constantinople,—everywhere, in fact, where the English were to be found in numbers, the Turks learned submission. The youngest English ensign just joined would have scorned to have given the wall to the most respectable-looking old Turk in Turkey. We patronised the Bono Turcos with all an Englishman's superciliousness, and they hated us accordingly. The French act otherwise; and really a Frenchman, if you don't talk politics to him, or require anything from him which costs money, is a very good fellow. They have laughed at the strange customs of the conquered country, and by awkwardly imitating some, have made the Arabs laugh at them in their turn. In lieu of

knocking down their walls and temples, they repair them, and give money for the purpose of occasionally whitewashing and adorning them; and then, by way of repayment, they go there, and amuse themselves by seeing the strange manner of praying, just as they would go to a theatre. Their Engineers, when Government has nothing better for them to do, are sent into the interior to pierce wells in dried-up places for the tribes who dwell near the Great Desert, while help and encouragement are given, not only to agriculture, but to the progress of education among the Arabs and Moors. A certain number are sent yearly to Paris—schools are kept up for them—in short, though the Arabs would, if they could, upset the French dynasty to-morrow, and establish the religion of Mahommed, yet I really believe they would regret their French conquerors the day after. What I want to bring out of this dissertation on French colonial management is, simply, that it seems a strange anomaly, that in the centre of this French conquest there should have still existed a zone of mountains totally independent of their rule, inhabited by a race possessing a distinct Government, and laws and customs totally different from the rest of Africa. This, too, within view of the population of Algiers, for the rocky chain of the Djurjura, its high peaks covered in the winter with snow, seem, from the clearness of the atmosphere, nearer than they actually are to the gates of the capital.

It was against this independent tract, and with a view to the final subjugation of this island of mountains placed in the very centre of French civilization, that the efforts of the Marshal were to be concentrated.

Turk, Roman, and Christian, had hitherto failed in their endeavours against the independence of the Kabyle tribes. The French columns had often penetrated their fastnesses, but only to retire harassed by clouds of the allied contingents. No one had succeeded in establishing a definite command over them, but the moment was now come in the Governor's opinion: the country around was quiet, the harvest promised well, no interior troubles were to be feared from the concentration of troops on the frontier, and though the Imperial Government refused him reinforcements, it was nevertheless his determination to attempt, with the means at his disposal, the subjugation of a race who had hitherto defied every hostile effort.

We have the habit of associating the idea of savage, lawless hordes with the word "tribe," which I have so frequently used when speaking of the Kabyles; but it would be a great mistake to suppose that this people were without laws or government. Written edicts, indeed, they have none; and though their form of government might seem strange to us, yet simple and patriarchal as it was, no want of order or obedience to its rules could be affirmed of the Kabyle tribes. It was not until some time after the period of which I now write, and when a dweller among the conquered

villages of the Beni Raten and the Beni Yenni, that I gained an insight into their manners and customs; but by noticing them in this place, I may succeed in giving the reader a notion of the people into whose territory war was about to be carried, and whose persons were already tabooed against appearance on French soil.

I have already said that Kabylia is a mountainous, sterile, but overpeopled country. Thus, the inhabitants, though warlike in their habits, are necessarily forced to industry. They differ in almost every respect from the Arabs, and seem to be quite a distinct race from that which peoples the surrounding plains. So much has been said and written on this subject, each writer or speaker bringing forward contradictory arguments, that the origin of the Kabyles seems lost in the intricacies of discussion. We may, however, safely suppose them to be the last remnant of the Berber, or aboriginal race, who, conquered by successive invaders, took refuge in these almost inaccessible mountains, and there formed a kind of simple republic, living in the centre of, but never mixing with, the neighbouring tribes. Round this nucleus were gathered, little by little, men driven by different causes to seek a shelter among the fastnesses, and hence, doubtless, the strange mixture of physiognomy and of race visible among them. This was the only way in which I could consistently account for the remarkable varieties I noticed among them. I have frequently met with Kabyles, short, strong, square-

built men, with the blue eye, light hair, and aquiline nose, which I had, up to that period, deemed denied to the African races, and which I have never, in one single instance, seen, or heard of, among any Arab tribe.

Another great difference between them and the neighbouring Arab, is found in the treatment of the Kabyle woman. It would be sacrilege for the Arab to think of seeing his future wife before marriage,—nay, to such an extent is this carried, that even the most intimate acquaintance would never think of asking after the health of his friend's wives or daughters. He would use a dozen indirect modes of ascertaining what he wished to know, rather than commit so great a solecism. "How are your people," he would ask, or, "Is your tent all right?" or some round-about question by which he might learn the state of health of his friend's wife or of his own intended. Were he to ask in a direct manner respecting the health of any of the female part of his friend's household, it would be deemed a studied insult, and it would be presumed that the questioner had seen the female respecting whom he inquired. The Kabyle woman, on the contrary, openly conducts her husband's *ménage*; and the Kabyle lover, who wishes to marry, openly asks for, or, as is more usual, commissions a friend to ask for his lady-love in marriage. The dowry is then agreed on, which amounts in the usual way to about twenty pounds of our money, payable by the bridegroom to the lady's

relatives. He perhaps does not possess this sum, and must work hard to amass it. He does so, and *en attendant* is received as the lady's accepted suitor, visiting his chosen bride when he sees fit, and being always welcome. This is a very curious trait in a race surrounded by tribes who act in a diametrically opposite manner, and the liberty accorded to the Kabyle women is so great, that they accompany the warriors of their tribe to the combat, and excite their courage, not only by their presence, but by their shrill cries. They are much better-looking and much cleaner than their Arab sisters, and take much more trouble with their dress and ornaments. These latter consist generally of coral wrought into various shapes, with rough setting of silver-work, and of ear-rings, bracelets, anklets, &c.

They have a most independent spirit, and a strong notion of the rights of women, not perhaps advocating their privileges in so clear a style as Lady Morgan would do, but making a most determined and obstinate stand should those accorded them by law and custom be trampled on. I remember some months after the termination of the campaign against Kabylia a rather ludicrous instance of this spirit. I was momentarily attached to the staff of the commandant of the frontier post of Tiziouzou, during a tour he was making among the Kabyle tribes of his division, and we were riding along one morning lazily admiring the scenery, when, on passing near a collection of "Gourbe," or huts constituting a Kabyle village, a

woman came towards us, and placing herself directly in the centre of our path, sat herself down. This seating themselves in your path is the mode used by the people to indicate a desire to speak with, or petition, a superior; and in consequence Colonel Rondière pulled up his horse to hear the tale of the disconsolate Kabyle wife, for such she proved.

The interpreter was called to the front; and to judge by the volubility with which the good woman told her story, she had grievous wrongs to relate, and the tears rolled down her cheeks as, in piteous tones and with up-raised hands, she implored our chief's protection. Altogether it gave me the impression of one of those recitals so frequent in our English courts, and which are headed in the newspaper, "Brutal outrage by a husband;" and such it proved. Protection, however, was apparently accorded, and I soon saw the interpreter and a Lieutenant of our party hasten towards the village to inquire further into the case. We moved on, and observing a smile on our chief's usually grave countenance, I asked him the reason. His reply furnished me with a curious episode of Kabyle married life; but how to record the tale on paper I don't quite know. "That woman," said Colonel Rondière, "is one of the four wives of a Kabyle chief, and by the laws of his tribe and nation he can have but four. To obviate quarrels as to precedence, and to do away with favouritism and jealousy, the Kabyle husband is obliged by law to admit each wife in turn to share his evening's amusements, conse-

quently he becomes, will he, nill he, the vested property of each wife in succession after sunset, the day belonging to himself. No infringement of this law is allowed save on a fresh marriage, when the old-established wives generally resign all claim to the bridegroom for a period of eight days, at the expiration of which time they rigidly resume their rights, and the newly-married wife falls into the ordinary routine. This woman complains to me that she is totally neglected by her husband, in favour of another wife lately married. Her portion of conjugal felicity is denied her, she is totally excluded from her husband's society, and after having done her best to right herself by arts and persuasion she appeals to me, and claims my interference. Should her statement prove true, I am bound to give her the aid she asks for, and to see justice done her."

I could not help laughing, and yet the poor, ugly woman (for she was both) had been most earnest and pathetic in her demand for what she deemed her rights; and which were quite in accordance with Kabyle law.

Contrary to Arab customs the Kabyles have a great respect for their dead. It must be dire necessity, and a most desperate defeat, hardly short of utter annihilation, which will induce a party of defeated warriors to abandon their slain; and in peaceful times on the death of any Kabyle the whole of his tribe assembles together. Should the defunct be at all known, not only his own tribe, but the neighbouring ones also, assist at his interment; and the fraction to which in his life-

time he belonged subscribe together to defray the expenses of their reception. This veneration for the dead once caused me much annoyance.

In the tour of inspection, of which I have already spoken, I chanced to find myself at a spot which seemed to me most interesting for antiquarian researches. The village where we halted was called Zephoun, and in its neighbourhood existed numerous traces of an ancient Roman town of considerable dimensions. There were the well-preserved remains of walls of great thickness and extent rising here and there, while crumbling remains of aqueducts reared their weather-stained masses. No one had ever searched these old ruins, nor had I time to do so. One spot, however, above the rest attracted my attention, and that was what appeared to me to be an old Roman burial-ground. An officer, who formed one of our party, procured me two or three Arabs, and I proceeded to open one of the old tombs, or rather *tumuli*. My men worked, as Arabs will work, slowly and lazily; and it was the affair of a whole day, before I could assure myself that I was correct in my ideas respecting the nature of the place. Some crumbling remains of bones rewarded the search; but in the centre of the burial-ground a mound larger than the rest, and near which I had already found the remains of an old Roman inscription, broken and defaced, had attracted my attention. This I took for the tomb of some important person, and with great difficulty prevailed on Colonel

Rondière to delay yet another twenty-four hours at Zephoun, so as to give me time to examine the place. Dawn found me at the spot, but *minus* my workmen. I had been foolish enough to pay them for their previous day's labour; and as the sum I had given them was sufficient for their wants for some time to come, they saw no reason why they should do anything more.

With great difficulty, and after losing many precious hours, I managed to press three Kabyles into my service. Spade and shovel were at work, and after removing some of the accumulated earth a short way below the ordinary level of the ground, I came to a layer of carbonised wood. I don't know whether this is usual in Roman burial-places, and I merely give the results of my digging in hopes of exciting the curiosity of some of my readers who may be better versed in the secrets of antiquity than I am myself. Putting aside the remains of the carbonised wood, I examined it carefully, while my workmen went slowly on with their task, and after some time I heard the pick strike against a hard substance. This proved to be brickwork. and supposing myself about at length to be rewarded for more than half a day's work, I had the bricks—which by the way more resembled burned tiles—carefully removed. My Kabyles, supposing that I was searching for buried treasure, of which I alone knew the secret, attacked the brick-work so lustily that I was forced to moderate their ardour. Underneath this

framework of burned tiles, which, though somewhat crumbling, were in excellent order, I came upon a kind of vault in worked stone, strongly built together. I was astonished at finding such a carefully-guarded tomb, but the very circumstance of the great amount of passive resistance opposed to the search made me more anxious to pursue it, and more sanguine as to the results.

These hopes were doomed never to be realised, for just as I was proceeding to work at the stubborn stone, so as to detach a block, which, from the position in which I had observed the other bones had been placed in the tomb I had already opened, led me to suppose would cover the head of the burial-place, one of my Arab workmen of the previous day came up. He exchanged a few words with my Kabyles, who instantly left off work, and a long and animated palaver took place between them and the new-comer. The sun was getting low, for the men had worked lazily and slowly, and I had myself checked them when they came to the brickwork, so that, impatient of this delay, I showed money, and pointed to the neglected grave, and the idle working implements. A glance of animosity and contempt was my only reward, as the whole four majestically stalked off, without even waiting for payment for the work done, their ragged bournous streaming behind them, and great was my rage and disappointment; and it was only on my arrival at our tents that I learned that the Arab had told them of the

bones we had disturbed the previous day, and expressed surprise at the Kabyles aiding the "Roumi" in his vampire-like search after dead men's remains.

It was too late to procure more men, even if I could have done so, and though I did what I could single-handed, night overtook me before I had advanced much. I gave in, pleading hard with our kind chief for a few hours the next morning, but in vain. It could not be accorded to me, and the tomb remains to this day in the state I left it. A few hours' work would have revealed its contents, but, like the caves of La Chiffa, the guardian spirit of the place refused me the gratification of penetrating its mysteries, and my only hope is that what I here record may be sufficient to induce some lover of antiquities to visit the ruins of Zephoun, and there complete the task I all but finished, and which Kabyle reverence for the dead alone hindered my accomplishing. A wide field here exists to tempt the wandering antiquary, for these old remains have never yet been examined. We were only the third French party who had visited the spot, and all the others had done so on duty. I saw scattered about many fragments bearing curious-looking, half-defaced inscriptions which I could not decipher; and as the place is but a couple of days' journey from Algiers, and lies on the sea-coast, it is easily reached, and would amply repay the time and trouble spent on it—only let the antiquity-hunting visitor beware of Kabyle workmen.

The villages of the Kabyle tribes of the Djurjura are all perched on most inaccessible spots; in fact, I can only give the reader an idea of the country, by supposing the back-bone of a flat fish—a sole for instance,—each ridge of mountain forming the spinal bone, while scores of smaller ridges run right and left, the intervals being filled up with ravines and defiles almost impracticable, and narrow, tortuous footpaths leading to the different villages. The sides of the mountains are covered with thick, tangled brushwood, and the footpaths traverse the torrents' bed in the defile, and wind round enormous masses of fallen rock, and skirt impervious thickets on the hill-sides. Fine timber exists here,—perfect forests of olive and fig-trees form a source of riches to the Kabyle, while the lance-wood is well known in the surrounding plains. Such is the country; and as to its inhabitants, I have already described them as brave, warlike, honest, and industrious, but as completely primitive in their habits and government.

The tribes are divided into fractions, or parishes, each having its own government and governors. These last consist of "Amins," or men chosen from among each fraction, who assemble at the head-quarters, or principal village of the tribe, to sit in solemn conclave and administer justice. Every man whose arm is able to be raised in battle, every one capable of carrying arms in defence of the liberty of his land and tribe, has a vote in their elections, which take place yearly.

Thus the tribes act in time of peace individually and separately, but in times of danger all unite at once to defend the threatened point, no matter on whose territory it may be.

It has always seemed to me that England would have a most republican form of government (though boasting a monarch) were our House of Commons what it pretends to be, and what it is not, "the People's House;" and in the same way the Kabyle would form a model republic, only the Marabouts, or priests, meddle a great deal too much to influence the votes of the fractions.

The duties of the "Amins" appear to me to be those of administrators of justice, and of a deliberative council. On extraordinary occasions, when a decision of importance, involving great interests, is to be arrived at, the "Amins," after having discussed the matter, appeal to the people. Each "Amin" assembles his own fraction, or parish, by whom he has been elected, lays the matter before them, and gives the various opinions for and against the proposed measure, as well as his own conclusions. The Kabyles then separate into little groups, discuss the matter themselves, while their "Amin" sits in grave state, and scorning further effort to influence them, awaits the opinion of the majority, by which he is obliged to abide. The Amins' court again meets, after having thus consulted the whole tribe, and the majority carries the day. Thus

when any question occurs beyond the range of ordinary routine, the "Amins" are obliged to consult their constituents, and their authority not only emanates directly from, but is liable at any moment to be taken out of their hands by, the people.

KABYLIA.

THE Kabyle government exhibits many points of interest; and that is surely a curious and remarkable country, where, though no written laws exist, the taxes collect themselves, and where justice, though simply, is yet regularly administered. One law is certainly needed, namely, to provide a judicial punishment for murder, for the old maxim, "blood for blood," alone exists, and is rigorously carried out among the Kabyles. The duty of punishing the murderer becomes hereditary, and descends from father to son without appeal; thus feuds are constantly breaking out, which drag on their weary length for centuries, and any man who, on any pretext, neglected to avenge the death of a relative, would be scouted from among his tribe as a traitor and a coward. The women of his village would sneer at him, and mock him; he would, in short, be driven out of his country a wanderer and an exile. This custom is rigorously enforced, but though

the law leaves the task of exacting vengeance to the private individual, the "Amins" at once confiscate the murderer's property, and divide it among the poor of his village. Other crimes are punishable by fines, the proceeds of which are devoted to defray the expenses incident on the duties of hospitality incumbent on the tribe, any surplus being paid over to the marabouts for the benefit of the poor. A fixed scale of fines exists, some items of which I reproduce, and for which I am obliged to the sources of information opened to me by the studies and researches of General Daumas. The original list is a long one, but some few will suffice. I give them in all their native simplicity:—

	£.	s.	d.
Drawing his sword without striking ..	0	10	0
Striking	1	0	0
Levelling his gun without firing ..	0	12	6
Firing	4	18	0
Striking with the clenched fist ..	0	0	4
Robbery	6	0	0
Entering a house during its master's absence	6	0	0
Neglecting to mount guard ..	0	1	3
Not buying a gun when having the means to do so	0	10	10

By this extract from the long list of Kabyle penalties, it will be seen that the crime of robbery is punishable by the highest amount of fine; while so great is the reverence for private property, that the bare suspicion of a desire to rob, corroborated by the accused person's presence in his neighbour's house, is sufficient

to mulct the offender in the same ratio as though convicted of theft. The fines I have recorded speak forcibly as to the peculiar character of this people; the high proportional amount allotted for the crime of dishonesty, and also the large sum levied on him who neglects to arm himself for the common safety.

It should be known to the credit of the tribes, that the fine for robbery is seldom levied. Indeed, the Kabyle abhors dishonesty, after his fashion, and never resorts to untruth; and thus stands in striking and favourable contrast to the Arab.

I say "after his fashion," because it will seem strange to the reader that I should designate as honest a people who have gained great notoriety as utterers of base coin. In the very heart of Kabylia exists the village of Ait El Arba, whence large amounts of base silver were annually disseminated over the plains; and when the Zouaves carried the village by assault, a most complete material for coining was found and brought away. But even among themselves those who exercised this culpable profession were despised, and looked upon as pariahs; and it is not right to brand a nation with dishonesty for the crime of individuals. After the occupation of the village in question, and while the ruins of their houses were still smoking, Kabyle children found their way into the French camp, bringing with them various articles for sale. Many of these children were doubtless sent in as spies; but be that as it may, they offered all kinds of vege-

tables for sale, together with dried fruits and bundles of grass for the horses. These bundles of grass were eagerly sought after by all who possessed horses, and were offered at the admitted tariff of two bundles for fifteen sous. Small money was, however, scarce in the camp, and a franc was generally forthcoming in payment. The Kabyle urchin, neither possessing five sous to give in change, nor knowing where to look for it, would sit for hours before the tent-door of the donor, who, quite unconscious of the dilemma, had thought his payment exact. I have often seen them sitting thus in dire perplexity, unwilling to take more than their due, and yet not knowing what to do. At length a bright thought would seem to strike them, and away several of them would start down the mountain-side. I thought at first that they had made up their minds to remain the possessors of the overplus which had been given them. Not a bit of it: for in an hour or two the little urchins would return, and tossing down before the tent-door a bundle of grass, which they deemed equivalent to the five sous they had received over and above the value previously sold, and would walk away happy and contented.

The same honest spirit pervaded all their dealings with the French: and so great was their observance of their promise, that when, after three days' hard fighting, the frontier tribe of the Beni Ratén at length acknowledged themselves conquered, and in token of submission gave hostages for the payment of their tribute, pro-

missing not again to fire on the French ; not only did they abstain from doing so, but they placed posts and sentries along the lines of their late allies who were still in arms, to prevent the French being fired on by them, and the blame perhaps laid on their own shoulders. In strict accordance with the promise given, not another shot was fired ; and the smallest French drummer-boy could roam over the mountains of the Beni Raten in as great security as if he had been in France. So perfect was my own reliance on this people's word, that I was in the habit of wandering about for the purpose of photographing views, not only out of uniform and unarmed, but without so much as a stick to defend myself with. The poor women used to scurry out of their burned houses, and fly down the mountain-side at my approach, but I never met with the smallest annoyance.

Religion and instruction are both in a more forward state than would be fancied. Several large schools exist in Kabylia, the supervision of which is entrusted to the priests or marabouts, who thereby attain to great power, and are deeply revered by the people. These schools are used not only as places of instruction, but as refuges for the poor. Thus the school, or "Zaououas," of the tribe much resembles our monastery of the olden times, only that the spirit of hospitality is pushed to a still greater extreme ; for not only must every poor, old, or infirm person, and every traveller, be received within its walls and nourished gratuitously for the

space of three days, but any stray cattle, or beast of any kind coming within its limits, must be taken care of and fed.

The indigent and infirm pass their lives in going from one to another of the "Zaououas," eating and drinking at the public expense ; while so great is the respect shown to the really needy class, that when the season arrives in which the fruits become ripe, the fact of their being so is publicly proclaimed ; and during a certain number of days, previously determined, no proprietor is permitted to get in the harvest which God has given him, until the poor of his parish and tribe have taken their share of the fruits ripened by God's sun. The proprietor then gathers his crops ; and as there is no tax-gatherer, he puts apart the portion destined as payment in kind of his taxes, until it suits his convenience to carry it to the "Zaououas," where he leaves it for distribution by the marabout. These deposits are kept and administered to by the priests, who thus become the patrons and benefactors of the poor, the religious advisers of the elders, the administrators of religious rites, and the trainers and instructors of the youth of Kabylia.

Very singular educational institutions exist in Kabylia ; of one of which General Daumas gave the following account. The neophytes of the school in question place themselves directly under the guidance of the marabout of the place. This marabout is accounted a very holy man, and conducts his followers towards a

higher degree of sanctity than common, by preparing their spirits for the reception of wisdom through the mortification of the body. Deeming all sensual pleasures degrading, the seeker after superior excellence is secluded in some narrow cavern where he can neither stand upright nor lie down at full length. Thus cramped and confined, and having only a very slender ration of food allowed him, he meditates at his leisure. His ration is daily diminished ; until, eventually, he becomes able to sustain life on the smallest possible portion of food.

Figs are a great article of nutriment among the Kabyles ; and it is said that a fig or two suffice for the nourishment of one of these devotees during twenty-four hours. When the exact point is reached at which human life can be sustained on the smallest possible amount of nourishment, visions are supposed to be seen by the solitary inhabitant of the lonely cavern in the mountains of the Djurjura, such as are denied to other mortals, and dreams are dreamed, which, under the direction of their spiritual adviser the saintly marabout, are made to bear certain interpretations. When this is accomplished, his task is done ; and the neophyte is himself deemed a holy man, and sent forth to the world to devote himself to the cause of religion and of proselytism. The efforts of the Roman Catholic Propaganda are of no avail against the stern ascetic bigotry of these men. The Kabyle is essentially religious and intolerant ; and after listening, as he will listen, calmly and gravely to the acute reasonings of the Roman

Catholic divine, will ever meet him with the objection that his religion cannot be a good one, because the Christians who profess it do not follow the doctrines he preaches; whereas the meanest among the Kabyles faithfully observe the tenets of the Koran. This book is their great study, but they eke it out by traditions, some of which may prove interesting to the reader.

I was seated one night in the moonlight, smoking my last pipeful before the door of my tent, pitched on the plains of Sik El Medour, just at the foot of the mountains of the Beni Raten. The white tents of Fénélon's cavalry brigade lay scattered around me, and all was silent save the neighing of the troopers' horses. During the day, occasional firing among the mountains in our front had told us that a sharp resistance was still going on, and that the French columns were still advancing: but towards nightfall this had gradually abated; and, contrary to the usual custom of the Kabyles, whose habit it is to annoy all outposts during the darkness, the warlike sounds had quite died away. Just as I was knocking the ashes out of the pipe-head previous to entering my tent, a distant noise directed my attention towards the mountains. Placing my ear to the ground, I distinctly made out the sound of advancing horses. Soon the challenge of the advanced sentries rang sharp and clearly on the night air, but no shot followed. Friends were evidently advancing; and soon an armed party escorting several prisoners rode into the cavalry camp. The prisoners

were fine-looking fellows, who had been given up by their tribe as hostages until the tribute that day agreed upon had been paid. This submission had occasioned the sudden cessation of the firing in our front which had astonished us ; and directions had been given to forward the hostages to Algiers.

The noise of the arrival had aroused several of the officers ; and entering into conversation with the prisoners, we were soon all seated together before my tent. A couple of troopers stood near to prevent any attempt at escape. Fresh pipes were lighted ; and under the influence of the tobacco the chiefs became communicative. They did not seem to take the loss of their independence amiss. They had fought well, they said, and done their best, but the French had been too strong for them. They had been beaten by numbers : how could it be otherwise ? In short, it was the will of Allah ; and it struck me that the fact of the French markets being now opened to them was a great consolation for their defeat ; and though they thus bowed before the will of Allah, it was somewhat after the fashion of the well-known recommendation, "Trust in God, my lads, and keep your powder dry." I turned the conversation towards their religious creed ; and among other things I remember asking them their traditions respecting the creation of the world. The replies I received were simple and curious ; and their notions respecting the building of the ark amused me very much. Much of what they told me that night I

have forgotten ; nor is it possible for me to reproduce the simple familiar strain in which they represented Noah as conversing with the Deity, asking for all he wanted, and flying to God for advice and assistance in the ordinary every-day difficulties of his *ménage*. The Kabyle always uses the second person singular when talking, which gives a quaintness to his conversation : and as my visitors slowly puffed the smoke from their pipes, and told the traditions of their childlike faith, the grim, bronzed faces of the two sentries relaxed, the officers grew more attentive ; and not one of the party could help feeling interested in the grave-looking old men, as they related

THE STORY OF NOAH AND THE ARK.

One night, when the moon was shining as brightly as it does now on the hills of the Beni Raten, God called Noah, and directed him to build a large ship, giving at the same time the exact dimensions, according to which the ark was subsequently built. (Here the dimensions were given to me, and full particulars, down to the number of nails used, but they have escaped my memory.) Noah remonstrated, for he feared to undertake so gigantic a task. "How is it possible, O God," he replied, on receiving the Divine instructions, "that I can build such an ark, when I never yet saw anything capable of floating on the water ? What can I do ?"

And thereupon God said to Noah, "Go, bring me

a fowl." And Noah, obeying, brought a duck, and laid it before the Deity. He was directed to pluck it; and when he had acquitted himself of his task, the naked body was given him as a model.

Much trouble, and many years' labour, it cost Noah to bring his ark to the right shape; but he accomplished his task at last. It was filled with its living freight, and soon floated on the chaos of waters; but the trouble which Noah experienced while building was nothing compared to that he met with in governing his little world. The animals were constantly out of order, and none more so than the lion. Poor Noah was somewhat afraid of his powerful subject; and at last the lion became so outrageous and violent, that the patriarchal navigator was driven to his wits' end. He was no longer master in the ark; so he appealed in his perplexity to God for help. "The beast which thou hast given to me in charge, O God," he said, "is stronger far than I am. He refuses to hear reason, and force I dare not use. Give me to know how I am to act."

And God's wrath was kindled against the lion; and He sent down a fever to tame his strength. At His command the wasting illness took possession of the powerful body, and soon prostrated the unruly brute. And as he lay day after day subdued and feeble, he repented him of the brutal violence he had shown; and in his distress appealed humbly to the God whom he had offended. "Is it just, O thou God, over whose

decrees righteousness reigns supreme, that I should always suffer thus? I am weak and feeble; I repent me of my violence; take away from me the punishment."

But God refused to listen to the lion's prayer. He had given to him as a free gift that very strength which had been so ill used; and it was but just, that, having misused it, God should take means to prevent mischief arising from his gift. "Keep, therefore," he replied, "the fever I have sent on earth: but as it has been sent as a punishment for your crime, so it shall leave you, and cleave unto the next creature who shall commit sin in the ark."

Now the creatures of opposite sexes lived by the Divine command separate in the ark, and were forbidden to approach each other; but it so happened that one of the sons of Noah, while wandering about his temporary dwelling, met his wife; and as he loved her very much, and had not seen her for a long time, he permitted himself, not only to converse with her against the direct command of the Deity, but some harmless familiarities passed between them. The All-seeing Eye detected this peccadillo; and the fever at once left the lion, and entered into the frame of the erring son of Noah. Thus fever came on earth, and has ever since abode with man.

The lion, doubtless, remembered the lesson he had received; but there were others among the inhabitants of the ark who, by their mischievous pranks, caused Noah to lead a wretched life. No sooner was the lion,

the representative of brute force, reduced to submission, than the serpent, renowned for his cunning, began to play all kinds of tricks. He could go for a long time without drinking, and refused to do so at the appointed periods, but was always craving after water at odd times, when it was most inconvenient to let him have it. One day this troublesome reptile, finding himself very thirsty, crawled up to the roof of the ark, and, thrusting his head through a crevice, looked out. He saw water enough to satisfy the most thirsty serpent, but he could not get at it. After long reflection he came to the sage conclusion that were he to find a hole in the bottom of the ark as he had found one in the top, he could laugh at Noah's fixed hours for the distribution of water, and drink just as he pleased. He looked everywhere, but fruitlessly, and then set to work to make the hole he could not find.

In a short time Noah found himself in danger of being drowned in his ark, and it was only after long search that the leak was discovered. Great was Noah's wrath when he ascertained that the imprudence and obstinacy of the serpent had nearly been the cause of an overwhelming disaster. The frightened beasts who had looked upon their destruction as imminent, and who feared the recurrence of so dire a calamity, appealed to Noah, asking for condign punishment of the offender; and Noah in his turn appealed to God for judgment. The death of the serpent was decreed, but as it had been ordained that nothing was ultimately to perish which

was then on board the ark, Noah was directed after he had killed the serpent, to burn his body, and throw the ashes into the air. This he did, and as the ashes thus dispersed fell in fine dust on the planking, each particle became endued with life, and took the shape of that tiny insect the flea. Thus it was that fleas were first introduced into the world to the great torment, as we must suppose, of the good people in the ark.

Noah got on better after the lion was tamed and no more trouble was to be apprehended from the cunning of the serpent, but his troubles were not ended. Do what he would, and work as hard as he chose, all the labour of himself and his family did not suffice to keep the ark clean. The accumulation of all kinds of dirt threatened to straiten the living inhabitants for room, and the elephants in particular augmented Noah's difficulties in this respect. So he called God's attention to his position, and pointed out that if these enormous beasts went on in that way, his situation would become untenable, he would in fact be stifled in the ark. God saw that Noah's complaint was just. "Direct the elephants to sneeze in my name," was his answer to Noah's prayer, "and out of the very beasts you complain of shall spring the remedy for the evil." Noah accordingly directed the elephants to sneeze in the name of the most Mighty. The elephants at once gave utterance to a most mighty sneeze, and two pigs, male and female, dropped from their trunks, and instantly threw themselves ravenously on the accumulations of

dirt, and so aided Noah's exertions, that he and his family ever after became able to maintain cleanliness in the ark. Thus, and for this purpose, the pig came upon the earth. "Is," asked the grave-looking Kabyle, with a keen, inquiring glance, as the bright moon lighted up his swarthy features, "is the Roumi right in eating this animal of impure origin?"

Noah began to be very tired of his sedentary life, and the hours hung heavily on his hands. He grew impatient for the waters to subside, and sent forth from the ark two very large white pigeons, in the hopes they would return to him with good tidings. These birds were very strong on the wing, and they stayed away so long that Noah hoped they had found dry ground to rest upon, when one day they returned. Noah carefully examined their feet and claws, to see if some small particle of dirt or soil did not adhere to them; but no, proud of their liberty, they had remained out until they could no longer fly, and had been totally unmindful of Noah's message, and he was so enraged at their contumacy, that he addressed them thus,—

"Accursed birds!" he exclaimed, "you have deceived me; may your plumage, and that of your offspring, be hereafter as black as your hearts, which know no gratitude, must be!" "The plumage of the two large pigeons became black as the darkest night, and thus that good-for-nothing bird the crow came on the earth."

Our evening's chat ended with the crow's origin,

and I knew no more of Noah and his troubles as preserved by Kabyle tradition. The jingle of arms and accoutrements put an end to our conversation, as the fresh escort swept round the Kabyle prisoners, while they, knocking the ashes from their long pipes, gravely saluted us, and, mounting their horses, took their onward route towards Tiziouzou and Algiers.

From generation to generation the Kabyle tribes had lived on under the form of government I have described, united in times of danger against the invader. As the "Amins," elected by the fractions of each tribe, administered justice to their own people, so one from each tribe, chosen on account of his wisdom and knowledge, became in times of peril the sole representative of his constituents' authority, and the whole of these chosen delegates being united together, formed the sovereign deliberative assembly.

Kabylia had hitherto refused all obedience to French laws and all payment of taxes. No French authority could in safety traverse the country, and thus, in the centre of French Algeria, completely barring the way between Algiers and Oran, lay this independent republic, replying to the menaces of the French with a haughty sneer. "Let the Roumi come into our mountains," was the answer of the Kabyle chiefs, "and they shall see what the Zouaves can do." At last the challenge was accepted, and the Roumi arrayed himself for the struggle. The Marshal having declared war against the whole country in general, and against

the Beni Raten in particular, his columns were marching from the distant extremities of French Algeria towards a common centre. Tiziou zou and Dra El Mizan, the two outposts, placed almost on the territory of the Kabyles, being selected as the base of operations.

On the other hand, the Amins of the whole confederate tribes of Kabylia had summoned their contingents, and every man capable of carrying arms had responded to the call. The Beni Raten who, of necessity, would have to stand the first shock of the French columns, had sent away their women and their treasure, to remain among the more distant tribes, until the storm of war had swept by, and, confident in their strength and in their mountain fastness, they waited the result.

Such was the news which made me bid "good-bye" so hastily to the deserts and date-trees of Laghouat, and startle the antelope on the plains of Boghar.

LES ISSERS.

AFTER a few days devoted to official visits, I found myself once more in the saddle, and *en route* for the frontier. The party to which I was attached had left Algiers four days before me, with orders to perform the rather ticklish service of pushing the military road across the river, and completing the line to the very foot, if possible, of the mountain of the Beni Raten, so that the French column, which was to be concentrated on the plains of the Sebaou, might arrive without difficulty on the enemy's territory. As, however, I had posted horses, I was sure to arrive as soon as they.

The highroad between Algiers and the frontier presented a busy scene on the 1st of May, 1857, as I rode along, my horse's head turned towards the mountains of the Djurjura. Should the reader have visited Switzerland, and seen the Alpine range from Geneva, with the giant of Swiss mountains rising white and cold-looking in their centre, he has but to fancy the

same scene over again, on a smaller scale, to have a perfect idea of the Atlas range and the highest peak of the Djurjura, the abode of the Kabyle race. This high peak is covered with snow all the year except during the great summer heats, when it gradually melts away, to show itself again in the autumn.

Snow never falls in the plains near Algiers; but when the early rains water the lower plateau, the high peaks of Kabylia regain their white covering. If one had been in England, the remembrance of the old fairs which used to collect together in the olden times large masses of the rural population of Great Britain, to welcome in with song and dance the merry month of May, would have come forcibly back on the recollection of the traveller along that road, for it presented a scene gay and busy enough. Groups were continually passing, cheerful and laughing, only instead of unarmed peasants, the May sun glanced on the bright bayonets of the Zouaves and the native troops, or on the long sabres of the Chasseurs d'Afrique. Strings of heavily laden camels and of dromedaries toiled onwards. The Zouaves marched along with song and joke, and flowers and branches of trees stuck in the muzzles of their muskets, for it was the month of "Marie," and that month is devoted to flowers and to the Virgin, even by the Zouaves in Africa; not that they care twopence for the worship of the Virgin, but the rough soldiers love flowers. There were the "Turcos," too, or native Regiments resembling our Sepoys, only

better managed, with their bronzed faces, almost black with exposure to wind and sun, and jasmine blossoms twined in their hair and whiskers. Then an escort would be met, directing its course on Algiers, guarding some two or three sullen-looking prisoners, whose tattered bournous and scarred faces bore tokens of their not having yielded to their captors without a struggle. These men had been seized as spies, or taken in some desperate attempt against the French outposts, or the most exposed sentries of Tiziouzu, and sullen enough they looked as they cast contemptuous glances on the various detachments that they passed there on the road. Captives though they were, and prisoners, too, at the very outset of the campaign, yet they held their heads high, and wrapped themselves in their bournous with an air of disdain as they rode along. The Maison Carrée soon lay behind me,—a large square building, formerly used as barracks. It is situated on a hill, and looks over the whole plain, the view being bounded on the one side by the mountains, at whose feet lies Blidah, the white walls of which town may be plainly distinguished on a clear day, though they are at least forty miles distant. The hills of Kabylia lie far away on the other side, while at the foot of the rise on which the Maison Carrée is constructed, runs a broad river called the Harrach, whose marshy banks abound in snipe and wild fowl. The blue sea stretches towards the north, while the rich fruitful plain of the Metidjé extends for more

than forty miles as the crow flies. This position was a most important one at the time of Turkish rule, for here the Turkish official, to whom were farmed out the revenues of the plain, kept a large force, and sallied out at the head of his retainers to plunder his vassals or to reduce to submission the refractory tribes.

Now, strengthened and partially fortified, it forms the first halting-place of the different parties, or regiments, *en route* towards the frontier, and was covered, on the day I mention, with the little white tents of the foreign legion. A little further on, the piled arms of a regiment of Zouaves lined the road, and the men themselves lazily stretched here and there, enjoyed the halt, discussing their biscuits and wine. They wished me *bon voyage* as I passed, and the nattily dressed little *cantinière* of the corps, disengaging herself from a group of men who surrounded her, and who were trying, by persuasion and compliments, to obtain credit for more wine and brandy, tripped forward, her black bottle in one hand, the little glass in the other, sure of gaining the Englishman's good-will by a glass of his favourite *cognac*; a squeeze of her short, fat, little fingers, and a kind word being all the payment ever taken from me on such an occasion. The Zouaves, in their turn, were soon far behind me, and more mules, more camels, more regiments, were passed as the "merry day" wore on.

A sharp ride of some thirty miles, on a clear, bright May morning, is worth all the "Harvey" or "Worcester

Sauce" ever invented,—at least, so I thought as I drew bridle at the door of the little inn of L'Oued Corso, where my dinner awaited me. The latter part of my ride had been a rough one, as I had quitted the main road and followed a goat-path over the hills. Crossing the L'Oued Corso, a small fordable river, I came upon a tract of land bearing evidence of cultivation superior to the surrounding country, and soon a large farm-house and small inn greeted my sight.

It was a pretty spot ; a large tract of the surrounding country had been sold at a low price to a French company, who were rapidly bringing it into cultivation ; and, covered as it had been with thick brushwood and dwarf palm, this must have been a work of difficulty. At the time I speak large farm-buildings of every kind had sprung up ; and attached to them was the little hotel, then unfinished, which was to afford me shelter. The hotel-keeper and his pretty little wife were imported into Africa, together with a numerous staff of farm-servants, by the company who had purchased the land ; and as she laid the cloth for my dinner, she told me her simple tale. It was a French love-story, comprising a long attachment and a long struggle on the part of her husband to realise a sum sufficient to allow them to begin housekeeping ; "but," she added, as, after placing a bottle of Bordeaux on the table, she turned to her husband who stood listening, as seemingly interested in the tale of his own unsuccessful efforts, as though he had known nothing about them, "the big,

stupid imbecile could never succeed, and so we were obliged to leave the beautiful plains of our own Touraine; and here we are at L'Oued Corso, and, *ma foi!* at monsieur's service." Giving her husband's long beard a playful pull by way of finale to her tale, and leaving him busy wiping a plate, over which he had been occupied the whole time his wife had been chatting, she danced off in search of the inevitable beef-steak, which every Englishman is supposed to love over all other comestibles; and which, pretty and interesting as she looked while smoothing the creases out of the bran new tablecloth, and telling her tale, I had been longing for during the past half-hour.

The husband now laid down his plate, took up another, and, to my utter horror, began to set right sundry discrepancies in his wife's history, and then proceeded to take up the narrative where she had broken off. There were, at least, two dozen plates on the table, and at the rate he was going on, they would have lasted out scores of histories, and months of cleaning, so, cutting short the list of his wife's merits, I took my cue from a gun I saw hung up on wooden pegs behind me, and soon found the man was an enthusiastic sportsman. So while he scrubbed away at his plates, I satisfied my hunger, while his wife tripped in and out; and before he left me, a grand *battue* was organised for my return, and at least a score of the wild boar who infested the company's ground promised as my share of the spoil. My stay at L'Oued

Corso was not a long one, and, when I returned that way some months later, the hotel was shut up, and the *battue* against the wild boar never took place; for one of the two sportsmen destined to disturb their quiet had himself been tracked and laid low by the grim African fever. The poor husband, after four months' marriage, lay in the churchyard, and the wife was an occupant of the hospital at Algiers, whose fever ward that year was too small to receive a quarter of the numerous applicants for admission. I saw her subsequently, but in her sad, thin, pale face, and black dress, I failed to recognise the gay, laughing, blooming bride of the L'Oued Corso.

Large working parties impeded my advance the following day as I pushed on towards my halting-place, Les Issers. These groups looked picturesque enough in their brown dresses, covered with the dust of a long march, their muskets slung over their shoulders, their trousers rolled up above the ankle, chatting and talking together without regard to discipline, some mounted on donkeys, others on mules, some trudging along on foot, but nothing in their dress distinguishing these soldier workmen from any others, save their muskets (which, on the service they were about to undertake, were quite as necessary as the spade and shovel), and the well-worn forage cap, although their long beards, grizzled moustaches, and swarthy faces, together with a certain devil-may-care slinging walk and air, showed that they were old soldiers and picked men.

The road itself between L'Oued Corso and Les Issers was flat and uninteresting; and cut up as I found it by the daily passage of the material and stores necessary for the concentration of an army of twenty-five thousand men, my progress was necessarily slow. Forging a river as best I could, I arrived at the caravanserai, the plain around it being covered with the tents of the advancing troops, fresh parties of whom were continually arriving and departing, while mules, baggage-wains, and camels, filled up every vacant spot. The French bugles were just sounding the "Retreat," as I picked my way through this chaotic mass and dismounted in front of the caravanserai.

The court-yard of the building exhibited an animated scene, for it had been converted into an enormous kitchen, and there round a hundred or so of small fires were grouped in the square space formed by the four crenellated walls, the cooks of the various regiments and detachments camped on the plain. The culinary process was progressing merrily amidst a cross fire of practical jokes and witty remarks, varied by snatches of songs thundered forth by the more musically disposed of the disciples of Soyer, while the air was impregnated with the fumes of the French soldier's eternal beef and cabbage. All seemed merriment and good-humour; but just as, with my holsters thrown over my arm, I was about to enter the doorway conducting to the room assigned me, I was all but overturned by the rapid passage of a couple of Zouaves, each of whom held in

his grasp a large piece of beef, filched from the mess of an inattentive cook. Close at their heels, and thundering forth a long rolling string of oaths, followed the indignant owner of the stolen beef, while a loud yell of delight and laughter from the united voices of some seventy of the enraptured cooks, chivied on pursuers and pursued. I had barely time to mark the broad grin of merriment stamped on the faces of the thieving Zouaves as they rushed past me, to throw out their pursuers amid the intricacies of the tents in their front. What became of them I know not, but of what passed subsequently I preserve a personal and vivid recollection.

Laughing heartily at the incident I have just described, I entered into the room which I was to occupy. The room itself was well enough, but I do not believe it had ever been so much as swept out since the builder had finished it, and its walls, floor, and roof, were begrimed with dirt of every description. As many officers as could be crammed into it took their daily meals there; and as regiments and detachments were hourly arriving and departing, the room was not only a public ordinary, but a smoking-room up to a late hour every night. It was crowded with officers of every arm when I entered, and it was late at night when, tired with a long ride, I managed at length to get a bed made for me in one corner. The bed, however, I found fully tenanted by occupants not so desirous as I was of repose. The room, too, was next

the kitchen, a burning Sirocco had set in, and the heat became intolerable. Louder and louder howled the wind round the angles and through the loop-holes of the caravanserai walls; I dared not open my windows, though the air of the room was heavy with the sickly vapour of past dinners and breakfasts. They floated hot and greasy around me, until it seemed that my very face and hair must have been redolent of stale ragouts and thrice-cooked fish.

At any rate the mice seemed of that opinion, for they coursed over my forehead and face as though they fully intended making a meal of me before long. This passed above the bed-clothes, while underneath my body became a prey to myriads of vermin of the vilest description. There was no bearing this, so rising I walked up and down my room, slipping every now and then over greasy bones and pieces of meat, the sweepings of dirty plates. I opened the door, thinking to exchange my walk in the heated room for one under the vault of heaven, but the door of the caravanserai was locked, and every available inch of ground within the gates was covered with sleeping forms closely wrapped in their long grey coats. There was no room for my walk, and the sirocco hot and powerful felt more like the blast from some furnace than like an ordinary wind.

Dawn was yet far off, and oh how slowly the night wore on! At length, fairly worn out by fatigue, restlessness, and irritation, I consigned myself not into

the arms of sleep, but to the tender mercies of the tenants of the bed who forthwith fell on me as though to make up for the time I had forced them to lose. I had arrived, however, at that culminating point of dogged sullenness, which is, I think, inherent to English character, and so determined was I to suffer in silence, that I really should, I think, have felt annoyed had I by some miracle been suddenly relieved from my persecutors. Of this, however, there was no danger, for notice had, it would appear, been given by the feasters below to the various tribes inhabiting the upper stories, for now these noisome insects began to drop down the walls and from the roof and rafters, falling into my hair, face, and eyes. This was a recrudescence of annoyance past the bearing of the most obstinate Briton, so I once more rose, and strove to employ myself until dawn by cleaning my sword and pistols. Neither in any way needed it, but daylight found me scrubbing away, and then awakening my servant who, to my great delight, had suffered as much as I had done, and made his appearance with one eye effectually closed from bites, I took a dip in the shallow river I had forded the previous day, which which restored me to comparative cleanliness and good temper.

I say "comparative," for, as to the point of cleanliness, it was days before I got completely rid of all *souvenirs* of Les Issers, and as for that of good temper, mine was sorely tried by finding one of my horses dead

lame in the shoulder from the previous misconduct of a drunken English groom ; however, it was no use grumbling ; so thankful at least to say good-bye to the dirt and discomfort of the caravanseraï of Les Issers, I rode on towards Tiziouzzou.

The country through which my onward route lay, was at first tame and uninteresting. Large tracts of well-cultivated land lay to the right and left, while regiments were encamped here and there amid long reaches of waving corn and barley. Strange birds of the stork species, and quantities of milk-white cranes, some nearly as large as a small swan, rose from the pools on either side, or stood on their long stilt-like legs gazing at the passer-by with great curiosity, for no one seemed to harm them. The cottages of the French colonists had disappeared, and the sharp rattle of the drummers at practice rose from among groups of straw-thatched gourbes, which looked wretched enough.

Near the camps some enterprising Spaniard or Maltese had thrown up hastily a wooden shed, where, under the protection of an enormous tri-coloured flag, he retailed spirits and wine. Soon, however, the country changed ; and instead of the level plain, the road wound, ever ascending, round the base of high mountains. All trace of human habitation ceased, and the bed of the river far below was marked by large, broad tracts of sand. The summits of the mountains were curiously worn away by time, and many eagles

hovered about them, while the storks and cranes of the low ground were replaced by hawks and vultures, the latter birds rising heavily from the road-side before me, clogged with feasting on the dead carcass of some horse or mule which had fallen, and been left to these rapacious scavengers. A solitary caravanserai alone broke upon the wildness of this mountain scenery with its formal red brick crenellated walls, round which were thickly clustered numbers of white tents. Winding along the road which, though now crowded, must usually be lonely, I at length caught sight of the white walls and bastions of the small fort of Tiziouzon, the drums and bugles of the garrison ringing cheerfully in the air, as at sunset I dismounted from my horse at the door of the Commandant of the frontier post.

TIZIOUZOU.

THE frontier post of Tiziouzu situated at the foot of the mountains of Kabylia must be a dull spot indeed for the regiments in garrison there during ordinary times; but in May 1857 it was the wished-for Elysium of all aspirants to military fame among the different corps composing the army of Algeria, for it was thence the columns were to march which were destined to subdue the last portion of Algeria that remained independent of French control. The works of the fort were not finished at that period; the outer lines of defence were, indeed, perfect, and could bid defiance to the efforts of all the Kabyle tribes; but in the interior vast store-houses were rapidly rising, old walls disappearing, and new ones taking their places.

The fort crowns a little isolated hill, while the houses of the rapidly increasing village bearing the same name lie at its base, and struggle up its sides. The view in this region is circumscribed, but peculiar. Towards Algiers the range of mountains through which my road had passed, and which I have already described, completely shuts in that side; while directly in front

the mountains of Kabylia effectually prevent any distant prospect. Towards the sea another high range bars the view in that direction, and in the plain springs up the sugar-loaf hill, upon whose summit the fort of Tiziouzou lies.

Far away, turning as it were the mountains, stretches the long plain, and at its other extremity guarding the mountain-passes, lies completely out of view the second frontier fort, Dra El Mizan. The mountain-sides are covered with fine olive and fig-trees, and a large mill was established a few years since near Dra El Mizan for the purpose of manufacturing oil. It was found to answer capitally, and even the Kabyles seemed to enter heartily into the spirit of the thing. They brought down their olives in large quantities, and the enterprising colonist who had founded the place gave a fair price for the fruit, out of which he manufactured a really first-rate olive oil. Each succeeding year saw his trade with the Kabyles gaining ground. Out of this very speculation, however, sprang one of the great subjects of complaint of the French government; for one fine day, without a moment's warning, a Kabyle horde rushed down towards the plain. Encompassing the fort of Dra El Mizan like a tide, they discharged their muskets against its walls; but, not having succeeded in surprising the outpost, they soon tired of their amusement, and sweeping away all before them, they surrounded the olive-mill. The owner shut his doors and barricaded himself in; but

his mill could not long sustain the assault. The Kabyles were just endeavouring to fire the place, and a terrible death was apparently inevitable, when the poor colonist, who was looking out, like "sister Anne" from the top of her tower, saw relief arrive. Lieut. Noirtin, at the head of a body of native troopers, charged the mass of Kabyle marauders, broke them and rescued the besieged Frenchman; but though he saved the garrison he could not save the mill. All he could do was to cut his way back again to Dra El Mizan; and the poor colonist saw, far behind him, his mill and all its out-buildings making a great bonfire. He lost everything; and the olives now rot on the trees and on the ground, for the marauding party most effectually ruined their only market.

To return to Tiziouzou, a broad though shallow river separates it from the mountains of Kabylia, and the plain between it and the fort was covered with the white tents of the various advancing corps. A small battery of artillery, consisting chiefly of mountain howitzers, occupied the centre of the encampment, while long trains of horses, mules, and camels, were hourly arriving and leaving. All was bustle and excitement, for news had arrived that morning that the different regiments were at once to concentrate round Tiziouzou, and the arrival of the Marshal commanding was fixed for the 17th of the month. A strong body of men was to leave that morning for the plains at the foot of the Kabyle mountains, and to push on the road

which was already practicable as far as Sikh El Medour with all possible despatch. Sending on my tents and horses with this party, I accepted an invitation from the Commandant, resolving to follow the next morning.

Major Deval, then in command at Tiziouzu, seemed to me to have been selected purposely for the out-of-the-way post he held. Of strong and powerful frame, great determination, and endowed with a most implicit self-reliance, he held his little garrison in awe and terror. His rule was indeed one of iron. At breakfast that morning, which meal was served in a small room cut in the thickness of the walls, and hung round with Kabyle spoils and instruments for the chase, and noisy with the chattering of monkeys caught on the hills, and to which the rough soldier was as kind as though they had been his children, the conversation turned on the dullness of garrison life on the frontier. He assured me he had enough to do to keep his men in order, who were, he said, the off-scourings of the Algerine army,—men of such bad character that their presence could not be borne with in their regiments, and who were therefore sent to this out-of-the-way spot to keep them out of harm's way. The Algerine army itself serves as a kind of drain to run off the evil effervescence and unquiet spirits of the French army; and thus men who cannot be managed in France are without further trouble incorporated into African corps, while those regiments in their turn draft away their worst men for service on the frontier. Separate

regiments exist formed only of these men, and bear the name of "Zephyrs," so that it is quite enough to belong to such a corps to enjoy the reputation of a thorough bad character; and as no leave is ever granted to a "Zephyr," they can only be troublesome where they actually serve.

The command of such a post, with such a garrison, and the Kabyle sharp-shooters always on the alert, was, it may therefore be fancied, no sinecure; and it required such a man as my host with his brusque, determined manners, his square-built, powerful frame, which alone would have made him remarkable, not only in France, but in England, and his sharp decided manner, to keep his riotous soldiers, and his hardly less riotously disposed keepers of canteens and drinking shops, in anything like order. Just as we rose from table, he asked me to come and see for myself the sort of subjects he had to deal with, and I gladly complied with the invitation.

"I am about to take you," he said, as we walked along the ramparts, "to the condemned cells. The man whom I am about to visit is a Zouave of my own regiment. He has passed the greater part of his service in prison, and has become, by the violence of his conduct, the terror of all around him. He is now under sentence of court-martial, has passed some days in solitary confinement, and the term of such imprisonment having expired, he was this morning summoned by his sergeant to commence that of hard labour.

Solitary confinement, which usually tames the most vicious, seems to have no effect on this man's temper ; for it appears that not only did he refuse to move, but, rushing from his cell, he seized on a heavy block of stone lying near, and then, retreating again into his prison, threatened to brain the first man who came near him. In vain the sergeant has tried persuasion ; in vain he pointed out to him the consequences of his acts ; the brute became so madly ungovernable, that eventually they were forced to shut his cell-door, and leave him there. The report had just been made to me on your arrival."

"But," I asked, "do you deem the man capable of carrying his threats into execution ?" for I was rather disgusted at the position in which I found myself placed.

"Certainly, he will," was the consolatory reply, "should I allow him to so, which I don't mean to do ; it is not the first time I have tamed such spirits ; but here we are."

The cells opened on to a large paved court-yard, surrounded by high walls, and calling for the provost-sergeant, but utterly refusing any armed party, my burly companion directed the cell-door to be opened. The sergeant obeyed, taking care, as I observed, to give himself the benefit of the shelter afforded by the opened door : there stood the refractory Zouave. The man, though strong enough, was no match for the Commandant, but at his feet lay

the block of stone which he had threatened to use as an offensive arm. He had but to stoop for it.

"Come, Pierre Devaux," said the officer, walking without hesitation into the cell, and fixing his stern eye on the recusant Zouave, "no more of this, you know me. March!" He pointed to the door as he spoke, but no sooner had the words been uttered than the man, whose face I had observed grow deadly pale, suddenly, and like lightning, stooped for his stone; but hardly had he bent himself in the act, when, quicker than thought, a tremendous blow on the head levelled him with the earth. I heard the loud, hard thud of his head against the stone pavement as he fell; but scarcely had he touched the ground when he was on his feet again, the stone in his grasp. He had not time to raise his arms in the act of striking, and I could only just remark that his forehead was laid open, and his pale face laced with blood, when down he went again, fairly doubled up by a most tremendous kick in the stomach, to which was added, as the heavy stone fell from his hands, a straightforward blow sufficient to have felled an ox.

"Take him to hospital," said the Commandant, "and tell the surgeon to report to me the instant he is fit for hard labour." The man was borne away insensible. The burly Commandant, on his part, seemed not a little disconcerted, when, instead of admiring his new method of taming refractory Zouaves, I represented to him that such a line of conduct might

end in his being himself struck by some soldier under his command, whom he would be then forced to try by court-martial, that the sentence must necessarily be death on conviction, and that thus the man's life would be the penalty of his model mode of Zouave taming. He silenced me, however, by telling me that such an occurrence had really happened, but that of course he had not taken any notice of the blow he received. That evening I visited the hospital in his company, and, on arriving at the cot on which lay the sick and mutinous Zouave, the officer asked him the cause of that morning's behaviour, and reproached him at the same time with having disgraced his cloth before an officer of a foreign service. The Zouave turned his face towards the wall, as though really ashamed of himself, muttering some words, accusing the provost sergeant of having provoked him, and vowing to be revenged on him. I don't know whether he kept his word, for, though I met him afterwards, it was under other circumstances: and in judging the foregoing narration of Algerine frontier discipline, the reader must not forget the peculiar position in which the actors in it were placed on that lonely frontier.

The day wore on and the moon was shining brightly, making the whitewashed walls of the little fort look like heaps of snow, when we sallied out to smoke an after-dinner cigar on the battlements.

Far below us, sweeping round the base of the hill, twinkled the lights of the little town, while, in the

plain below it, glanced those of a large encampment, the neighing of horses, the ringing of the mules' and camels' bells, coming distinctly up to our ears and speaking of the unusual gathering below. The tents of the concentrating troops showing distinctly and white in the moonlight, one might easily have fancied Tiziouzou a beleaguered fortress; but on the other side towards which we took our way, and which looks far away towards the Kabyle mountains, all seemed hushed and quiet. Here we lost all the noise and bustle, and the eye ranged over the calm, quiet, dimly lighted plain, with the ghost-like mountains in the distance; neither plain nor hill showing any token of human life, with the exception of what appeared to us a little glimmering spark, far away towards the foot of the mountains, but which was in reality the enormous watch-fire of the working parties, detached across the frontier, and who, working at their appointed task during the day, regularly each night drew in their advanced posts, and retired for protection to a small entrenched camp formed near the banks of the Sebaou. Their watch-fires then were the only signs of vitality which met the eye, and the loud, mournful, wailing cry of the jackals and hyenas, the only sound which disturbed the stillness of the night.

We sat down in a corner formed by a projection of the wall, while a Zouave sentry paced backwards and forwards before us, stopping occasionally in his walk, and peering over the battlement into the plain, more,

as it seemed to me, as an excuse to listen to our conversation, than for any danger to be feared in that direction. That conversation turned on the only points then discussed in Algerine military circles, namely, the Kabyle frontier in general, and the tribe of the Beni Raten in particular. Many strange and curious customs of the tribes inhabiting the mountains before us were related by the Commandant, as the tobacco grew low in our chibouks. I noticed that the curious sentry had quite forgotten his allotted beat, and leaned against the old battlemented wall, wholly taken up by what he heard. The speaker had lived long among the tribes, and possessed a fund of curious particulars respecting their habits and customs. He recounted many of their legends, and I was surprised to find that fables, very closely resembling those of the French, were numerous among them. One of these, by which he terminated our sitting, I recall vividly to memory, its tragic termination having caused it to be remembered when all others were forgotten.

The Kabyle love of truth, in direct antithesis to the Arab love of lying, was his theme, and this observance of truth was, he said, inculcated on the mind of the youth of Kabylia by a number of fables similar to the one he thus related to me.

THE STORY OF THE ANTELOPE.

“A timid antelope was one day grazing on the far-off plains to the southward, enjoying the fresh green

grass which had sprung up after the early rain. The antelope fed in safety, for the plain was wide, and there was hardly a bush within sight large enough to conceal the form of an Arab hunter. The mountains, too, were far off, so there was no fear of the savage lion, or fierce panther, disturbing her repast. The little antelope, therefore, fed on, lying down to sleep at night in perfect security, and beginning at day-dawn, before the warm May sun had dried the dewdrops on the tender green grass, she fed away till sunset, and went to sleep, after thanking Allah for the rain and sunshine, which made the plains so pleasant. This went on for some time, until one day a wandering jackal spied the antelope browsing. She was so plump and round, with her long feeding, that the jackal could not help eyeing her sleek sides, and thinking what first-rate picking there would be on her bones. But were he to call in the help of the lion little would fall to his share, and he dared not touch her himself, for weak and feeble as was the antelope, she was both stronger and swifter than he was.

“Every morning he came to look at her, and every time he saw, or fancied he saw, her grow fatter, sleeker, and rounder. One morning, as he was returning home from his contemplation of the antelope’s charms, he fell in with an acquaintance, to whom he related his griefs. The hyæna, for such was the jackal’s friend, at once entered into his schemes, a plan was matured between them, and they agreed to divide the booty fairly. The

hyæna bargained for the larger portion of the spoil, as he was the bigger and more powerful of the two, and after a long dispute, matters on this head were amicably settled. It was necessary, however, to pick a quarrel with the antelope, for in those days it was the will of Allah that the animals should live peaceably together. A pretext was therefore sought, and soon found.

“The following morning up marched the hyæna, and addressing the antelope, who was quietly feeding, in a most blustering tone of voice demanded by what right she trespassed on his ground and fed on his crops. The poor antelope denied the alleged trespass. ‘Your ground,’ she added, ‘has been fairly allotted you by the will of Allah, and the mountain-sides and ravines are your hunting places, I am only formed for the more level plain.’ But the hyæna, strong in might, persisted in demanding payment for the injury done, and fixed the following day for the liquidation of his claim, and, threatening vengeance, offered to produce a witness as to his tenure of the plain.

“He went away eventually, not at all aware that a dog had been listening to his blustering menaces, and had been only prevented from defending the antelope by hearing him promise to return on the morrow with his proofs. Well, the dog retired also, promising himself to return the next day to administer justice ; and the antelope, strong in good intentions, went on quietly feeding.”

Here the Commandant paused, and proceeded lei-

surely to fill his pipe, and I could hear the deep, regularly drawn breath of the listening sentry, as he leaned against the wall near us. Rapping the pipe against the wall, by way of finally settling the tobacco to his mind, the officer resumed his tale.

“Morning,” he continued, “came at last—and I only wish our coffee would do as much—and the hyæna, true to his threat, followed by his comrade the jackal, trotted up to the antelope. The dog, too, was at his post, and heard, much to his surprise, the jackal stoutly swear, by the sacred name of Allah, that the plain belonged to the hyæna, and had done so as far back as the memory of beasts could reach.

“The antelope stood aghast at this false witness, for she now saw the snare she had fallen into, and while the jackal, showing his long sharp teeth, grinned with delight, the hyæna crouched for his spring. Before he had time to do so, however, the brave dog threw himself upon him, and soon finished the would-be glutton, leaving him dead upon the very spot where he had intended to hold his feast on the poor antelope’s bones. Having finished with one criminal, the dog looked round for the jackal, but he had bolted, leaving his comrade, the hyæna, to pay for both.

“The antelope, however, had not been idle; and far swifter than the crafty jackal, had cut him off from the hills and prevented his escape down the ravine, so that the dog had time to come up, and soon the wicked jackal who had sworn to a deliberate falsehood, and

called on Allah to witness his truth, lay a mangled carcass on the ground ; while the antelope has ever since possessed the plains in peace."

The closing words of the fable had hardly passed the Commandant's lips, when, suddenly, the stillness of the night was broken in upon by the simultaneous report of several muskets close under the walls, while the clattering crash of the sentry's musket and bayonet, followed by the heavy fall of the poor fellow's body, made us leap from our seats.

Casting a hurried glance over the plain, the waving bournous of several retreating Kabyle forms were visible for an instant, and the sharp ringing report of two muskets showed that I was not the only one to perceive them. The fire was useless, for the earth seemed to swallow up the retreating assailants as they dived into the narrow cut which had favoured their approach, and were safe from our shot. The whole matter passed over like a flash of lightning suddenly disturbing the stillness of a summer night without a cloud in the heaven to presage its approach. One moment the closing words of the legend, the next the report of musketry, and the heavy clashing fall which spoke to the accuracy of the aim. We raised the poor lad, for he was only such, whose dreams had been thus ruthlessly dispelled. One shot had taken effect on his cheek, traversing it through and through, and the broken teeth and bone followed by a stream of clotted blood flowed from the man's mouth as his head

dropped heavily and helplessly on my arm, just as we were in the act of raising him.

The steady tramp of the advancing picquet was now heard, and we were soon relieved of our insensible burthen, while the wounded man's comrade took his place, vowing vengeance against the Kabyle marksmen as he shook his fist towards the distant mountains. After groping about for his pipe which he had dropped in rising, the Commandant sent for an escort, and leaving the fort we skirted the walls towards the spot whence the fatal shots had been fired. A slight bend in the hill, aided by the bed of a winter torrent, which served as a drain during heavy rains, and about whose sides lay tumbled here and there several large masses of white rock, had served to cover the Kabyle approach. This cutting was very slight, and it was difficult to conceive that a man's form could be concealed by it, nor could it have done so had not the sentry's whole attention been captivated by the conversation he was listening to. Leaning against the wall, the moon shining full upon him, he had offered a fair mark to the ambushed men, who must have heard our voices distinctly, though they could not see us. The marks in the ground showed that they had dragged themselves up the cutting on their faces slowly and carefully, doubtless remaining perfectly still whenever the sentry turned towards them, in which position they could hardly have been distinguished from one of the masses of white rock to which their white bournous

bore a great resemblance. Eventually gaining the shelter of some stunted brushwood, and then pushing the muzzles of their long guns through the branches, they had doubtless waited, hearing our voices, and wishful for more than one victim, until, at the sudden cessation of the Commandant's tale, they had poured in their volley and bolted in the confusion. Three shots had taken effect. One striking the jaw had followed a slanting direction, and, breaking several teeth, had passed out by the cheek. A second had traversed the fleshy part of the shoulder, while a third had grazed the arm below the elbow. Two marks in the splintered stone, in close proximity to where the man's head had rested, showed how nearly he had paid for his careless watch with his life, and proved that five shots had been fired at the same moment. Fortunately the Zouave recovered; and I met him some months later effectually cured, though I do not think he will ever forget the sharp lesson he received on sentry duty on the ramparts of Tiziouzou, the fine May night in question; and doubtless the triumph of truth over falsehood, as pictured forth in the Kabyle fable of the jackal, dog, hyæna, and antelope, is quite as deeply graven on his memory as it is on mine. The Kabyles effected their escape, firing into the advanced working posts as they retreated towards their hilly fastnesses to boast of their valorous deed, as they took their places among the braves of their villages.

ARAB JUGGLERS.

WE took our coffee in the Commandant's quarters in lieu of on the ramparts, and I accepted his invitation to accompany him in his rounds which he was in the habit of making nightly, and thereby winding up his day's command by assuring himself personally that everything was safe. As we strolled down towards the town, sentry after sentry challenged and stopped us, and cautioned, perhaps, by the firing, all were vigilant and wide-awake enough. Lights were out, quiet reigned everywhere, and even the sour temper of my companion was appeased as we wended our way back towards the fort in a mood of benevolent mildness.

I noticed, however, lights shining through sundry cracks and chinks in the doors of canteens and drinking shops, which led me to doubt whether all was in reality as quiet as it appeared to be; but it was no affair of mine. At length the smothered beating of drums struck my ear, proceeding apparently from a large building just on the outskirts of the town, and I was

rather astonished, on hearing what I deemed evidences of late revelry and feasting, at my companion's apathy. The camp below us lay buried in sleep. Large bodies of troops were to advance on the road across the frontier with the morrow's dawn to make place for other regiments moving up from the rear, so that I was the more astonished at the undue revelry. I asked the reason, and at my question my companion suddenly stopped. "Did you ever see the Arab fire-eaters?" he asked, "and, if not, would you like to see them?" Having quickly answered the first question in the negative and the second in the affirmative, we retraced our steps, and, turning suddenly to the right, made for the large building whence the Babel-like confusion of sounds issued.

"It would appear," said the Commandant to me as we made our way towards the place, "that Allah once led his children into the desert, and as food was not plentiful there, he nourished them with snakes, scorpions, sticks, and stones, as tit-bits. The miracle was not in their relishing the food, but that they got fat on it, which it is asserted they did. To celebrate this miracle a certain night is set apart as a religious festival, and after previous prayer and fasting, the true believer is placed by Allah's will in the same position as the children of the desert were formerly in; that is to say, his stomach will receive and extract nourishment from anything, nor can venomous reptiles have power over him." This was, it seemed, the very night so set

apart; and though I could easily perceive that my informer secretly chafed at the orders which compelled him to abstain from meddling with the noisy rites, yet seeing I was curious to witness them, he dismissed our escort, and kindly accompanied me.

The building before us was an old temple, falling to decay. The rents and fissures in its old walls were unrepaired, and in a few years its place will know it no more. Some canteen or cabaret will rear its white walls on the spot once dedicated to the worship of Allah, and the song of the drunken Chasseur or riotous Zouave replace the mystic rites of the wandering Fakir and the noise of the sacred tom-toms. On my visit, however, it was still standing, and that was all that could be said of it; and two fine old trees overshadowed it, whose twisted and gnarled trunks spoke also of age and decrepitude. The doors were carefully walled up, save one, affording entrance on one side only. We knocked; and after having been carefully examined through a small latticed window cut in the thickness of the door itself, we were allowed to enter a kind of large court-yard, from which led off two small rooms, and above which ran some latticed galleries. The whole was vaulted over, and round the interior of this court-yard, leaving the centre part quite free, were squatted a number of spectators. The floor was covered with mats, and the lookers-on—all Arabs—were pressed close one upon another, while in the centre were the musicians, some six or eight in number, partly

black men, each of whom held in his hand a large kind of tambourine, which they heated over a brazier. Before this rude orchestra was placed a low table, standing only about a foot from the ground, on which lay a yataghan, a long bayonet-looking poignard, with a round ball-like handle—such as I have described as used by the sect of Howling Dervishes in my “Journal of a Bashi Bazouk—” a brazier of live charcoal, on which the priest, who was walking about the room, cast incense from time to time; and a long taper, lighted. Let the reader then imagine the centre matted space clear of people, the musicians, striking from time to time their tambourines, which gave forth a hollow reverberation, the Arabs grouped around in their tattered bournous, the smell of the incense diffused about the place, and the whole dimly lighted up by the single taper; and he will understand the spectacle which greeted my eyes as the massive door closed on me, and I stepped across the matted space, and seated myself cross-legged on the ground, beside the musicians, so as to be in close proximity to the performers. This position would not have been allowed me as an ordinary spectator; but coming with the Commandant of the place, I was a privileged person; though for all that, I was not allowed to enter the two rooms which led off from the court-yard, which were filled with Arab devotees, and had their walls covered with verses of the Koran.

The latticed gallery above was, I found, as soon as

my eyes became accustomed to the dim light, filled with veiled women ; coffee was served, and immediately afterwards the priest and several of the community, raising their hands before their eyes, and looking fixedly into the open palm, began prayers. The tambourine-players now struck up a loud but not unpleasant melody, pausing every now and then to recite a quick and rather musical chant, which was taken up and responded to by the congregation. At the close of each verse the tambourine took up the measure, gradually quickening the time until the beating became fast and loud. Incense was plentifully thrown upon the live charcoal, and its fumes rising in thick clouds, perfumed the furthest nooks and crannies of the old building with a peculiar and delicate smell. Now, the music grew still faster and more furious, while the spectators kept time by clapping their hands, and the females in the latticed galleries, seeming to feel the contagious excitement, uttered a curious and shrill sound, which I can liken to nothing except a succession of squeaks. For fully half-an-hour did this mad concert continue ; and I became weary of wondering how long the tambourine-players would hold out, when suddenly a young Arab next to me changed the course of my meditations by administering two or three sharp pokes with his elbow. Turning towards him to remonstrate, I noticed that his features were deadly pale and convulsed, while his limbs were working as though drawn by wires.

Uttering two or three sharp yells, he at once bounded into the clear space in the centre, and while the aged priest arranged his bournous in some particular form, he began gesticulating and dancing like a madman, flinging himself about the place until he more than once extinguished the lighted taper, and left us almost in darkness. Then suddenly approaching the brazier, he would inhale the incense, taking in long breaths of it, but still continuing his capers and gesticulations until foam and saliva poured from his mouth. The old priest—whose long silver beard reached down nearly to his feet—now approached the dancer, holding by a long handle a large piece of red-hot iron, which he offered to him; but he refused it with horror. The hot iron was therefore returned to the fire, the tambourines were beat more loudly and furiously, more incense was thrown on the brazier, and the females in the gallery made their short, sharp squeaks more audible than ever. The perspiration stood thick on the devotee's forehead as he continued his insane practice, and the foam flowed down his head as the priest again approached him with the iron glowing red in his hands. This time, though with motions and groans of horror and repugnance, the man took it in his left hand, several times passing his right hand over the face of the red-hot metal. He really looked a shocking sight as he stood there burning himself, his long hair hanging down his shoulders, his eyes starting from their sockets,

the foam trickling from either side of his mouth, and the most horrible and guttural sounds proceeding from his heaving chest.

The old priest stood watching him, as, with a wild yell, the poor devotee took the burning iron between his teeth, and holding it firmly agitated his lips against the scorching metal. Quitting his hold of the handle which supported it, he sustained the whole simply by the grip of his teeth, and thus holding the red-hot mass he walked across the floor to the priest, who took hold of the handle and relieved him from the burthen. As he walked, the sickly odour of burning flesh overpowered even that of the subtle incense, and yet no trace of the fire was to be noticed on his hands or lips. All at once he threw himself on all-fours, and furiously howling and growling, like a wild beast, made insane dashes and snaps at the spectators, uttering the most horrible noises. I could see, as he snapped at me, that the man's eyes were open, but they looked dead and inanimate; and the priest now placed in the hand of an old Arab sitting next me the broad, thick leaf of a cactus, covered with its long dangerous spikes. The old Arab had a young child on one arm, who seemed a little—but only a little—alarmed at the sight before it, while with the other he held out the cactus towards the human form which was howling, barking, and growling on all-fours.

Approaching him, the devotee rubbed his thin

swarthy cheeks against the long spikes, and then, with continued quarrelsome growls, and short sharp snaps, he tore the cactus to pieces, bit by bit, eating it like a wild beast. The prickles of this cactus are long, sharp, and irritating. If one enters the flesh, it rankles there for days, and yet this man ate it without any apparent precaution. Spikes and leaf alike disappeared, were well masticated and swallowed, without seeming to harm him in the least. I was so close to the operator, that the milky juice mixed with the foam spirted over me as he rolled the cactus in his mouth, growling and groaning the while; and reaching out my hand, I touched the leaf, when the sting I received from its long sharp prickles fully convinced me of its perfect authenticity.

The devotee next proceeded to singe his hands and arms with the candle, and taking some pieces of live charcoal from the brazier, he placed them in his mouth, and walked round the room blowing sparks all about him. All this he did with the most perfect impunity, as far as I could see, and I was close to him the whole time.

The music continued all through these performances, sometimes with great violence, at others more softly cadenced, the smoking incense streamed up towards the roof, and the sharp squeaking of the women never quite ceased; but eventually nature became exhausted, and the poor fellow suddenly fell back on the

ground, as though he had been shot, after a louder howl and a higher leap than usual.

Turning him on his face, the priest kneaded the patient's back with his feet, which process seemed at once to revive him, for a few seconds later he stepped past me, a little out of breath, it is true, but otherwise none the worse for his late exertions.

How all this was effected I know not, but I have contented myself with noting down simply what passed before my eyes, not once only, but several times, for the kind of temporary insanity which seized upon these devotees was not confined to one or two; indeed, not unfrequently two were in the arena together performing their disgusting rites at the same moment, and the priest assured me they would, when under the influence of the excitement, eat anything offered them, even as in days long past they had eaten and been nourished by the sticks and stones of the desert. He offered to give them anything I could name, and thus I saw one man swallow a live scorpion, a small snake, broken glass, nails, and other such articles. I stayed some time in this place, much longer indeed than my companion seemed to relish, for I could not help wondering how it was possible for the human frame to undergo the ordeal this strange sect subjected themselves to. There was but one who varied the usual programme of the hot iron, cactus-eating, &c., and skipping over a multitude of minor performances, in which people of all ages took a part, from the youth of fifteen to the

old grey-bearded, swarthy Arabs. I will close my account with his performances, which ended the sitting.

He was a tall, swarthy man, of a frame more powerful than the generality of his tribe, his long hair falling down his shoulders like a woman's, in coal-black silky tresses. I was informed he was well connected, and one of his relations, a brother I think, had offered him large sums to induce him to leave the sect to which he belonged, and to renounce the practice of their dark rites; but though the brother in question was said to be very rich, and though he did all in his power to succeed, yet it was useless, neither money nor entreaty could avail. He was supposed to be more highly gifted than the generality of the same sect, and to be, by the special favour of Allah, able to push his experiences further than others; and he accordingly excited more interest in the spectators, as suddenly inspired with the maddening influence, he leaped • howling and shrieking into the centre circle. He seemed to disdain the minor feats of the others, and, after inhaling the incense in long deep draughts, he at once exhibited the symptoms of madness which the others had worked themselves up to by degrees. He was certainly the maddest of the whole lot, and I even thought him dangerous as, with a loud howl, he sprang on the long bayonet-looking poignard, which had hitherto lain unused on the low table. The tambourines were now beating their loudest tunes, the women were

squeaking in great excitement, the spectators were clapping their hands in time with the music, fresh incense was thrown upon the brazier, and snatches of the melodious chant before alluded to might be heard faintly through the noise. Amidst all this commotion, the dark, swarthy Arab brandished his poignard aloft, and his black eyes gleamed around as though seeking a victim. Throwing his long hair behind him, with a quick jerk, he leaned his head backwards; the foam trickling down his chin on to the ground; the muscles of his legs and body trembled with excitement, and, as he yelled the name of Allah, he introduced the sharp poignard into the corner of his eye, and slowly turning it, and causing the eyelid to wind round it like a cloth, he forced the point under the eye itself. Now every fresh turn he gave naturally forced the eye forward out of its socket, and he slowly turned and turned, his yells gradually acquired a plaintive tone, until the eyelid could no longer be seen, and the whole disgusting mass seemed to hang forward on his cheek. It was a most revolting sight, for he turned the instrument until nature could bear no more, and then, still yelling and covered with foam, his face distorted with agony, and dropping with perspiration, the eye forced from its position, and resting on his cheek, he slowly turned round so as to exhibit the loathsome spectacle to the whole assembly. Still the guttural cries on Allah resounded from the madman's chest, as, unwinding the dagger, he suffered the eye to resume.

its place, and throwing back his bournous—the priest aiding him in removing it—he stood uncovered to the waist. Louder played the music, and louder grew the squeaks from the gallery, as placing the point of the poignard to his side, he seized a tile which lay near, and drove the weapon into his flesh. Blow followed after blow on the iron handle of the dagger, until the tile broke, and then he again struck home with the broken pieces. These in their turn broke, and then the devotee placing the handle against the wall, leaned his whole weight against it. The weapon apparently entered some four inches into the man's body, and then shouting loudly the name of Allah, he walked round the room, the poignard supporting itself in the wound, by the depth to which it had entered, and quivering in the flesh. Having made the tour of the room, he approached one of the spectators, who, with a face expressive of great disgust, pulled the iron from the wound, and the devotee continued his leaps and yells, ultimately falling backwards as his comrades had done, and being recovered in the same fashion.

This closed the exhibition, and I repeat I have detailed the scene exactly as it occurred, not in the least exaggerating. With respect to the poignard, the man seemed to me to drive it sideways into the body between skin and muscle; and though he broke the tile by the force of his blows, he appeared to hold back the iron, as he struck. Not a drop of blood followed as far as I could see the plucking out of the instrument

from the wound, though as he walked round the room it quivered as it stuck in the flesh ; but all this might be effected by a wound kept open for the purpose. The holding of the live charcoal in the mouth, and the red-hot iron between the lips, might also be managed as well as the swallowing the snakes, scorpions, glass, etc. ; but the leaves of the cacti, with their long, sharp spikes, which will bring blood on the slightest touch, eaten without fear and without hesitation, I could not account for. The odour of the burning flesh and finger-nails, too, was plainly to be smelled at each fresh experiment. I touched the cactus-leaves myself and received most convincing proofs as to their being genuine, and yet not a mark remained to show hurt or burn ; and after the kneading process had been gone through, the devotees were whole, sound, and untouched as ever.

Talking over these things we left the old temple and slowly returned to the fort, at an hour much later than that which I had proposed ; but then it was not every night I could indulge in such strange sights, so bidding " good night " to my surly but hospitable host, I soon forgot Kabyle sharp-shooters and mad devotees, as I have since forgotten the events of many a stirring day, in sound sleep.

THE CAMP.

BIDDING good-bye to Tiziouzou and its rough Commandant, I crossed the Sebaou the following morning. After reaching its sandy banks, and fording its shallow stream, muddied by the continual passage of regiments, detachments, and baggage, my way lay through a magnificent forest of enormous fig-trees. All these plains, and the mountain slopes of Kabylia, differ from the surrounding country—where, generally speaking, nothing is to be met with save trees of dwarfed and stunted growth, or at best the palm and the date,—in being well wooded and stocked with fine old timber.

This peculiarity of their country is thus accounted for by the Kabyles. They say that there was a time when their mountains were bare and barren, when the rocky soil yielded no produce, and when it was useless to sow the grains which spring so luxuriantly in the plain, or to hope for the fruits which now form the staple food of the sober Kabyle. The fig, lance-wood, and olive-trees which now abound, and constitute the

riches of the land, did not then exist ; but there dwelt in those days a holy man in Kabylia, a sainted Marabout, whose fame was spread far and wide. Living in the rocks and caverns, eating little, and drinking less, the holy man's soul was in daily communication with the Most High, and seeing that the land was so poor that it would grow neither corn nor barley, he, after long prayer and fasting, appealed to Allah. Allah heard his prayer and caused myriads of starlings to come swarming from north and south, from east and west. These birds carried in their beaks seeds brought from the countries they had visited, and as they swept over the land where the holy man offered up his prayers to Allah, they opened their mouths and dropped them upon the earth. Rain and sunshine followed each other in due season, and soon the once barren mountain slopes waved with the date and the olive-trees. One flight of birds coming from the far east brought with them the seeds of the fig-trees ; but as they winged their flight over Kabylia, they neglected to drop them, for they were sweet to the taste, and the birds liked them, but the hawks and the vultures fell upon these birds and exterminated them for disobedience.

Their seeds fell on the plain at the foot of the mountains, and thus it was to the negligence of the starlings that I owed shade and shelter, as, after fording the Sebaou, I wound my way under the wide-spreading branches of the mighty fig-trees. That evening my tent was pitched on the plain close to

the huge crackling watch-fire, which, when seen from the distant ramparts of Tiziouzou, appeared as a flickering spark. The spot chosen was well calculated for a camp; the brushwood had been cleared for a wide distance around, the Sebaou wound in its rear, and a deep natural cutting, not large or deep enough to merit the name of ravine, but quite sufficient to form a strong natural barrier, protected the right flank. The brushwood was cleared away in this ravine, so that approach in that direction was all but impossible, and rough entrenchments, with sand-bag fortifications, completed the defences of the working parties' camp. As the force gradually increased, their numbers protected them against dangerous attacks, which, on the part of so rude an enemy as that in our front, could consist of nothing but desultory onslaught, such as that which I had witnessed at Tiziouzou. The Kabyles, too, were rather pleased with the road-making, which for a long time they looked on as a piece of great philanthropy on the part of the French. Their system of warfare has ever been the same. The idea of a permanent occupation never entered into their conceptions, and they thought the road-making was to facilitate the French retreat when they had penetrated far enough among their mountains.

The position of Sikh El Medour, therefore, which would have been almost untenable in face of a different foe, offered no particular danger from Kabyle tactics. Day after day passed quietly along. Regiment after

regiment arrived and took up its position; and nothing, save perhaps a shooting or hunting party, more or less successful than usual, disturbed the even monotony of camp life, although the enemy lay close in our front. A fine straight road soon connected the Kabyle mountains with Tiziouzou, and the latter place with Algiers; and the French working-parties, throwing aside pick-axes and spade, burnished their arms and accoutrements until they shone like silver, and sang songs innumerable, having all alike "La Patrie" and "La Belle France" for a starting-point. All were wishing heartily now for the arrival of Marshal Randon; a force of about twenty-five thousand men awaited his command to be hurled against the mountains in our front,—and it soon became buzzed about that the Governor-General was expected on the 15th of May.

Our spies brought in tidings of great alarm amongst the Kabyles. The French were numerous, they said, as the sands of the sea. Never before had their country been exposed to the shock of such an attack; indeed, so numerous, their scouts had assured them, were the Roumi legions, that if a bird had dropped down in its flight on their march from Algiers, it must have been impaled on the French bayonets! The Beni Ratén and their neighbours, as they looked down over the plain, saw regiment after regiment debouching from the fig-tree wood, the martial music of their various bands ringing in the clear air, and waking the thousand echoes of the mountains and defiles, their bayonets

glittering brightly in the May sunshine, as corps after corps of the three divisions moved to its allotted place with the precision of a chess-board, and the deep silence of their mountain fastnesses was disturbed morning and evening by the heavy boom of the gun that marked the rising and the setting sun.

Twenty-five thousand men inured to African warfare, and commanded by some of the best officers France could boast, were then concentrated at the foot of their mountains. The gallant and daring MacMahon commanded one division; the dashing and brave Yussuff a second; the scientific, soldierlike Renault a third. The Fort of Tiziouzou was well stored with provisions and *matériel* of every sort, while strings of camels, mules, and waggons, toiled along the road from Algiers, making good the inroads caused by the daily consumption of so large a force.

There was still time for the Kabyle to make the *amende honorable*, for the Marshal had not yet arrived; but the Beni Raten, although now for the first time fully aware of the peril of their situation, never dreamed of submission. All the tribes assembled, and each village marched its contingent to the threatened point. Their Amins met in council, and their plans of defence were fully organised. All the money and valuables were removed from the Beni Raten villages, and distributed among the more distant tribes. The women, too, were all sent to the rear; and there was really something noble in seeing these simple, but brave men,

thus strip for the fight, and cheerfully oppose their imperfect muskets and wretched powder to the bright rifles and mountain howitzers of their Roumi foe.

The strict watch they kept on the French camp will be best shown by my narrating the only incident out of the common way which befell me during these days of camp life and comparative inaction.

On the 13th May, knowing that the Marshal was expected on the 15th, I rode into Tiziou zou to gather whatever information might have transpired as to the coming movements. It was late after sunset when I returned, and after threading slowly and cautiously through the deep shade of the wood, the crescent moon afforded just light enough to enable me to discover, as I rode into the camp, a considerable bustle and excitement in the quarter where my tent was pitched, and where the working parties who had that day been detailed for duty were located. Some minor point, up to that moment overlooked by the engineers, but which it was thought might not escape the notice and censure of the chief, had been discovered, and a small body of men were sent out to remedy the evil. Aware of this, and noticing a patrol just fallen in, I passed my tent and rode up to the officer in command, asking what was wrong. It appeared that two of the above working party were missing. These two men belonged to a Zouave regiment, were noted bad characters, and had been seen half drunk before the party were marched back to camp. Thinking they had returned home, and

wishing to screen them, or perhaps from sheer neglect, the subaltern officer in charge had omitted to call over the roll before dismissing his men; and it was only when tattoo was beat that their absence was discovered. Overcome by the liquor they had drunk, and which they had brought from the camp, together with the sun's heat, they were doubtless asleep under some bush; but the difficulty was to know where; and unless they were brought in, they would, in all probability, be cut off by the Kabyle scouts who nightly prowled around the camp.

Just as I received this information, the patrol was put in motion. It consisted of some thirty men, commanded by the officer whose neglect had brought on the affair, and who was glad to seize the opportunity to clear himself. Without dismounting, I accompanied him in his search. It was a wild night, and a furious north-west wind was driving the scud across the face of the heavens, depriving us, from time to time, of the feeble light afforded by the moon. Our way, too, lying as it did up the cutting or ravine which I have already mentioned as forming the *point d'appui* for our right flank, was rugged, and uneven, and dark; so much so, that I regretted having come out on horseback, although my horse was used to the mountain-paths and broken ravines of Algeria, as well as the rugged sheep-tracks of Wallachia and Roumelia, for he was an old comrade. Giving up the notion, therefore, of proceeding further on horseback, I turned out

of the ravine as soon as I was able, and drawing bridle under the shade of a large fig-tree near its sides, I promised to await there the return of the patrol. The rolling of the loose stones, as the men stumbled along the rough path, or the crackling of branch or twig, as its snapping indicated their passage, grew more and more distant, and gradually all around me sank into deep silence.

There was, as I have already said, but little light, and that little occasionally obscured by drifting clouds. Behind me was a dense, thick wall of prickly cacti; and the giant fig-tree threw a friendly shade over rider and horse, as I looked out over the plain. My horse was jet-black—not a white hair on his body, not an ounce of superfluous steel on his trappings to reveal our whereabouts by its glancing in the moonlight; and used to long watches, besides having just come from a long, sharp ride, he stood like a statue in the deep shadow. About half-a-mile distant on the left lay the camp, its white tents hardly visible in the half-light; on the right rose the mountains of the Beni Raten; while straight before me stretched the long reach of plain. It was precisely a situation to encourage reverie. What strange scenes these mountains had looked down upon! The Roman, the Turk, the Arab, and the Moor, had successively swept over the plains at their base, but had always been turned back by their rocky strength. The Emir Abd-el-Kader had sought their shelter, and the alliance of the unconquered tribes who

peopled them. Now strange scenes would be enacted on their slopes within a few days or hours. There, biding their time, waiting but the word of their chief, lay a sleeping host, who would, before long, scale the mountains as victors, or leave their bones whitening in the sun. Thus I mused, impelled by the loneliness and strangeness of the situation, when, suddenly, my speculations were interrupted by the noise of a sharp crack in the brushwood to my right. It sounded like the breaking of a larger branch than usual in giving passage to a large body of some kind. The Kabyle prowlers were sure to be on the look-out; panthers, too, nightly roved the plain; so, unloosing my holster-flaps, I listened attentively, and my eye endeavoured, with might and main, to pierce the darkness in the direction where I had heard the sound.

At last I thought I detected the waving of a bournous as the wearer emerged from the ravine, and slowly drew himself into the bordering thicket—the same whose shade gave me shelter, and not more than fifty yards nearer the mountains than the spot where I was. Doubtless it was a Kabyle, and if so he had discovered me. It would have been easy for me to have cantered back to the camp, but that would draw on me the fire of the concealed party, and thus not only alarm the sentries, and call out the guards, but mislead the patrol, which would surely retrace its steps on hearing the firing. Some one I knew to be ambushed within shot of me, but whether a solitary

prowler or a large party I could not tell. Determined to know something more before I retired, I reined my horse as far back as I could, until he touched the wall of cacti. Turning his head in the direction of the ambushed foe, so as to present as small a front as possible to their fire, while tightening my bridle-rein and slipping my hand into my holster I waited in patience. I had not a sword, but a six-barrelled Colt's revolver should be a match for as many Kabyle muskets, and besides the thick darkness was in my favour.

Just then a heavy cloud swept over the moon's disk. The ambushed Kabyles must have gained the spot they were endeavouring to reach ; they might be surrounding me. How I longed for that cloud to pass by. Several seconds elapsed, appearing so many minutes to me, and still the dark mass of leaden-coloured clouds threw mountain and plain into deep darkness.

Eagerly I bent forward to listen, endeavouring at the same time to discover whether my horse showed any signs of listening in the direction of the danger. It was of no use, the darkness was complete, second passed after second, and resolving on the very first light to put an end to my suspense, and to try the virtue of revolver *versus* musket, I tightened my grip of my horse, and drew him well together for the dash. Still the heavy cloud swept on, but as I gazed its edges lightened, the silver streak became more and more distinct as the powerful wind drove the dark mass before it ; a few more seconds would end my uncertainty. The

silver horn of the moon appeared, and as though the concealed foe had guessed my intention, its first appearance was greeted by a loud report from the bushes, and a sudden start and contraction of the muscles of the horse under me told me he was hit. One touch of the spur and I was beside the lurking Kabyle. His dark eye glanced at me as he endeavoured to draw back the long gun which, thrust through the brushwood, and resting on it for the aim, was entangled in the thick prickly verdure. That look was his last, for the muzzle of my pistol must have touched his head as I drew the trigger, and he fell heavily forward on his face, the double-barrelled gun which he had just discharged, and which he had by the suddenness of my rush been unable to draw back with sufficient rapidity, fell clattering to the ground the moment after him.

His bournous had caught fire from the closeness of the shot, and he was, it appeared, alone. My movement when gathering my horse together had slightly altered my position, and so disconcerted his aim. Like myself he had waited for the passing cloud, and my sudden rush had not given him time to mend the shot which had wounded my horse before his soul took its flight for the Kabyle heaven. Dismounting I turned him on his back, my horse snuffing and smelling the smouldering cloth in affright as I did so. The calm moonlight streamed over his shattered head and disfigured countenance; and the clouds as they scudded over the moon cast strange shadows on his blood-begrimed, swarthy

face, giving a terrible semblance of life to the dead man's form, as he lay there the first victim who had died on the land of his forefathers in defence of his country and his independence. He had fallen by the hand of a stranger, of one who bore him no ill-will; and I could not help thinking as I gazed down on his shattered countenance and strong-built frame, now for ever still in death, Surely there was room enough on this earth for that poor Kabyle and for me! It would seem there was not though, for if I had given him time, he would have been standing over me in place of my standing over him; and as I had the choice, why I had availed myself of it: so, wiping away on the neighbouring bushes the clotted blood and brains which had smeared my boots, as I trod out the fire from the smouldering bournous, I turned to examine my horse.

Several slugs, or rather ragged plugs of lead, had scored his hind-quarters, inflicting a long ragged, but not dangerous, wound. The Kabyle's aim had evidently been fixed on the horse's head; and if he had not been balked, in all probability both horse and rider would have gone down. My horse, poor fellow! had hardly flinched as the Kabyle lead scored his flesh; and subsequently I almost regretted he had not fallen from the shot, for he left his bones whitening in African soil by a far less glorious death. Lying on the ground, his back broken by a fall down a sheer descent of some five-and-twenty feet, his limbs paralysed, he yet raised his old black head and strove to lick my

hand, sadly hurt by the tumble which I shared with him. I ended his sufferings by a bullet from my revolver. He lies beneath two noble old trees, wrapped up in his horse-cloths, and the aloes and cacti grow and flower over the "Bashi's" grave. But all this came later, and he was not much the worse from the wound he now received, so, returning to the protecting shade of the fig-tree, having first drawn the dead Kabyle into the brushwood, and partly covered him over with its branches, I waited the return of the patrol who were sure to make for the spot.

The time seemed to pass slowly enough as I sat listening for the first noise of approaching footsteps; nor could I help glancing occasionally to the spot where I knew the dead man was lying; now and then I fancied I saw the bushes move round the place where he was, and heard a rustling in that very direction, but it was the high wind shaking the branches. At length I noticed my horse detected a far-off sound. He pricked his ears; and soon the noise of footsteps came down the gale, followed at a certain interval by the gleam of the bright bayonets of the approaching picquet. They had none of them heard the double report of the fire-arms, and were not a little surprised to find how busy I had been in their absence. The dead Kabyle seemed to be quite a matter of unconcern, and an old corporal of Zouaves was the only one who gave himself the trouble of looking at him. "Ah Farceur!" he

exclaimed as he gave the corpse a patronising kick, "I wish you could tell us where our comrade is."

From this expression I concluded that only one of the missing men had been found, and such proved to be the case; for as we progressed towards camp, the officer informed me that one fellow had been discovered lying under a bush close to the spot where the party had that day been working. Beside him lay an empty brandy-bottle, and so fearfully intoxicated was he as to be incapable not only of speech, but even of motion. Receiving in drunken apathy many a thump or kick, he had been hoisted on to the back of first one, and then another of his comrades, where he lay like a sack, his head, arms, and legs, dangling and swaying from side to side like those of a corpse. No information was to be got from him till morning, so leaving the dead man to the care of those scavengers of the plain, the jackals and hyænas, I helped myself to his gun, which I intended to keep as a memento of my adventure, and we hastened towards the camp. A quarter of an hour's march brought us within challenge of the advanced posts; and then, having deposited the insensible Zouave in the guard tent, where he was pitched down like a log, we had him thoroughly soused with a couple of buckets of cold water. All was, however, of no avail, not a word could be extracted from him; so deferring all examination of him till morning, the picquet was dismissed, and we took our way through the wilderness of tents to our respective quarters.

THE ZOUAVES' RACE.

TIRED by a long ride and the varied events of the day, and having promised to be on foot before daylight, to assist, if possible, in bringing in the lost man, and thus avert blame from the shoulders of my over-night companion, I turned in early, and soon utterly forgot both refractory Kabyles and drunken Zouaves.

I must have slept some hours, when I was suddenly aroused by the loud and hasty challenge of the nearest sentry, followed by the turn-out of the guard. I could not, for an instant, collect my ideas; but the loud ringing report of the sentry's musket, followed by the crack, one after another, of some half-dozen Minié rifles, effectually contributed to the re-arrangement of my faculties, and I leaped from my bed wide awake enough. It was, doubtless, one of the usual Kabyle night attacks, and I knew how daring they were on these occasions. My tent was one of the most exposed; in fact, there was but the guard between myself and the plain, and no one who has not had an opportunity of being thus sud-

denly aroused by ringing shots, can imagine how remarkably quickly all necessary toilet is made under such circumstances. The various noises on my right and left told me regiments were falling in, and that something serious had either happened, or was feared; so, hurrying on my uniform, with my eyes fixed on the tent-door, expecting every moment an irruption of the Kabyles; and my revolver lying on the bed beside me, I was soon ready for any emergency.

Only a few seconds had elapsed since the firing, but on reaching my tent-door I found the whole of that part of the camp alarmed. Several strong parties passed me on their way to support the advanced posts, and soon a mounted staff-officer dashed by at top speed, utterly regardless of tents or tent-ropes. I recognised one of General MacMahon's staff, as the moon, which was now low, shone on his glittering aiguillettes; but the 45th Regiment of the line were falling in close beside me, so I joined their ranks, hoping soon to know the meaning of the disturbance. Five minutes elapsed, and all seemed quiet in our front. The 45th had been reported all present, the order to fix bayonets had been given, strong parties had already been detached to serve as supports to the advanced posts, and the colonel commanding was fretting and fuming as he waited in vain for the order to advance. At that moment the mounted officer whom I have already mentioned came down upon us; and as he passed along the head of the column, he turned in his saddle, just as he neared

the colonel commanding. A broad smile was on his countenance as he shouted, without for a moment checking his horse's speed,—“You may dismiss the 45th, colonel. It is a false alarm.” We could hear him repeating the order as he passed along, until the sound of his horse's foot-fall gradually lessened, and ultimately died away in the distance.

The necessary orders were given, and the men fell out, not, indeed, to retire to their tents, but to collect together in groups, and to discuss the probable cause of the *alerte*. Information had been received during the day, brought in by spies of the probability of such an attack, and every one had been anticipating a first brush with the Kabyles on the plains of Sikh El Medour. It was a disappointment; and a low buzz of voices, resembling on a large scale the noise of disturbed bees, might be heard along the camp, as officers and men lost themselves in conjecture as to the reason of the firing. The broad laugh on the countenance of the staff-officer told us it could not be anything very serious, or rather that it must be some mistake — but a mistake which turns out, or disturbs, a camp of twenty-five thousand men, even when they are expecting an *alerte*, was likely to prove a serious affair to the perpetrator of it; and so all employed themselves in wondering who could be the unlucky wight.

The time passed on, and daylight was just streaking the horizon before the disturbed camp was fairly settled down, and even then the grey light showed groups of

men, closely wrapped in their great-coats, and thrown carelessly here and there among the piled arms, ready to spring to their feet on the slightest alarm. The morning-gun now woke the echoes of the Beni Ratén hills; the bugles of the different regiments rang out on the sharp, clear air; and being joined by the officer of the over-night picquet, I went to the guard-tent in order to arouse the drunken Zouave we had brought in, and to question him as to his comrade's fate.

The guard was fallen in as we neared the outpost, the officer in command was slowly pacing to and fro before his men, waiting until the sound of the *réveillée* died away before piling arms; so, deferring our proposed inquiries into the cause of the over-night alarm, we passed the sentry, and entered the tent. There lay our drunken prisoner of the previous night still fast asleep. His loud, stertorous breathing proclaimed his yet half-stupified condition. His face was smeared with dirt, and seamed with blood which had flowed from various scratches received during his passage through the bushes and sharp palm-branches on the previous night. Near him lay a second Zouave, whose plight was infinitely worse, for his face presented one mass of bruises and contusions; while his dress, literally torn to shreds, displayed here and there the livid flesh underneath. But little remained of his late uniform; and it was indeed difficult to recognise in the bruised mass sleeping before us, the missing man, whom I had last seen, the previous morning, clean, gay, and well-

dressed. It was he, however, and the bugles being now silent, the arms of the guard piled, and the sentries relieved, the officer commanding joined us, and gave us the key to the mystery of the night.

Strict orders had been given him, he told us, in expectation of a night-attack. About an hour before daylight, however, just as the guard had been fallen in, it being precisely the hour when an enemy will usually attempt a surprise, a single man was observed coming rapidly over the plain in the direction of the tents. A number of men followed, whose waving bournous at once proclaimed them to be a party of the enemy, their strength being apparently of about twenty men.

A sergeant's party, supported by a strong section of the guard, under the command of a lieutenant of the 45th, was instantly pushed forward. The sentry's *qui vive* was heard; no answer returned, and the man consequently discharged his piece on the advancing figure, and fell back on the sergeant's party. Again the challenge rang over the plain, but it was unheeded by the nearest advancing form. The sergeant noticing that the man now advanced slowly as though wounded, or exhausted by fatigue, directed his fire on the larger party; and was just about to retire on his supports in conformity with the orders he had received, when he observed the Kabyle party halt, and at once disperse, disappearing instantaneously in the thick bush and underwood, while the single man seemed just to have strength to reach the sergeant who advanced to meet

him, and then fell insensible at his feet, panting and exhausted. The fugitive was our lost Zouave, and he was at once conveyed to the guard tent, where means were used to revive him from his swoon. They were ultimately successful, but on recovery he had at once fallen into a deep sleep.

We soon woke him up, but it took some time before he became conscious of his position. The fumes of the large quantity of liquor he had swallowed, added to the fatigue and excitement of his long run, had completely bewildered his brain. Part of the night's adventures he never was able to remember; and it was impossible to help smiling as he stood there in his torn and tattered dress hardly sufficient to preserve the outward appearance of decency, with his bruised and battered face, his parched and feverish lips, scratching his well-shaved head, endeavouring to collect his ideas. Slowly and gradually, however, the truth seemed to dawn on him; and the devil-may-care countenance became gradually overcast, for it was a serious thing even for a mad-cap Zouave to play such a prank. I will endeavour to relate his tale, not as he told it, for we extracted it from him bit by bit, but as I understood it only some time after.

"*Tonnerre de Dieu!*" he exclaimed, "what an ass I have made of myself! and shan't I catch it too? *Tant pis*, it ain't the first time I've been brought before our Colonel, and I'm the first man, any how who has climbed the Beni Raten hills this campaign!—

Thank you *mille fois, mon Colonel*," he added, as against all military rule and regulation I gave the poor battered fellow the last few drops of cognac my pocket-flask contained. "That will help me to remember."

"I had been sent over to head-quarters this morning, and my comrade Edouard, who lies snorting there like a pig, went with me. Well, we were coming quietly back again, when, as ill luck would have it, what should we see but one of the canteens of the staff lying open on the ground? No one was near, for the servants and orderlies were busy pitching the tents; and the canteen was full of bright-coloured brandy bottles, wine, cheese, and sausages. The temptation was too much for us, but we didn't take much—only a couple of bottles of brandy, one for each of us, and one long fine-looking Lyons sausage. I come from near Lyons, and the sausage looked like an old friend; it actually smelled like home. We hid away our bottles, intending to put them in our tents, for we well knew there would not be any search for them. The servants had no right to leave the canteens open, so they would be sure to cover their carelessness by saying the bottles were broken. Unfortunately for us we had loitered on the way, the working party, for which we were detailed, had fallen in; our sergeant was already grumbling, so slinging our muskets carefully, so as not to break our bottles, we shouldered our tools, fell in, and marched away. We had both resolved not to touch the liquor, so we stowed it away

under a neighbouring bush the moment we reached our post, promising ourselves a glorious drink on our return.

“Thinking of our hidden store we worked away with a will, and even our gruff old sergeant praised us. The sun was piping hot however, and somehow the remembrance of the bright, amber-coloured liquor which was sweltering under the bush, made me thirsty. If any one should find it, too, what a pity it would be! I had almost made up my mind just to take a peep at it, when, on raising my head from my work, I missed my comrade Edouard. His place was empty; his pick was lying on the ground. He’s a good fellow is Edouard, but he can’t keep from drink. It’s a great pity; and then his head can’t stand it: only look at him—he ought to go into the line. I felt sure he was cheating me, and so I went to see, taking great care that the sergeant should not observe what I was after. There I found Edouard, sure enough. The cork was out of one of the bottles, and, *ma foi, mon Colonel!* it was very hot, and we were very dusty, and as the cork was drawn why we tasted the cognac. It was excellent, and we went back to our work; but I was obliged to keep a sharp look-out on Edouard, for he was continually going to the bush.

“Towards sunset the first bottle was nearly half finished, and when the order to fall in was given, we dodged into the thick underwood, waiting until the party moved on, and then, under the shade of a neigh-

bouring tree, we spread out our feast. There was the fine fat sausage in its silver paper, there was one bottle at least half empty, and one quite full of the pale cognac. *Sapristie*, the French staff are connoisseurs in brandy! It was excellent, and we drank their healths in it very often. Edouard couldn't drink any more toasts,—and I repeat, he is only fit for the line. I shall tell him so as soon as he is quite sober. He fell fast asleep, and so I was forced to drink by myself. I found that tiresome, so at last I just put the bottle to my lips, and took a good drink once for all, first trying to waken Edouard, but I could not; so taking the remainder of the brandy with me, for fear he should come to in my absence, and take more than his proper share, I started off for a stroll."

Here the worthy Zouave's recollections became so very vague that I can no longer follow his own narrative, but must give the sequel as I afterwards learned it. The last drink he took had completely clouded his intellect, yet, somehow or another, the resolution which he had formed of being the first to scale the enemy's fastness remained, and accordingly away he went towards the mountains, carefully carrying his beloved bottle. From all I could learn he had gone right up the mountain-side, stopping occasionally to take a thimbleful of cognac, and eventually fell in with a Kabyle outpost. The men fired on him, but that night the Zouave seemed to bear a charmed life, for, singing and shouting, he recklessly pressed on, and being made

prisoner, was conducted to the nearest village of the tribe, which was close by. Here he was at first looked upon as a spy, and subsequently as a madman. A consultation was held as to what should be done with him, while the reckless fellow quietly finished his bottle, and then flung it at the chief's head. The bottle and the conference thus came to an end simultaneously, and the result of the latter was, that the Zouave was deemed a madman as well as a deserter. His life was therefore spared, and he was shut up in a small cell opening on to a mosque, where he fell fast asleep. About three hours before day-dawn he awoke, the fumes of the liquor still clouded his brain, but in some measure he was now conscious of his situation. For his life he cared little, but he was virtually a deserter, and he determined to sacrifice his life or to escape.

He searched and searched for a mode of egress, and eventually got clear, for his cell-door was but rudely fastened; and it must be a strong one to be proof against the inventive genius of an imprisoned Zouave. He gained the mosque, whose door stood open. All was quiet without, but the reckless fellow, though in imminent peril of his life, could not refrain from plundering. A silver ornament attracted his attention at the other extremity of the mosque, and he actually traversed it unnecessarily in all its length to possess himself of the coveted treasure. Then gaining the open door, and managing to escape unseen, he darted down the mountain-side. Sometimes tumbling

over the rocks and stones, sometimes sticking fast in the almost impenetrable underwood, he made his way down in great joy in not having as yet heard the shout of pursuers in his rear, when, suddenly, he plumped right into the middle of the outpost which had just captured him ! He was unarmed, and gave himself up as lost, but the Kabyles, recognising him as the insane deserter from the Roumi camp, did him no harm, merely detaching two files from their numbers to take him back to the village in their rear. He knew he was lost if sent back, for he had robbed their most sacred temple, and the proof of his sacrilege was upon him.

He determined to make an effort for his life, and the high wind and drifting clouds favoured him. Hardly were the party out of reach of the outpost, than, profiting by the Kabyle veneration for madness which had prompted them to leave their prisoner's arms free, the Zouave turned on his unsuspecting guardians, and knocked them over one after another. Seizing the long musket of one of his fallen foes, he brought him to the earth with a tremendous blow on the head from the butt-end of his own piece, just as he was in the act of rising, crushing in the man's skull and breaking the musket. The second man lay apparently stunned by his heavy fall, so launching the barrel of the broken musket at him with all his force, and not even pausing to mark the effect, the Zouave turned and started on his race for life. Madly he dashed on,

past the outpost, as shot after shot hurtled by him, now rolling head over heels down the hill-side, now swinging himself down the sheer face of the rock, aided only by the stunted bushes, he reached the plain. A Zouave's activity is proverbial, but the descent he had made was wonderful even for a Zouave. Pausing for breath he listened eagerly for the sounds of pursuit. All was silent; for, as we afterwards learned, the Kabyles, surprised at the flying and phantom-like figure, though they had fired at it, had not pursued, fearing some stratagem to draw them from their strong post, until the arrival of the living man of the late prisoner's escort cleared up the mystery. Then, indeed, a yell of rage burst from the whole party, and some twenty of them, stout, active fellows, who knew every path and track on the mountain-sides, started off in pursuit. The sounds of the pursuers' footsteps now reached the ear of the panting Zouave as he paused for breath at the foot of the rise; he knew that life and escape from torture depended on his speed, the rolling stones and cracking branches far up the mountain-side told him this; but still he paused, for his late exertions had taken the wind out of him.

A few seconds sufficed him to regain his breath, and then on he went at the long Zouave *pas de charge*. All his energies were awakened now, and he knew that he must not breathe himself too soon. Well for him he did not, for soon, not five hundred yards behind him, a loud and eager yell told him that the avengers of

blood had sighted their prey. That yell acted as a spur upon a running horse, and he sprang rapidly forward on his headlong course. Once he fell and the pursuers' shout of triumph echoed in his ears, as he reeled onward, half-stunned by the fall. The quiet moon looked out on this strange race, and touched the white bournous of the Kabyles with its silvery light, and the prowling jackals fled right and left from their path, uttering their long melancholy, wailing cry as they scoured over the plain. Ten minutes—a quarter of an hour—wore on, the lights of the camp seemed at hand; but they danced like a mirage before the failing eyes of the sinking man. The pace of both pursuers and pursued had relaxed, for such desperate exertions could not long be kept up; yet still the Kabyles gained on the fugitive. He tried to shout for help, but his voice refused its office: he heard not the loud challenge of the sentry in his front: he heard not the shot: he knew not that the party in his rear had halted and dispersed, onward he went, mechanically reeling forward until, with the blood gushing in a red stream from his nostrils, he fell insensible at the sergent's feet.

The man's tale was so singular that it came to the ears of Marshal Randon, who pardoned him; but had it not been that he had retained the piece of silver-work for which he had so madly risked his life, he would never have been believed.

Subsequently it was ascertained that the account I

have given was substantially correct, and though the poor fellow did not live long to enjoy his reputation (for I saw him about three weeks after lying cold and lifeless at the very foot of the stockades of Icheriden,) it was proved that he could really and justly lay claim to the honour of having been the first French soldier of the expedition to scale the rocky mountain-hold of the Beni Raten.

SUSPENSE.

THE 17th of May was the day fixed upon for the Marshal's arrival, and it was said that immediately on his coming the whole force would break ground, and move to its front. It came at last, that long-looked-for 17th of May, and a gloomy day it was. The weather, generally very fine and warm in Algeria at this advanced period of the year, contrary to its wont, was cold and damp. A dense mist hung over the Kabyle mountains, and driving down their sides, rolled over the fertile plains of the Sebaou. The long lines of tents looked cold and dank as the vapour descended and trickled from them in heavy drops ; but all was bustle and preparation in the camp, and Marshal Randon arrived, and in person took command of the whole force.

The army, consisting of about twenty-five thousand men, of all arms, was at once formed into three divisions, under Generals Renault, Yussuff, and MacMahon ; the necessary orders for the morrow's advance were given, and many a hearty curse bestowed on the obstinate mist, before the camp settled down to sleep that night.

Towards evening the fog grew denser and more tenacious, still, despite rain, mud, and discomfort, there was laughter and gaiety beneath the dripping canvas, and even the damp, dripping-looking sentries, instead of exciting the commiseration their state would naturally have called for, when, thoroughly chilled and wretched-looking, they were relieved from their turn of duty, were met with joke and laughter, and had to run the gauntlet of a perfect file-fire of chaffing remarks from their comrades on guard or picquet duty. This was all very well for the night, but the prophesiers of fine weather looked rather blank the following morning when the sounds of the morning-gun came booming through the camp, with a heavy, dead report through the thick mist.

The morning broke cheerlessly enough, and though rain and fog were unheeded, the morning drums and bugles did not sound as cheerful as usual, when the various regiments and brigades, falling in, proceeded to take up the positions marked out for them. It would have been a beautiful sight had any one been able to see it; but the fog settled down heavier and heavier, and the drums only of General Renault's division marked the march of the column, as they forded the river and halted on their allotted ground of Sikh El Medour; while about four miles away were pitched the dripping tents of General Yussuff's brigade, camped on the plains of El Amis. A little to the eastward, on a spot which bore the name of Abdid Chambal, lay the tents

of MacMahon's Zouaves, and before each division rose the long mountain-ridge which it was expected to carry by assault. The movement had been well combined and arranged; and yet, though each division now occupied its appointed ground, and the Marshal and his staff—whose head-quarters were established in the very centre of Yussuff's division—chafed at the delay, nothing could be done.

The heavy mist and rain put an extinguisher upon all hopes, and as day passed after day in forced inaction, the camp became duller and more monotonous, while isolated cases of fever and dysentery appeared here and there. While the troops thus languished in the plains, the Kabyles, on the contrary, looked upon the rain and mist as sent by the Prophet to their aid. They knew nothing as to the moment of attack, and they dared not quit their mountain fastness. Their barricades were lined with marksmen, every bush and rock concealed its appointed man.

The Zouaves and Turcos, however, could not long remain idle, and it was curious to see how soon small villages sprang up under their hands. The men wandered about cutting branches and trees, and soon pretty arbours and trellised cottages became frequent, giving a gay and romantic look to the formal streets of tents. Some of these cottages were roofed with planking or straw, and covered with green branches. Flowers and shrubs were planted round them, and the habitations of officers who were liked by their men, might soon be dis-

tinguished from their fellows by their gay and picturesque adornment of wild flowers. Now and then the thick mist would lift, and glimpses of the mountains, at whose feet the three divisions lay, would be caught, but only to disappear before the rolling clouds of vapour. At last, on the 22d of the month, the mist suddenly rose like a curtain, and there lay the three divisions, and their dripping camp was seen for the first time since the troops took up their position.

The tents of the little army, divided as they were into three separate columns, looked few enough, and seemed almost lost in the vast plains; while far in the background rose the rugged peaks of the Djurjura, on whose bleak summits large patches of snow still lingered. As the mist cleared off, each ridge of the heights to be assailed seemed separated from its neighbour by deep, well-wooded ravines; and the whole looked, for all the world, as though they had been melted in some mighty crucible, and run out into the strange shapes before us.

The three principal ridges were crowned at every available height by populous-looking villages, and the admirable nature of the position of each of the three divisions became apparent, as it was plain that the occupation of a ridge must insure the tranquil possession of the whole land which lay in front of each column. The rugged sides of the mountains ran down to the plains often in abrupt precipices; and as the eye ranged upwards towards the distant snow-mountains, ravine

and hill clothed with noble forests of fig, olive, and lance-wood, met the view. Thickets of impenetrable cacti and aloes covered the lower parts of the hills, and enormous blocks of rock, rolled down from the mountain-side, dotted them here and there.

Great were the hopes produced by the sight of the promised land. The men of the three divisions turned out, and at once saw both the work that was before them, and the admirable nature of the plan of attack. Arms were burnished, cartridges unpacked, and laughter, song, and boasting, took the place of grumbling and *ennui*. But the clouds still hung heavily and thick round the snow-peaks, and the atmosphere felt heavy and oppressive. Groups of officers assembled here and there, and the staff of the different brigades and divisions collected near the head-quarter tents. Soon Yussuff, Renault, and the gallant MacMahon, might be seen, booted and spurred, in close conversation with Marshal Randon, their looks bent from time to time towards the leaden-coloured masses of clouds which were now slowly, but steadily, creeping down the mountain-sides.

The weather grew hotter and more oppressive, but who cared for that when it became known that the attack was resolved for the morrow? It was not to be, however, for that evening a fearful thunder-storm broke over the mountains and deluged the plain. All night the rain fell in one ceaseless, plashing torrent, rendering the roads impassable, and the attack was

again postponed. When the morning broke it revealed a curious sight. Many officers in their eagerness to be ready for the move, had slept in the open air, others had neglected to look to the pegs and ropes of their tents; and so when the fierce wind came sweeping in furious gusts down the ravines, the canvas gave way before it, and the unlucky tenants found themselves all but stifled beneath its wet, heavy folds.

With the morning, however, came comfort, for the thunder rolled and grumbled itself away seaward, as though satisfied with the mischief it had done, and the rain soon followed it. The snow-peaks of the Djurjura peeped out sharp and clear from among the clouds, which gradually rising, the hot sun streamed out strong and bright over the drenched and steaming plain and the wet tents. The thunder-storm of the 22d was the last adieu of the wet season, and in the plains no more rain was to be feared or hoped for during several months. Every one set to work to repair the damage caused by the storm, and that day a paragraph in general orders fixed the morrow's dawn for the assault.

My own private share in the discomforts of the night had been rather heavy. My tent, a Turkish one, had been badly pitched, and I was aware of it, still, like many of my comrades, anticipating a move before daylight, I had not taken the trouble to remedy the evil. I had just turned in when the first crash of the thunder told me what was about to happen. I at once knew my fate, and not being able to avoid it,

NT IN DIFFICULTIES.

black bottle, into whose neck was handle, by my bedside, and throwing, waited in patience for notice to my eye on the tent-pegs to wind-must go; and it was but a question

and taken away the wooden billet live in the pegs, and it was useless. Besides the storm was upon us after flash lighted up the interior peal after peal of thunder followed so near as to leave no interval of silence. Thunder-drops fell pattering on the gusts came souging down the after crash told me that more than 54th had already experienced the and me.

cloud enveloped us, and the water stream, the wind howled and the rough the camp, as though the been let loose to sweep the Roumi the Kabyle hills. Inside my tent ndle danced and swayed from time usly, as gust after gust shook the I was just trying to make myself s would hold firm, when I became st to me were drawing, as the heavy and contracted the ropes.

on my elbow ready for a start, I

all doped on, the tent might yet the flame of the ca the sky; and nothing it fell in heavy sheets myself safe, and even l and immediate cries for me, occupied by a grump down, and its tenant bur I was mistaken, for the l now the full fury of the the mountain-side, showi it was but as the advan A startling crash of thun mations from my neighb rior; a tent-peg sudden wared wildly to and fro tore into my tent. A se My time was come: savage kick driving out bottle, I dashed out of as blown up by the win though in triumph, and wet ground like a colla been my exit, I had not Marmion when he mad allon Castle, "the bar in less romantic terr

still hoped on ;—the ropes might not draw altogether ; the tent might yet hold on. A sudden lull took place ; the flame of the candle shot clear and straight towards the sky ; and nothing, save the pattering of the rain, as it fell in heavy sheets, was to be heard. I thought myself safe, and even laughed quietly, as a heavy crash and immediate cries for help told me the tent next to me, occupied by a grumpy old Major of the 54th, was down, and its tenant buried beneath the fallen canvas. I was mistaken, for the lull lasted but a moment ; and now the full fury of the storm swept down on us from the mountain-side, showing us that what we had as yet felt was but as the advanced guard to the main body. A startling crash of thunder drowned the stifling exclamations from my neighbour's tent in its reverberating roar ; a tent-peg suddenly drew from the ground, and waved wildly to and fro for a moment, as the wind tore into my tent. A second—a third followed.

My time was come : so, starting up, and with a savage kick driving out the candle, and breaking the bottle, I dashed out of my tent-door, just as my tent was blown up by the wind for a moment in the air as though in triumph, and then sank gracefully on the wet ground like a collapsed umbrella. Rapid as had been my exit, I had not a moment to spare ; for, like Marmion when he made so hasty an exit from Tantallon Castle, "the bars descending razed my crest ;" or, in less romantic terms, the falling canvas, despite

the rapidity of my exit, knocked me forward, and away I went rolling in the black mud. It was of little consequence however, for I was instantly soaked through by the drenching rain; and after having assisted in the disinterment of the old Major, whom I found lying on his face, pressed down by the heavy canvas, and swearing awfully, I took up my position *on* my tent instead of *in* it, and passed the night as best I could. All night long the rain fell, the thunder crashed, and the wind howled and tore over us. The flashing lightning would show now and then the form of some officer wandering about in search of help; and horses, too, frightened by the din, had broken loose, and were galloping wildly about among the tents.

There was little sleep that night in the camp of El Khamiz; and morning dawned on a wet and disconsolate-looking post. The sunbeams were never more welcome; and I was sitting miserably enough, drying myself in their rays, and watching two men, who, with my servant, were busy raising the ruins of my fallen home, when the following general order was put into my hands:—

*“ Camp of Khamiz,
“ 23rd May, 1857.*

“ SOLDIERS !

“ Some time back I promised you that spring should find us on our way to new conquests. The will of the Emperor has permitted me to keep that

promise. To-morrow we attack the most formidable of the hitherto-unconquered Kabyle tribes. They will defend themselves ; and I anticipate a most energetic resistance.

“ Your glory will, therefore, be the greater. The military capacity of those who lead you is known to you. Obstacles, dangers, and fatigue, will melt away before your ardour. Forward, soldiers ! and your victorious battle-shout, ‘ Vive l’Empereur ! ’ shall echo to-morrow among the Kabyle mountains.

(Signed)

“ RANDON.”

THE TWENTY-FOURTH OF MAY.

THE morning of the 24th of May had not yet dawned, as the French troops fell in by regiments, and were subsequently formed into brigades and divisions.

The mountain-ridges in their front rose dark and shadowy; and drum and bugle were silent, as the men turned out about an hour before daybreak. There is usually something very dispiriting in that same turning out before the dawn. First of all, it is in warm latitudes the coldest portion of the twenty-four hours; and then the circumstance of leaving one's tent, perhaps not thoroughly awakened, and tumbling over tent-ropes and tent-pegs, as one threads the maze of human temporary habitations, is not pleasant.

But on the morning of the 24th, a slight buzz might have been heard throughout the camp an hour or two before the actual turn-out. Every one knew that the attempt to carry the heights in their front was to be made that morning, and every one was for once thoroughly awake. It needed no warning bugle, no beat of drum, to turn out the men of the different regiments, as one after

another was inspected, arms loaded, and cartridges loosed ready to the hand. The muttered word of command was repeated, and ran hoarsely along the column, given as it was in a low and cautious tone as the inspection finished. Regiment after regiment was reported ready for immediate service; and the various corps of the three camps were formed into close columns of divisions.

The morning gun was to give the signal of march; and anxiously was it listened for, as the men stood to their arms in dark masses, nothing to be heard save here and there a broken whisper, the clank of the butt-end of a musket, or the jingling of a horse's trappings, showing the impatience of both man and beast for the advance. Colonel Fénélon's cavalry brigade had already taken up its position on the left bank of the Sebaou.

The orders given to the Generals of division and brigade were simple and satisfactory. Each was to press onward, occupy the ridges in its immediate front, and sweep the villages which crowned them, and thus the three principal heights were to be captured which terminated simultaneously in the heart of the Beni Raten country. The village of Aguemont and the height of Affenzou, which look down on the more level ground of Souk El Arba, were the common centre, which, once attained, would place the whole of the powerful and refractory tribe at the mercy of the advancing troops. The men's faces began to be seen in the dim grey twilight as the gun thundered over the long

plains, and the simultaneous march of the three divisions followed on its report. The foot of the ascent gained, rock, thick brushwood, and huge masses of stone, soon broke the regularity of the march ; and brigade after brigade became separated into masses, and regiment after regiment were forced to shift for themselves as best they could.

Still all pressed onwards ; and the long line of skirmishers, with their supports, dashing upwards, and surmounting obstacle after obstacle, looked pretty enough as the light broke on their bayonets emerging from the olive and fig-tree groves, or peeping above the thick underwood of aloes, cacti, and dwarf palm-trees.

To the utter surprise of the Marshal and his Generals, who had looked for a most energetic resistance, and had anticipated conquering foot by foot the mountain-heights, the long line of troops surged onwards with the greatest ease. It was long before the meaning of this was explained ; but when it was known some days later, the ease of the ascent was fully accounted for. The heavy rains of the preceding days had thrown the French camp into a state of complete inactivity. The thunderstorm of the preceding night had confirmed that state of lethargy ; and whether on purpose or by chance I know not, but I am inclined to think the latter, the orders for an advance had only become generally known the preceding evening.

One of the principal religious ceremonies of the Kabyles falling on that very day, the men of the contingent

tribes had, with a perfect Mahomedan spirit of fatalism—and never for a moment dreaming that the restless Christians would start up all of a sudden from their lethargic state and scale their mountain-holds before daylight—broken away, and gone off to their villages to fulfil their religious ceremonies and keep their fête. Messengers were at once despatched to rouse them ; but the weak line of enemies fell back before the advancing Zouaves, and a great portion of the heights, every foot of which was susceptible of defence, fell into the hands of the French without resistance.

All was not, however, to end thus, for suddenly a blaze of fire broke the silence, and ran along the mountain-side, as the first Brigade found itself exposed to a hot fusillade from one of the principal entrenchments. A thick wood covered the face of the mountain ridge in this direction, and was rendered impassable by the dense, prickly undergrowth. Heavy masses of rock had tumbled from the heights above, rendering it still more impracticable. On each side the steep mountain slopes rose almost perpendicularly, and where the usual mule-track ran, large blocks of stone had been rolled. Heavy timber had been felled inside these masses, and rude fascines formed.

The first Brigade, staggered for a moment by the heavy fire from stockade and underwood, received orders to carry the position, for men were falling fast in every direction from the deadly aim of the enraged defenders. With a wild shout their Brigade, consisting

of the 54th regiment of the line, the 2d Zouaves, and the 2d regiment of the Foreign Legion, rushed to the attack.

The leading files were swept away to a man, some falling forward as the death-shot struck them, and hurled them without a struggle into eternity, others rolling over and over, clutching at, and tearing the ground and bushes in their agony, unconscious of the yawning abyss which lay to their right and left, until in some thrill of pain more acute than common they rolled over the precipice, and their mutilated and battered forms lay still in death far below. Men might be seen, too, unrolling their sashes, or turbans, as they crouched behind some rock or jagged stump, seeking shelter from the sharp and ringing shot while they bound up their wounds. Their muskets lay beside them, and when the operation was over these men seizing on their arms might be noticed to spring forward with their energies renewed, and rendered more fierce and terrible by the sight of their own wounds and blood.

From this moment, when the first serious resistance began, all became a regular scramble. The men of the Kabyle contingents, now aware of their danger, and the imprudence of their absence, came streaming into their defences, while the French, falling before a withering fire, received a momentary check. And now with a loud cheer the Major of the 54th, the brave but ill-fated Boyer de Rebeval, sprang forward to the head of his men, and the Zouaves and men of the Foreign Legion dashing at the barricade, clambered up its

face. Some throwing their muskets high into the air, so that they fell inside the works, which, though strong, were not of any great height, climbed up after them, and jumped into the centre of the Kabyle defenders in search of them; others, having climbed to the top of the rocks and felled trees, poured their fire into the yelling masses below, utterly regardless of whether the shot struck friend or foe.

For one moment all was madness, smoke, flashing fire and confusion, the next found the first Brigade inside the barricade, and the Kabyle contingents hotly pressed by the Zouave bayonets flying up the sheer face of the hill. As if by magic the late defences disappeared, giving a free and unimpeded passage to the rear of the division. Trees and heavy lumps of rock were flung, or rolled right and left, falling and crashing madly down the mountain-side, and giving, in all probability, the finishing stroke to many a poor wounded wretch beneath.

All this was the matter of a few moments, and the firing on the right and left, which was becoming heavier and heavier as the Kabyle contingents opposed the advance of Yussuff's and Renault's divisions, served to madden the men more and more, as with the white wreaths of smoke dotting the bushes and rocks, and led by the gallant Rebeval, the 54th Zouaves, and men of the Foreign Legion, surged over barricades and entrenchments, some of which were well and ably defended. Still for the reasons I have before given, the defence was not what had been anticipated, and the line of

skirmishers and their supports streamed upwards, driving before them the men of the Beni Raten tribe.

The fire became gradually heavier and heavier, as the troops scrambled up the sheer face of the mountains, now leaping from rock to rock, now tearing through the prickly underwood, perfectly unconscious of the wounds received from it, and men fell fast as the defenders' fire flashed from bush and rock. In rear came the mules picking up the wounded, and carrying them away to the hospital-tents, their wounds having been first hastily dressed on the ground; and the dead too were picked up, and conveyed away. Last of all, followed strong working parties, who, with spade and mattock, proceeded at once to trace out a rough road for the advance of the baggage of the column.

Thus hardly had the advancing column swept onward in its withering course, than all trace of its passage disappeared, the remaining ruins of the barricades were removed; and although in front the jets of flame and the black smoke marked the progress of the force, as village after village carried at the point of the bayonet was given to the flames, the rear showed none of those scenes of horror which usually accompany the march of a victorious army. The train of mules winding up and down with their load of wounded and dying, did indeed bear witness to the deadliness of the strife in the front; but the spade and pick worked not the less rapidly, when the soldier-workmen reflected that every stroke they gave eased the passage of a wounded

comrade. Strong bodies of Colonel Fénélon's cavalry scoured the plains, securing the rear, and thus, with perfect accuracy of detail, the advancing force moved steadily towards the common centre of Souk El Arba.

In front it was a curious sight to see how completely and efficiently the French soldiers gutted and destroyed the captured villages. The history of one was that of all. The dash up the mountain-height, on the crest of which was built the Kabyle village, whose rude walls had in peace crowned the mountain for ages,—the fall of a few men as they struggled forward and were swept down by the fire of its defenders,—the hand-to-hand fight,—the rolling volleys of the attacking corps, as the Kabyles, after a sharp and energetic resistance, retired steadily and undismayed, generally taking with them their wounded and dead. The butt-ends of the muskets had hardly driven in the splintered doors before a red jet of flame would shoot from the interior; how lighted, or by which of the blood-stained, smoke-begrimed figures who were busily engaged in rummaging the poor hovel from end to end, it is impossible to say.

Not a thing escaped them. Here, a party were busy thrusting their long bayonets into the scanty roof; there, another sounding the mud floor or wall in search of hidden specie or ornaments; a third breaking the earthen vessels, looking for wine or provisions. This done,—and it was effected in a marvellously short space of time, amidst a perfect storm of shouts, yells, and laughter,—the glancing flame and rolling smoke

converted the late peaceable and quiet Kabyle home into a heap of black ruins. Sometimes a handful of men would fall before the fire of a well-concealed ambuscade; but their comrades would soon revenge their fate, and the patient and untiring brigade of mules remove the wounded to the rear.

The houses were generally deserted and empty; the women and children had been sent for protection to the neighbouring tribes whose villages were further removed from the seat of war; but some solitary instances of both being found in the captured villages did occur. In one, a Zouave, mad for plunder, and excited with blood and powder, was struck by observing a huge jar of rudely-baked earthenware standing in a corner. To rush forward and dash it to pieces with his musket-butt was the affair of a second, when, to his surprise, out rolled a poor little Kabyle child, who, forgotten amidst the general confusion and flight consequent on that morning's unexpected attack, had crept into the jar for shelter.

The Zouave raised his musket, and another second would have seen the child's brains mixed with the already bloody clay-flooring of the hut, when it smiled on its assailant as though perfectly at home. The rude Zouave's heart was touched. Perhaps he thought of some far-off home in France, where a brother or sister might be playing in the sunshine like the poor Kabyle child, who smiled unconscious of the threatening musket; perhaps it was merely his better nature touched by that smile. I know not how this

was, but I do know that the Zouave, laying down his musket on the ground, secured the child on his back with his turban, and then rushed forwards on his way. The poor baby was thus borne through the thickest of the fray ; but it seemed to have a charmed life. The balls whistled harmlessly by it ; and though that night the brave Zouave was found lying on his face with a ball through his brain, the child was asleep and unharmed. It was subsequently adopted by the officers of the regiment, and is yet alive.

Another instance, which terminated more fatally, resulting in the death of a sergeant of the Foreign Legion, I was a witness to. A small village had been carried by assault after a spirited defence on the part of the Kabyles, who had strengthened a naturally very strong position by felling timber across the only practicable entrance, and thus constructing a very formidable miniature barricade. The troops, after losing a few men, had carried these defences at the point of the bayonet, and were enraged at the resistance they had met with. The houses were almost immediately gutted, and the spirts of fire were soon seen shooting up from their roofs. One house only of the whole place boasted a door, and that one was closed and barred inside.

Anticipating plunder, and bent on acquiring it, half-a-dozen musket-butts sent the frail barrier into splinters, and, led by a sergeant, the whole troop burst into the room. Hardly had they entered, than the sergeant fell dead, a pistol-ball having pierced his heart ; and erect,

in one corner of the hut, stood two old women, one of whom had fired the fatal shot. The second had done her best to arrive at a similar result; but, less lucky than her aged sister, her pistol had missed fire. The dead sergeant's musket clattered heavily on the ground, as he fell forward on his face, while, with a low yell of fury, his comrades dashed over his corpse, and in an instant half-a-dozen bayonets, every one of which carried death on its point, clashed together into the defenceless breasts of the two old women, who stood firmly and unflinchingly braving their fate. They were old and ugly enough; but I could not help pitying them as they lay there, the breath hardly out of their bodies, for theirs had been a heroic death. The mutinous Zouave, Pierre Duval, whom I had seen so severely punished by the Commandant of Tiziouzou, was stooping over the body of one, as, attracted by the firing, I entered the hut.

He had rested the piece which he carried, and whose bayonet was red with the warm blood of one of the old creatures on the ground, and was bending over the still palpitating form, as standing on the door-sill I watched his operations. The object he coveted was a pair of earrings, which were the only ornaments to be seen on the corpse. Rude enough they were, consisting only of coral in a broad, flat tin setting. Seizing one of them with his blood-be-smearred hands, he tore it away from the yet quivering flesh, carrying away a portion of the ear as he

did so. Turning the body partly over with his foot, he repeated the operation; and then, almost overturning me in his course, dashed out of the hut in search of more blood and more plunder. Advancing a pace or two, I saw the old woman was not yet quite dead; but it was soon over, for the glancing flame had seized the hut on either side, and thick volumes of smoke filled the room, and both the dead sergeant, and the rifled corpses of the Kabyle heroines, were soon reduced to powder beneath the action of the fierce flame.

Many such scenes were acted, as the attacking force struggled on; and village after village was carried, and fired by the French troops, until at length, having the village of Imaiserem and the heights of Bou Arfâa before them, and separated only by a deep ravine from the village of Affenzou, which looks down on the coveted position of Souk El Arba, the conquering division of MacMahon came to a halt, and occupied the ground on which they found themselves.

The history of the one division was that of the remaining two. The heights had been carried with an unexpected and unprecedented facility; but wherever the Kabyles had been met with, a fierce and heroic resistance had ensued. Still village and entrenchment had been captured by Renault's and Yussuff's divisions, but yet unsubdued, and not in the least dispirited, the whole of the Kabyle contingents lay before the three divisions. Surprised and driven in,

some of their strongest positions carried, and the enemy crowning their heights, they drew together more strongly and firmly; and remembering their old warlike renown, and reminding each other that they were fighting for the land that God had given them as their own, and which no foe had as yet been able to snatch from them, their muskets flashed from bush and rock, as they replied fast and fatally to the fire of the advancing French.

The position occupied by the adverse forces was a curious one; and while it was most disadvantageous to the French, offered every facility to the Kabyles for checking their advance, which they did very effectually for a time.

It is difficult to describe such a country and position; yet I cannot help endeavouring to do so in a few words. The French columns had swept up the face of the hills, and their three divisions had completely cleared the three principal ridges of their defenders. Those three ridges were the principal arteries of the land, and in the rear of the invading columns all was lost by the Kabyles.

The loss experienced by the First Brigade, when storming the principal entrenchment, though it was but half-manned, showed what difficulties would have had to have been overcome, if the attack had been foreseen. Beaten in detail, driven from village to village, from height to height, the Kabyles were now concentrated on holding the last and strongest position

of the Beni Raten. The French advance was checked; nor had the Marshal commanding any idea of advancing further. The warriors of the Akerma, who had been driven in from their mountain fastness, those of the Beni Raten villages who had seen their comrades slaughtered and their villages given to the flames, together with the missing men of the distant tribes, whose fanaticism had so greatly contributed to the loss of the advanced positions, now offered a desperate resistance and showed a most resolute front.

The nature of the country was very peculiar; and MacMahon's advanced columns, who held the ground directly fronting the village of Imaïserem, had anything but a sinecure. Two sugar-loaf hills rose before the Second Brigade of his division; one to the right, a second to the left, and further still in their front, separated from them by a deep and apparent impassable ravine, lay the large village of Affenzou. The ground was everywhere cut up by natural ravines, dingles and picturesque dells, which had been made the most of by the Kabyle defenders; and, naturally strong, had been artificially strengthened by felled trees thrown across the pathways, masses of rocks, and deep holes, in all accessible positions; and now trees, rocks, ravines, and dingles, were swarming with the waving bournous of the enraged contingents, who were burning to redeem their late mistake.

Further on rose the coveted level ground of Souk El Arba; and still further away, glittering in the sun-

shine, the snow-covered peaks of the primeval Djurjura looked over the scene. The French were at once checked on reaching this difficult position; and both the First and Second Brigades, taking advantage of the nature of the ground, spread themselves out as skirmishers, and began to reply as fast as they could to the furious fire of the Kabyles.

There was hardly any wind, and the cool, pure morning air soon became heavy with the sulphurous clouds of white vapour, as hour after hour wore on. General Renault's division had made good progress, and, halting almost on an alignement with the other two, had kept up a long and vigorous fusillade with the strong posts of the tribe immediately in his front.

One circumstance only worthy of note occurred during the day as far as concerned Renault's division. It was this. Two populous villages existed among the powerful tribe of the Irdjen, who were opposed directly to the column in question. They were named respectively Aït Yacoub and Aït Halla; and the men of these villages, sheltered under their walls, were constantly making the most desperate sallies on General Renault's advanced divisions. The situation of the farther of these villages was singular. On the very extreme verge of the mountain-ridge rose the rude walls of its houses, almost overhanging the abyss, formed by the perpendicular declivity of the mountain-side on which Aït Yacoub was built.

It was a fearful sight and required a steady brain for

the adventurous gazer to look over the rude precipice, and glance down on to the jagged rocks far below. On the other side a long ridge and gentle slope gave easy access to the houses which looked pretty enough in the bright May sunshine, as dotted with wreaths of white smoke and little spirts of glowing flame, the tribe of the Irdjen fought on in defence of their mountain-land. But, as I have said before, not content with acting on the defensive, the men of the two villages would pour in a volley, and, under cover of the smoke, parties of them would rush madly down the mountain-slope and assail man to man the French advanced posts.

The musket-butts were no match for the sharp glancing bayonet ; but, regardless of their loss, the Kabyles returned again and again, actually seizing the French soldiers in their grasp, and endeavouring to hurl them over the mountain-side. It became necessary to put a stop to this, and orders were given to carry the two villages at the point of the bayonet. It was done, and the glaring flames of Aït Halla soon rose in the air, proclaiming to the insurgent tribes the loss of another of their principal villages ; but many men had fallen in the assault, and the Irdjen retiring in good order on the second and stronger village of Aït Yacoub, fired into the flaming houses of their late abode. Renault's men, maddened by the fire, and gallantly led by their officers, charged up the mountain-slope, which was dotted with the blue uniforms, as the Kabyles poured in a close and withering discharge.

The village was carried, and now commenced a terrible scene ; there was no escape for the late defenders of the place. In front and below them lay the enemy ; in rear the fearful precipice. Sullenly and silently they fought on until, with one wild charge, the whole remaining mass was hurled backward towards the mountain-side : man after man disappeared over the yawning precipice, and more than a hundred warriors lay a mangled mass on the jagged rocks below. The glancing flames spared their village, I know not why, but only a few houses were destroyed, and the troops held the position, which was a strong and valuable one.

The resistance offered by the Irdjen to Renault's division was strong ; but that of the Beni Baten and their allies was more furious still. Bou Arfâa became a circle of fire ; not a bush, rock, or tree, but it blazed with musketry. The Zouaves before Imaïserem were fiercely opposed, and the Kabyles more than once, maddened by the strife, and seeing that their fire was inferior to that of their assailants, actually left their ambuscades and covers, and rushing down upon the French, fought with them hand to hand. On the far left a company of the 54th, led gallantly by its officers, became so entangled among the Kabyles, that for a time its safety was feared for. In front, in rear, on its flanks, hung masses of the infuriated foe ; while from the hill-side above a furious fire was poured into it by the enemy's skirmishers.

Well for that company of the 54th was it that the Kabyle muskets and powder were both of inferior

quality. A barrier of the dead enemy lay before it ; and at every charge the Beni Raten warriors fled before the now bloody bayonets of that company of the 54th ; but the men were becoming exhausted, and their fire was slackening, while the foe, like ravenous wolves, closed round them, nearer and more closely.

Their fate seemed sealed, when the gallant Major of the 54th, Boyer de Rebeval, who had already covered himself with glory in that morning's bloody work, received orders to disengage the lost company. Rallying round him two companies of his own 54th, he charged the thick masses of the enemy, and, driving them before him, succeeded in his object. Poor De Rebeval ! he was not doomed to reap the reward of his day's toil, for, not content with the success he had won, he united his three companies, and waving his sword as he gave the word to charge, the gallant detachment of the 54th bore down on the Kabyle masses in their front. Just as he was in the act of shouting his gallant war-cry, "Vive l'Empereur !" with the words still on his lips, he fell. A ball struck him in the forehead. His men fully avenged him ; for not a Kabyle was left on the ridge ; but dearly was their success purchased as they returned with the corpse of their late gallant leader.

His was a soldier's death ; and as he lay that night, his pale, blood-stained face lighted by the rays of the moon, his dark hair falling in heavy curls on the ground, his uniform stained with gore, and blackened with

powder ; the Kabyle shots rang his requiem, and the admiration and regrets of his comrades accompanied him in death. He lay in the centre of the regiment he had so gallantly led, and who, as they flocked to look on his face for the last time, swore a deep and terrible revenge for that deadly shot which closed the gallant De Rebeval's earthly career.

THE BENI RATEN.

DURING this eventful day not a moment's quiet was allowed the French advanced posts by their restless enemy. Bush and rock vomited flame and smoke, while charge after charge, made by the indefatigable Kabyles, was met and repulsed at the bayonet's point. Towards five o'clock, however, the fire slackened, and the French advance began to throw up rude fortifications on the spots where they found themselves.

These defences, necessarily constructed in haste, were made of rocks, felled trees, and brushwood, all of which had to be got together under a sharp fire; while so determined were the Kabyles to prevent the work, and so eager were they to do mischief, that, not content with firing, some of them actually left their muskets behind them, and dragging themselves from bush to bush, pelted stones at the working-parties as they passed and re-passed.

The advanced posts, however, laboured on notwith-

standing every annoyance, and thus towards evening with strong guards securely posted, and our picquets covering the whole of the front and exposed flanks, the men pitched their light tents, and bivouacked on the conquered land of the Beni Raten. Regiments and brigades had been kept as much as possible together; and yet, though their officers had done all in their power to prevent it, small parties of men had wandered to the right and left, and their little white tents were pitched in queer, out-of-the-way nooks and dingles, where they were constantly annoyed by the Kabyle sharp-shooters, who all night long kept up a desultory firing. The men, however, excited by their day's work, were generally on the alert, and the most exposed positions on the flanks and front being protected by the hastily thrown up outworks, the casualties were few.

But, however the night passed for the men of the three divisions, it proved a period of restless anxiety for the heads of the expedition. The position of Souk El Arba still lay before them; the whole of the Kabyle contingents still opposed the onward march. The village of Affenzou, the cone-like hill of Bou Arfâa, and Imaïserem, were still swarming with Kabyles; and though the result was pretty nearly certain, yet a heavy loss might be anticipated on any attempt to carry the heights in front. Still it had to be effected, and orders were transmitted to the remaining two divisions to push forward at daybreak, and endeavour to turn the Kabyle flank. For myself, I could not sleep; the

excitement of the day had acted on my nerves, and I was glad when an officer, on his way to General MacMahon's head-quarters, proposed to me to accompany him. He was the bearer of orders of great consequence relative to the morrow's attack, and, protected by an armed escort, we took our way towards the rear.

I was much surprised to notice the order and regularity which reigned among the attacking column. Though the day had been one of fierce excitement and toil, there lay the little white tents of the men, pitched by brigades on the very ground which they had occupied at sunset, with the greatest regularity. Here and there a long line of piled arms, and the grey coats scattered about among them on the ground, bespoke a regiment of Turcos, or native troops, who, though provided with the *tentes d'abri*, did not take the trouble to pitch them, knowing that daylight would see them under arms. The half-burned villages, too, were occupied by the Zouaves, who were busily rummaging odd corners in search of any forgotten plunder; and little it was which could escape their clutches.

I think a Zouave is unequalled in the world as a detective, provided it is some object of plunder he is in search of; and busy enough they were as we passed along, and marked them wandering about from house to house, as the light glinted back from their bright bayonets and streamed over the blackened ruins of the Kabyle huts. No dead were to be seen, no wounded to be heard. The pacolets, or mule-train, had

conveyed all to the hospital tent or to the grave ; and with the exception of the occasional reports of desultory firing, which I have before alluded to, and the still smoking villages, all was quiet, and resembled more the march of an army in its own land than that of a devastating column, bivouacking on the ground it had conquered with its blood.

A deep ravine lay between us and the advanced posts of MacMahon's division, to whose head-quarters we were bound, and the last out-picquet of Renault's columns lay about a hundred yards down the mountain-side. The prowling Kabyle bands were, doubtless, roving about the ravine, in the hopes of cutting off stragglers ; and, once the out-picquet passed, we had nothing to hope for, or trust to, save our own energies. The distance was short, but the ground to be traversed rocky, and all but impassable.

Reaching the out-picquet, we halted for a few minutes, in order to inquire from the officer in command whether he had heard anything moving in his front, and we were still conversing with him, when the voice of one of the sentries was heard apparently in remonstrance. A poor, wretched Kabyle cur was endeavouring to pass the man, and he, suspicious even of a wandering dog, was making sundry ineffectual prods at it with its bayonet. The dog, however, eluded him, and making a vigorous rush, darted past him, amid the loud laughter of his comrades, and took refuge in one of the neighbouring bushes. The poor wretch was tired and weary ; it was

frightened, too, and snarled and snapped at the men who endeavoured to entice it from its bush.

A Zouave is by nature suspicious when in an enemy's country. Frank, open-hearted, and generous, even to a fault with his comrades, he is at the same time full of all kinds of tricks and subterfuges, and, in consequence, always suspicious of his neighbours. The men of the out-picquet were Zouaves, and they had got it into their heads that the poor dog had been sent among them for some evil purpose. What the object or aim to be obtained by the Kabyles in doing so was they could not tell; but they fully persuaded themselves that some deep scheme of Beni Raten vengeance lurked beneath the poor village cur's scanty hide. Strict orders had been issued, forbidding all firing, save in case of attack, for the Generals in command were anxious to secure for their men as much rest as possible, to fit them for the morrow's toil. Still the men were bent on destroying the animal, and, chasing it from bush to bush, pelting it with stones, and prodding at it with the bayonet, it could not have long escaped, if one fellow, more mischievous than his comrades, had not proposed another plan.

The dog was caught, and a battered old tin saucepan firmly attached to the ragged stump of a tail. Two or three bayonet thrusts now started it on its race with a loud yell of agony. The noise of its tin appendage urged it in its flight, and dashing furiously forward, the old tin can was rattled over stone and rock. A

party of Kabyles, who had been lurking near in ambuscade, hearing what they deemed the approach of some new and hitherto unknown instrument of destruction invented by the Roumi foe for their special benefit, left their ambuscade, and beat a hasty retreat; but faster than they could fly came the terrible tin pot, clanking and banging from rock to rock. Their hitherto orderly retreat became a desperate flight, and crack—crack—crack went their muskets, as they fired, one after another, in the direction of the supposed engine of Roumi warfare. They missed the dog, however, for the tin pot clanked on in the far distance, and a regular fusillade greeted his approach as the poor cur, mad from fright, and excited by the firing, dashed onwards right for the centre of the Kabyle force.

The whole of the French outposts were aroused, for they knew not the meaning of the firing, each supposing it to be some other outpost which was sustaining the Kabyle attack, and each fully prepared to repel the advancing foe. Far up the hill-side on our right, MacMahon's division was kept on the alert by the firing; and two or three rockets, fired into the brushwood by his advance, only added to the general confusion among the enemy's force. At length a heavy volley, far away in our front, told of the dog's death; and as the ravine was cleared of its lurking defenders, by this new engine of African warfare, which had convulsed us with laughter, we soon left the mischievous Zouave outpost far behind.

It was days before we learned the particulars of the dog's flight, but the Kabyles had been dreadfully alarmed; and as many of them never knew of the dog's death, and connected the blazing rockets which had been fired with the noise caused by the tin pot and the firing, the unknown engine used by the French in their night attacks was the subject of wonder among the Kabyle tribes. The men of the contingents carried the tale amplified and adorned into the far-off corners and remote villages of the Djurjura, and the unknown noise that broke the stillness of the Beni Raten hills on the night of the 24th May will be handed down as a tradition of the war.

We continued our way, and, laughing heartily as we scrambled over rock and through bush, soon found ourselves relating the cause of the firing to the General's laughing staff. It was ten o'clock as I started on my return to head-quarters, and as my companion had been detained, I had no escort to accompany me save a *Maréchal des Loges*, or non-commissioned officer of Spahis, whom the General de Jourville had given me as guide during my stay with the staff of the French force.

The night had become pitch-dark, for heavy clouds had spread over the sky, and seemed to presage a storm. The rising wind soughed heavily through the trees, waying their branches, and rustling their leaves as it swept through them. The thick leaves of the dwarf palm crackled in the wind like

dried parchment as we trod our way through them, and soon we were in almost total darkness. So long as we were merely going down the hill it was easy enough, but, arrived at the foot, a dense forest of underwood arrested our onward progress. The gurgle of a stream of water rose from the centre of the thick undergrowth, and knowing that it must be running downwards, while my path must inevitably be upwards, I endeavoured to turn the thick and impenetrable jungle.

The night seemed to grow darker and darker as we proceeded, bumping up against the trunks of trees as we felt our way, or receiving a switching cut from some long waving, whip-like branch which would strike one of us across the face, causing the tears to start from the eyes of the unlucky wight who received the blow, and anything but a blessing from his lips. For fully an hour we wandered about that dark ravine, stumbling at every step, aware that we had lost our road, not knowing which way to turn until the far-off report of some half-dozen muskets sounded faintly and far away to our right, telling us we were making our way straight for the Kabyle lines, where nothing awaited us but torture and death as spies. Hurriedly changing our direction we guided ourselves by the reports which, floating towards us on the breeze, served as an indication.

The firing, however, soon ceased, but now having once acquired the certitude of the true direction, the

wind served us as a guide. Keeping it steady on my right cheek, I struggled on through the fig and olive trees, over rock and bush, until, on emerging from a dense cover of palm and prickly pear, in which my already torn uniform received its *coup de grace*, we found ourselves right in front of a ruined village. The challenge of the sentry showed us that we were among the French advanced forts, but at the same moment the rattle of his piece, as he brought it down into position, told that the sentry's patience was not of long endurance.

Heartily glad to find myself among friends, and dead tired with the harassing fatigues of the day, I inquired the way to the temporary guard-room of the fort, determined to stay there for the rest of the night, and was not sorry to find that in the deep darkness I had blundered on, and was but a short distance from, head-quarters. One of the Kabyle houses was pointed out to me as the sergeant's fort, for it was on an out-picquet I had thus luckily fallen, and I made my way towards it. A large fire was lighted inside the ruined house, for only its four rough clay walls were standing, and even those were blackened with smoke from the destroying fire which had tumbled in its roof. Only three houses had ever stood in the open space, which, surrounded with prickly pears and aloes, formed a capital spot, capable of a long defence if occupied by a determined party. As usual, the lonely post was held by Zouaves, who, having destroyed two

of the houses, and left but the four walls of the third standing, had lighted a blazing fire in the centre. They had managed to procure themselves some ration brandy,—strong fiery stuff it was, but it did well enough for them. Their muskets were piled within reach, a few rude tin cooking utensils lay scattered about, showing that they had not been fasting, and the smell of tobacco floating on the night breeze told plainly enough their present employment.

Suddenly, as I approached, a song was struck up, and as the loud, stentorian voice of the singer reached my ears, as the deep chorus of voices came to me wafted on the wind in tones of deep and heartfelt enthusiasm, I felt almost inclined to turn from the lonely outposts and seek shelter and protection elsewhere. But I was tired and weary, and rest was necessary to me. The lay of “La Vendée,” for so the framer had named the warlike ditty, was somewhat as follows :—

“Hark, to the trumpet tone afar !
The cymbal, fife, and drum,
The eagle plumes herself for war,
Vengeance ! thine hour is come !

There march La Vendée’s serried file,
Their banners waving wide ;
And Guienne’s pride, and Languedoc
And Anjou’s horsemen ride.

Bright gleams the Hulan’s glittering lance,
And the bayonets of Vincennes ;
The pride, the chivalry of France,
Her dauntless warrior men.

Arm for the battle, for the fight—
Arm for fair France's fame—
To tame the feeble lion's might,
To quench the British name.

Think, Frenchmen, on that fatal day,
When, 'gainst a banded world,
Napoleon marshalled his array,
And from a throne was hurl'd ;—

Think on that warrior-band so few,
Last relics of the brave,
Who fought and fell at Waterloo—
Think of their bloody grave !

Those few, who though the Prussian sword
From Ligny's stricken field,
And England's countless cannon roared,
Outnumbered, scorned to yield.

Hark ! 'tis the trumpet tone afar,
The cymbal, fife, and drum,—
Arm for the battle, for the strife,
Vengeance ! thine hour is come !

Our transports dance upon the wave,
That day shall Albion rue,
When famed La Vendée whets the glaive
Upon the stone of WATERLOO !”

“ Pardon, Messieurs,” I exclaimed, as I stepped into the rude and ruined hut, “ on the stone of Sevastopol, you should have said. A brave nation like France never cherishes hatred for fair deeds in her sons' hearts.”

My appearance among the excited group was so sudden that springing to their feet the men instinctively grasped at their piled arms, the last words of the

lay of La Vendée had hardly ceased to echo from its smoke-begrimed walls ere the deepest silence fell upon the group. Poor fellows ! they did their best for me ; a few branches thrown in a corner made me a bed, they drained their tin pannikins to collect a little brandy for me, gave me what remained of their ration biscuits, and smoked their pipes in silence, in respect for the deep sleep into which the fatigue of the day soon plunged me.

I was not destined to sleep late the following morning, for the heavy firing, which woke me with a start, commenced before day-dawn. At first a few isolated shots, followed by simultaneous report of some fifty or a hundred muskets, broke the silence ; and as the first grey light of the sun crept down the sides of the Kabyle hills, the firing gradually grew heavier and heavier, until, from right to left, from bush and rock, one incessant blaze of musketry ran along the front.

It was but a repetition of the over-night's affair. The French could not hope to carry the heights of Affenzou without a heavy loss, and the Marshal commanding was not disposed to submit to it. Heavy firing on our right told us that MacMahon's division was advancing, and, obedient to his over-night's orders, their chief was endeavouring to turn the flank of the Kabyle contingents, who, evidently deceived, were wasting their strength against the troops concentrated at Bou Arfâa and Imaïserem.

There the men of the contingents, who had retired

to their various homes in disgust at the forced inaction of their foe, and who were now arriving tribe by tribe, combined their forces with the dispirited defenders of the hill-sides, and infused new spirit into the now failing hearts of the Beni Raten. Wishful to measure their strength with the much-vaunted French army, they performed deeds of savage heroism, which are almost unparalleled for temerity and audacity. Some of them after delivering their fire would actually rush forward into the French defences, and grasping the men by their belts and accoutrements, commence a hand-to-hand struggle, seeking to drag their enemies out of their temporary shelter.

Towards nine o'clock the men began to tire of this inaction, to grumble, and to beg to be led on against their foe; but calmly and quietly the Marshal forbade every onward movement. His plans had been laid with consummate coolness and profound calculation. The dominant point of Souk El Arba he must have, but he would have it with as little loss as possible; and as he stood there with his long grey hair waving in the morning air, and his calm, good-tempered face slightly turned towards the direction in which MacMahon's division must be advancing, it was evident his resolution was immovable. And the event soon proved his wisdom, for after two desperate endeavours to dislodge the French troops from Bou Arfâa, the Kabyle fire ceased. It did not die away giving evidence of fatigue, want of courage, or want of ammunition, on the part of

the vanquished enemy ; but ceased at once as though by a concerted scheme ; and now a strange scene was enacted before the eyes of the conquering divisions, for all at once the comparatively level ground round Souk El Arba which was out of reach of fire swarmed with bournous. Bush, rock, and ambuscade, gave up their defenders to people that ground of Souk El Arba. The Marshal's combinations had perfectly succeeded, and the contingents, seeing their flanks likely to be turned, and knowing that if MacMahon's division overlapped them they were lost, perhaps, to a man, and would, at all events, be forced to dishonour their religion and their tribes by leaving behind them the bodies of the slain, had suddenly retreated.

Messengers had been despatched to warn all ; and suddenly, and as though by magic, some four thousand men of the contingents assembled in a confused crowd round Souk El Arba. The firing had ceased on both sides. From either flank the Kabyles kept pouring on the common centre until Souk El Arba appeared alive with their waving bournous. A great agitation seemed to reign among the crowd, as suddenly with wild yells they brandished their long muskets in the air and danced about like madmen. Yell followed on yell, as four thousand muskets were at once discharged, not against their enemies, but in the air ; and then, like snow before the fire, the whole of the wild and excited-looking host melted from view.

The Beni Baten had given in, had renounced

further aid from their brethren, and had hastened their departure. They were no longer a free nation ; and that night the French bivouac was undisturbed, while the morning of the 26th saw the chiefs of the Beni Raten humbly, but not abjectly, sue for peace as men who had done their best against superior force and crushing superiority.

The French loss had been heavy. The First division had lost about two hundred men in killed and wounded. The third division had escaped more lightly, not more than fifty men being *hors de combat* ; but the second division had suffered also severely, and some one hundred and ninety wounded encumbered the hospital tents, while the dead numbered over fifty rank and file.

The Kabyle loss was never accurately known ; for the dead and wounded were in most instances borne away ; but the chiefs of the Beni Raten themselves computed the loss of the allied contingent tribes as, at least, one thousand five hundred men killed and wounded. Had the mountain-heights, in the first place, been properly defended, the French loss would have been fearful ; as it was, the most powerful of the Kabyle tribes of the Djurjura had felt the weight of French vengeance ; had been conquered, and the very men who had hitherto been the first to light the torch of discord, and preach up a crusade against the Roumi conquerors of Algeria, were now the first to bow their heads in submission to the yoke imposed on them. The pride of the sons of the Raten was quenched for ever.

SOUK EL ARBA.

MARSHAL RANDON had established his head-quarters on the conquered territory, and a small spot called El Hadj Ali was the ground marked out for the tents of the Governor and his staff. It was not far from the spot where poor De Rebeval had fallen ; and round his tent one morning were grouped a strange crowd of Kabyle chiefs. Suppliants, though having the proud and haughty air rather of conquerors than conquered, the chiefs of the Beni Raten, and those of the Beni Fraoucen, Beni Krelili, and the Beni Bou Chaïb, waited with their hostages their conqueror's appearance.

The day previously (the 28th May), MacMahon's division had been directed to march, and, passing the head-quarters columns, had occupied the extreme ridge of Aboudid, his Zouaves receiving as usual the post of honour—the extreme advance. The weather had again broken, and the Marshal, though extremely anxious to push forward to Souk El Arba, was detained in forced inaction in his camp at Hadj Ali by the bad weather,

which was totally unprecedented at that period of the year. Round his tent were ranged the humbled chiefs, while in front of MacMahon's advanced post the yet undaunted Beni Yenni and Beni Menguillet worked at their stockades and their entrenchments.

The chiefs of the conquered tribes were astonished at the easy terms imposed on them. A fine, anything but heavy, was the first condition, but a fair period was fixed for payment. The tribe was to be disarmed ; but a market-place was fixed on near Souk El Arba, where the sabres and muskets of the Kabyles fetched a good price ; an annual tribute was fixed, hostages exacted for the performance of the conditions, and then at once the French markets were thrown open to the conquered tribes, and the hostages directed on Tiziouzou, to be released only on the payments being regularly made.

The local government was little interfered with. The Djemâa, or council, was left to act in its usual mode ; its component members,—namely, the president or Amin, and the deputies from the villages of the tribes,—being left just as they were found. It appears to me that this was well and wisely done, for few forms of government are more popular than that of the Kabyles of the Djurjura. What can in point of fact be more simple than theirs, and yet where is there one which acts more fairly ? The Amin can do nothing of himself, and is but the hand which carries out the orders of Djemâa. Each group of houses sends up to this council its chosen representative, while, according

to the census of its inhabitants, each village sends up to the Djemâa a given number of Euquals. These men act as councillors, and the deliberative assembly thus formed proceeds with regularity and no small portion of order to discuss all questions of a public tendency brought before it. In every commune a paid authority exists who keeps the accounts of the parish; and these accounts are regularly placed before, and audited by, the council, their items discussed, and either praise or blame awarded to the oukil, or agent. The Djemâa, too, dispenses justice, its awards being based on the Koran modified by precedent and tradition.

The Marshal, seated before his tent-door with the heads of the pardoned tribes grouped round him, gravely inquired into these matters, and ultimately directed that nothing should be altered in the whole organization, merely adding that the amin, or president, of each council of the tribes should give an account of the different awards executed by him to the French authorities, appointing at the same time certain officers who were directed to hold the superior powers of surveillance. He further announced his determination to build a large fort at Souk El Arba; and in lieu of appropriating the ground necessary, declared his intention to pay a sufficient indemnity for the land required for that purpose. Thus the subdued tribes, so far from finding themselves worse off for their submission, were placed in a better position than they had yet found themselves in. They had fought bravely

for their independence, and had fallen gloriously. Now, they were treated with consideration and kindness by their conquerors, the advantage of the French markets thrown open to them, and their laws and constitution remained intact. Their arms were taken from them, it is true, but then the numerous and bloody feuds which had decimated the tribes for ages were at once abolished; and as their constitution both religious and political remained untouched, they resigned themselves to the change of position with good-will and content.

The French camp soon swarmed with Kabyles of the Beni Baten, and other tribes who had made their submission; and the weather clearing, Marshal Randon broke up his camp, and advancing with Yussuff's division on Souk El Arba, the tents of the Commander-in-Chief and his staff were pitched on the very ground where the walls of the future fort were to be built. General Renault's division occupied the conquered ridges in the rear, keeping up the communication with the plain, which, in its turn, was kept clear by the well-mounted troopers of Colonel Fénélon's Cavalry Brigade; and MacMahon's regiments, which had been pushed forward, now held the extreme advanced posts, which looked over the still-unsubdued country of the Beni Menguillet and the Beni Yenni. In rear all was peaceable and quiet. The white tents of the different regiments might be seen peeping from every nook and dell, in little patches, now sprinkling the mountain-side,

now suddenly plumped upon in the far extremity of some rugged ravine, while the French drums and bugles led out to their daily practice, just as if they had been in barracks, rang over the mountain slopes, and through ravine and dell. Hundreds of mules and borricos (the patient donkeys) toiled up and down between Tiziouzou and Souk El Arba with biscuit and provisions for the troops.

In a word, the French were completely at home, and since the signing of the treaty of peace, and submission, not only had the men of the Beni Raten never fired a hostile shot, not only could the smallest drummer boy wander in the most perfect security about their hills, but they had even placed videttes between MacMahon's advanced posts of Aboudid, and the hostile village of Icheriden in its front, for fear, as they said, the French should suffer harm on their ground. Nothing could exceed the religious manner in which the Beni Raten observed the treaty; and now among the black and smoking ruins the women of the tribe began to appear searching about for their lost and broken household goods, and scurrying away like frightened deer at the stranger's approach.

I have already described the Kabyle women, so that I need not revert to the subject further than to say, they gradually became more and more tranquillized, and showed greater curiosity than the men respecting the habits and customs of their warlike guests.

Small huts in wooden planking now began to rise here and there, and little stores of grocery and liquors

to display their inducements to money-spending. The *vivandière's* tents, too, were replenished, and a regular trade in arms and ornaments established. In rear of the advanced posts all was peace and concord; but in front it was very different. I have already said that the extreme advance was held by MacMahon's Zouaves, and their post is well worth a few words of description.

It was situated on the extreme spur of the long ridge, which, from this point, dipped almost precipitously, while about three-quarters of a mile away rose the commencement of another ridge of mountains, on which, looking over into the ravine, was built the strong and populous village of Icheriden, now held by the powerful tribe of the Beni Menguillet and the Kabyle contingents.

Far away to the right towered the peaks of the Djurjura, while to the left ridge after ridge of the mountain land rose obstructing the view. The Zouaves had thrown a low breast-work round the front of the strong natural bastion formed by the spur of the mountain, and had pitched their *tentes d'abris* within this earthwork. These tents they had covered with trees and shrubs, while in their rear strong supports were bivouacked, ready at any moment to move to their support in case of attack. In rear of the supports lay the regiment of MacMahon's division, followed by those of Yussuff's brigades, and the chain was then prolonged by Renault's division, the three thus occupy-

ing the whole of the mountain-ridges of the Beni Raten, while the Cavalry Brigade kept free and uninterrupted communication open between the foot of the hills and the Fort of Tiziouzou, which, in its turn, daily received from Algiers the supplies of which its stores were drained by the calls on it to provide sustenance for the army.

The advanced post which I have described was a favourite lounge, and many an hour have I spent, my elbows resting on the earth-work, and my glass turned towards the walls of Icheriden. A few hundred yards in my front waved the bournous of the videttes of the Beni Raten, who, as I have before mentioned, kept a vigilant look-out on Icheriden to prevent the French outposts from being fired into; while day after day the glass would show me the Kabyles working like bees on their stockades and entrenchments. They did not want hands, and soon a triple row of high and strong stockades defended the entrance into the village. These were formed by felling heavy timber, and rolling large masses of rock against them. The boughs were then interlaced, and the whole filled up by quantities of aloe, prickly pear, and jagged palm-branches. I could mark the chiefs come out of the village and examine every spot where it was likely the French troops might find a passage; and on every one I soon saw strong entrenched works being constructed, wood and stone did not fail them, fresh workmen were ever at hand to relieve the tired ones, and the mountain

height of Icheriden soon became a most formidable position, its great natural strength being well and artfully taken advantage of, and every approachable spot bristling with stockades and well-concealed ambuscades.

Day after day I watched the enraged contingent tribes at their work, and still the French army continued inactive, while the spies, from the enemy's outposts, circulated freely in the French camp, under pretext of selling arms and ornaments. No one cared about them, and, provided they were unarmed and peaceable, they did what they liked. As far as I could comprehend the Marshal's policy, he proposed to strike a great blow before the village in our front, to allow the Kabyles to fortify themselves to the utmost of their skill, and then, sweeping them from their mountain crest, to make such an example of Icheriden as would strike terror into the hearts of the still resisting tribes.

One fine May morning the superior officers of the Engineers, together with their chief the General Chabaud La Tour, assembled in the tent of the chief of the staff; and it soon became known that, after a careful study of the ground, the site of the future fort had been determined on, its name given it, and the road which was to connect it with Algiers traced at last on paper; and that night the troops of the three divisions were informed that the enemy were fortifying themselves in the front, that a fort was to be built to consolidate their new conquest, which would bear the name

of their Emperor, that a road must be driven through the heart of that mountain-land before the columns could move forward to reduce the blustering foe in their front, and that the sooner it was done, the sooner the advance could take place.

A strange transformation was now observable, and one that struck me more forcibly than any of the military details had done. The bravery and dashing gallantry, the contempt of death and fatigue which had been exhibited by the French, might equally belong to any other nation. Side by side with the Zouaves and the Line, the Foreign Legion had been conspicuous for its gallantry; and though its ranks were filled from many nations, yet, sure of fair promotion and encouragement, the French Foreign Legion showed itself second to none in its deeds of devoted courage and daring when the fire flashed quickest and most deadly from the stockades of the desperate defenders of the Beni Raten hills; but now, with the exception of certain regiments who were daily detailed as furnishing the necessary guards, picquets and outposts, the whole of the little army of twenty-five thousand men suddenly transformed themselves into workmen.

Just on the spot where the tents of the Marshal and his staff were pitched, the lines of the Fort Napoleon were traced out, situated in the very heart of the Beni Raten land, and on the very spot where the three great mountain ridges terminated in a mountain level, running off to the rich plains of the Sebaou like three great arteries.

Thus, while these ridges of the Aït Akerma, the Aït Irdjen, and the Aït Oumalou, now subdued and friendly, would be held in respect by the garrison of the proposed fort, the ridges of the Aït Agacha which ran through the still rebellious land of the Beni Menguillet, would also terminate at the gates of the Fort Napoleon, and from its situation in the very centre of the Kabyle Djurjura, it would become the heart which would regulate the pulsations of the Kabyle tribes.

Thus while the exasperated contingents prepared all in our front so as to secure the greatest amount of human destruction, the French laboured at the consolidation of their conquest, and sought the readiest way to keep in peace what France had obtained by her children's toil and blood.

Once determined on, no time was lost ; forty-eight hours was all that the Marshal commanding accorded to General Chabaud La Tour and his staff to study the ground and mark out their plans. It sufficed ; and at its expiration the distance between Souk El Arba and the advanced posts of Aboudid, about three miles, were lined by the working parties of MacMahon's divisions. Between the head-quarters and the rocky hill of Azouza, a stronghold of the Aït Irdjen, the white tents of every available man of Yussuff's division dotted the line of the future road. From thence to the plains of the Sebaou, General Renault's men relieved each other at their work, and the men, aware that their advance

against the enemy depended on the progress of the road, worked with an untiring ardour.

The 3d of June was the day on which the soldier-workmen first broke ground; and two days subsequently the road in all its length was actually opened out. Near head-quarters lime had been found, ovens for burning it constructed, stone-quarries were in full work, hundreds of mules, horses, and borricoes, transported the stone and lime to their destination; and thus, holding the warlike population in check until it suited him to sweep them from his path, the Marshal commanding followed out his plan for the total and final subjugation of a hitherto unconquered country; and the drums and bugles of the French bands sounded from dell and dingle at their practice, ringing merrily and cheerfully on the clear air, while the maddened contingents toiled in silence and obstinacy at their triple rows of stockades, and their artfully-concealed pitfalls and ambuscades.

FORT NAPOLEON.

I HAVE no notion of dragging the reader through the dull, wearisome details of hill-warfare, nor any wish to put forward a claim to historical narrative; but there were many points in the French military system that struck me forcibly, and none more so than the extraordinary rapidity with which the road I have mentioned was begun and terminated; and though, I have no doubt, the dull detail may weary some of my readers, yet I have made up my mind to tell how that road was made, how Icheriden was stormed and fell, and how the principal villages of the tribes submitted, or were carried by assault, one after another; and as my readers, if ever I have any, are at the present moment when I sit writing with a stern determination to *ennui* them, totally unconscious of the dry detail I have in store for them, and as moreover they cannot say a word to hinder my doing so, I will have my own way;—so here goes.

The 14th of June is a day always marked by *fête* and rejoicing in Algeria, for it is the anniversary of the

disembarkation of the French army at Sidi Ferruch, and the consequent subjection of the colony. The Marshal fixed on that day as the one most suitable for the great ceremony of laying the first stone of the future Fort Napoleon. Each of the divisions marked the *fête* by throwing aside their tools and resting from their labours. High mass was performed, and a solemn *Te Deum* echoed through the Kabyle hills, sung in honour of the fallen brave who had perished in the carrying of the heights. Nor was poor De Rebeval forgotten, for many a prayer for his happiness was registered that day by his comrades of the 54th. But it was at head-quarters the principal ceremony took place. A large cross had been erected, and under its shade the altar was built. This altar rested on a base of drums, while pilasters, formed of muskets, bayonets, swords, and other war-like instruments, intermingled with spades, pickaxes, and the tools of the soldier-workmen, upheld it. Above all this waved the tricolor and the conquering Imperial eagle, while flowers, birds, and green leaves, were tastefully twined round the rude cross, and the soldiers' hastily improvised altar.

Far away towards the south, the old Djurjura looked over the scene, and the first beams of the morning sun lighted up his rugged peaks, and tinged the rude roofs of the Kabyle huts on the neighbouring heights as the first notes of the chanting rose in the clear air.

The Abbé Suchet performed the ceremony, and

the soldiers of the head-quarter division, composed of men of every arm, seemed to join in the chant with more than ordinary fervour, looking on it, as they did, not only as an act of religion for themselves, but as a tribute to the memory of their brave comrades who had sealed the late victory with their blood. The Marshal and his staff, mixed up with the men, added to the imposing nature of the scene; and rank and authority seemed forgotten as the deep tones of the anthem for the dead pealed over the listening throng. The bournous of the Kabyle spectators, too, added to the singularity of the scene; and the clank of the musket-butts, as they touched the rocky ground, contributed to its military character.

The eye glanced from the rude cross, with its flowers and branches, and the warlike altar, with its blended symbols of the soldier and the workman, to range over the high rocky mountains, the deep ravines, and the closely-built villages of the Kabyles, and to revert to the bronzed, upturned, and attentive faces of the soldiers, as "*De Profundis*" pealed through hills which had for ages heard only the prayer to Allah or Mahomet; while, far away, the men of the Beni Menguillet rushed to their barricades as the measured chant of the armed host floated over their bristling outworks, and died away in the far-off dingles and dells of their rugged defiles.

The different divisions were next inspected, and drawn out in long lines along the new road; the men

of the tribes gathered around their chiefs had an opportunity of studying more closely the nature of the arms and men who had so rudely assaulted their hitherto unconquered country. The sun shone on a long line of glittering bayonets, as regiment after regiment was passed in review; and if any idea of future resistance yet lurked in the minds of the Kabyles, that sight must have put an end to it.

Towards three o'clock the different brigades were concentrated round Souk El Arba, and General Latour, taking from the hands of one of his staff a closely-written paper, read it to the attentive troops. Massed closely together around the Marshal and his generals, a death-like silence reigned among the men, as this document, giving an account of the day's proceedings and indicating the name of the future fort, was read; while, as the last words were uttered, a loud cry of "Vive l'Empereur!" rose from the men's throats, and startled one or two large eagles, which, singularly enough, were wheeling round and round in short circles directly over the crowded level ground of Souk El Arba.

The guns of the different divisions thundered loud and fast, as the document was placed, together with several pieces of money, all bearing the stamp of the third Napoleon, in an iron box, which in its turn was deposited in the ground. The first stone of the future fort was then laid over it, and the old priest, amidst a general silence, blessed the work. Again, the guns broke the stillness of the mountain air, and their

echoes mingling with one last and loud cheer from the assembled thousands had hardly died away when the rattling of arms and the tramp of men moving off told that the ceremony was at an end.

I was going to say, a banquet given by the Marshal commanding terminated the day's proceedings, but it did not, for a paper had been circulated among the officers, bearing the pompous announcement that the artists of the Second Division would that night give a representation at the Theatre of Aboudid. I strolled in company with several of the staff that evening to the spot where the above-named artists were to give their extraordinary representation, and I was much struck by the contrivance and good taste exhibited by the soldiers. On the side of the hill of Aboudid existed a small natural hollow, and some Zouave—for none but a Zouave could have hunted out the sheltered nook in question—had cast his eye upon it, and selected it as the fittest spot for a theatre.

It was the 2d and 3d Regiments of Zouaves who had established this rude theatre in the heart of the Kabyle mountains, and had at great pains and trouble actually cut out of the mountain-side regular rows of seats for the spectators. These seats ran in rows one above the other, and must have cost a world of trouble. A few rude boxes, on which planks were rested, formed the stage; and of course the whole was open to the winds of heaven. But this was no inconvenience in Algeria; and even the rude planking had

been concealed with great taste. The poor fellows had no cloth, no drapery of any kind; but still a love-sick hero or heroine declaring love upon empty biscuit-boxes would never have done; so they had taken off their sashes and turbans, and formed drapery and festoons, which quite concealed the rough deal boards. Flowers and green branches, mixed with the bright bayonets and swords, formed the ornaments; whilst a very fair print of the Emperor on one side and the Empress on the other, reposed in an arbour of green leaves and wild flowers. Suspended from two lances, a broad piece of linen waved in the wind, bearing the pompous letters,—

“THEATRE OF ABOUDID,
“14th June, 1830—14th June, 1857.”

Of the acting I will say nothing, for the Zouaves' theatre before Sevastopol has been so often described, that I should but weary my readers by doing so. It was respectable enough in its way, and boasted a real heroine in the shape of a rosy-cheeked *vivandière*.

The audience on the mountain-side, which comprised many of the superior officers of the French force, were not disposed to be too critical; and even had they been so, there was little fault to be found. It is true that the Beni Yenni on the right were uncivil enough to commence firing into the posts of Renault's divisions, which forced some part of the audience to scurry off to join their regiments; but in

front of Aboudid the men of the Beni Menguillet remained surlily in their entrenchments ; so the Zouaves of MacMahon's division played on, and the day of the 14th June, ever memorable among the hills of the Kabyle Djurjura, drew to a close.

The following morning saw the troops return to their works, the lime-kilns busily burning lime, strings of mules and donkeys staggering up the hill-sides with stone for building the fort, and the road-making progressing with astounding rapidity.

How shall I describe to the reader that busy scene where thousands of men, knowing that a desperate and infuriated enemy awaited their advance, toiled from sunrise to sunset with unflagging energy, to hasten the moment when some hundreds of those merry, laughing figures should be still in death, or writhing in agony before the triple stockades of Icheriden !

To me it is easy to imagine the scene, for I know every nook and cranny of the Beni Raten hills. The very morning of which I speak, the 15th June, I wandered all day among the hills and ravines in search of the picturesque ; an old bournous, well stained with nitrate of silver, covered my uniform, my camera was carried by two Kabyle boys, and a dismounted trooper of Colonel Fénélon's Chasseurs acted as my guard and guide ; but the reader knows nought of all this, and yet may not disdain to wander among those wild mountains. I will try to conduct him.

Souk El Arba I have already attempted to describe ; but none will ever see it again as it was at the moment I allude to. The waving trees which sheltered the horses of the staff and the tents of the chief have disappeared and given place to the white walls of the fort and the huts and houses of dealers ; and a multitude of store-houses now rise where the little tents of Yussuff's division then alone dotted the mountain-side. The spur of the crest ending abruptly at Aboudid, and held by the advanced posts of Zouaves, we have already become familiar with. Let us descend the mountain-side ; and some hundred paces down, we come, all of a sudden, on the Kabyle market-place ; and there, in solemn dignity, their ragged and dirty bournous streaming behind them, are assembled the late defenders of the hill-sides and stockades, their arms in their hands. Many of the long muskets are inlaid richly with silver work, and their price varies between the minimum of some twenty up to four and five hundred francs. It was a terrible thing for these warlike mountaineers, who had hitherto been forced by the law of their land to possess a musket, now to be obliged to part with the cherished companion of many a night foray and fight ; but it had to be done ; and the chiefs had deliberated on it in council. The order had gone forth from the Council-board, and all arms not sold by a certain date would be seized and given up to the French.

The late warriors now became changed into greedy

merchants. They knew the fair value of the goods they offered; but seeing that every officer, and as many of the men as possessed the means, offered themselves as purchasers, and were desirous of possessing some relic of the last defence of the Beni Raten hills, they rose in their demands.

Jew tradesmen, too, from Algiers soon found their way into the market-place of Souk El Arba, and thus the busy throng, which struck the eye at the time I mention, was composed not only of Kabyles, sprinkled with the various French officers, but of civilians, also, who were sharp and eager bargainers. See yon tall, stalwart-looking fellow, his aquiline nose, well-cut mouth, and bronzed features, proclaim him one of the sons of the Raten. With what a majestic air he stalks through the crowd; his dirty bournous hardly covering his person, as with long gun over his shoulder, and his grave face never relaxing into a smile, he elbows on his way! An officer of Engineers stops him, and examines the piece. Stock and barrel are richly inlaid with silver, the workmanship of the lock is good, and yet all is the manufacture of the Beni Yenni. When asked the price, he replies gravely, Three hundred francs. The officer demurs; and the Kabyle, taking his gun back again rather sharply, as though he were glad not to part with it, stalks on through the crowd. The officer is forced to go after him, for the musket is well worth the money asked. He pays him; and the Kabyle, without a smile, counts over the price,

refusing gold, and examining the silver very carefully. The payment being correct, he casts one long glance of farewell at the beloved musket which the engineer is examining minutely and carefully, and stalks away with a stolid, grave, sedate air. All the morning this buying and selling go on, and the mixture of bourgeois, uniforms, and black coats, all intently busy on the occupation of the day, is curious enough.

Leaving the market, we descend the steep hill-side, by a small goat-track, while all round us the bugles and drums of the French sound loud and shrill, waking the thousand echoes of the old mountain slopes. Donkeys and mules, bearing stone and lime, meet us at every turn, and one becomes at times all but inextricably entangled in their long files. Small patches of white tents dot the hill-sides, and peep from among the bushes and fig-trees. The men have made pretty little trellis-work arbours; and before them, on any available level, have smoothed down a little space for ninepins, or the favourite "*Jeu de Quilles*." It is extraordinary, the queer, old-fashioned-looking nooks we find in our downward progress; and the drums clatter from out of the ravines, the bugles squeak discordant notes from the bushes as we pass along, while the thin wreaths of smoke shooting upwards, curling and twisting themselves from out of all kind of impossible dells and crannies, spread a savoury smell, and proclaim the artfully-contrived cooking-places of the men. A certain number have been left behind for that

very purpose, but the greater proportion are at work in the lime-quarries and kilns, one of which we are now rapidly nearing.

Their muskets slung over their shoulders, a grey-coloured kind of blouse replacing the usual uniform, the men work on by groups. Some are occupied bringing in the stone, others in constructing ovens; but the rough joke, the song and laugh, ring through bush and grove, as the work proceeds. I was one day watching one of these ovens, situated in a kind of elbow formed by two ravines meeting each other at right angles. It was one of the most exposed; for the ravine to the right wound away into the country of the Beni Menguillet, and the soldier lime-burners were forced to be continually on the alert, for solitary Kabyles would often come creeping through the bushes and fig-groves; and firing at long-range into some knot of working men, make a hasty escape along the mountain-ridge, by paths and windings known only to themselves and their sure-footed little borricos. Several men had thus been wounded in the vicinity of this lime-oven, and vengeance was sought for by the French workmen.

Towards dusk on the 16th June, I was standing watching the smoke curling up among the bushes on the hill-side, and listening in a dreamy kind of a way to the jokes and songs of the lime-burners, while I admired the effect created by the white tents scattered far and wide among the green bush, and the piled arms before each village of little tents. I believe I was per-

suading myself that I was viewing the locality with an artist's eye ; at all events, I was speculating in my own mind as to whether the view would repay the trouble of conveying my instruments so far, when a sharp report from the hill-side opposite, and the whistle of the leaden plug which flattened itself against the rock in my rear, covering me with white chalky powder, made me shake my head and remember where I was. I awoke to the realities of life just in time to perceive two of the late workmen, now turned *tirailleurs* again, hurrying off to the right, a second couple to the left, while a single Zouave ascended the hill directly in his front.

All except the Zouave started off at a long trot, but he leisurely ascended the hill-side, aiding himself with his hands, and dragging himself upwards by means of bush and rock, his musket slung across his shoulder. Wondering whether the lurking Kabyle would escape, I strayed on, and just about sunset I heard a distant report ; a second shot followed at a short interval, and, soon coming down the hill-side, voices and laughter rang sharply through the clear air, and proclaimed the return of the man-hunters. Nearer and nearer came the voices ; but it was only as they emerged from the thick cover immediately above the lime-kilns, that I could see them. Their chase had been successful, and now two of them marched in front, holding by its feet and head what had lately been a living man !

Emerging from the bush just over the burning

oven, these two laughing fellows halted. *Un—deux—trois*, counted one of their comrades in the rear; and in accordance with the word of command, the two men who held the corpse imparted a long swinging motion to it, while, at the word *Quatre*, away it went, falling with a heavy throw into the mouth of the open oven! I hope the fellow was dead, or otherwise the rough joke of making lime out of the calcined bones of their late enemy was rather a cruel one.

Many such incidents occurred in the far-off posts, and among the distant quarries; but the work went on merrily and quickly, and these little man-hunts seemed to add a zest and piquancy to the soldier-workmen's tasks.

But we must leave the kilns if we would ever arrive at head-quarters again; and climbing the mountain-ridge in that direction, we come upon the tile-manufactory. There a similar sight presents itself of soldier-workmen toiling away, and of an army which has not only conquered an enemy's country, but suffices in itself for the wants and requirements of definite occupation.

Here the workmen have left their muskets piled, and mounted a guard over them, for they are not so exposed to attacks as the lime-burners, who were forced to work with their muskets slung; but still theirs, too, are within reach, and the workman would, did the necessity occur, be in a moment transformed into the soldier. Others are hard at work at the road, the men

of the various divisions being écheloned along the projected path ; and all labour with the greatest ardour ; for the enemy is in front, and seventy-five kilomètres of road have to be got through before the order to advance will be given. The road was traced out on the 2d of June, and on the 3d the spade and pick-axe began their work. Not only the men of the purely French regiments, and those of the Foreign Legion, but even those of the native corps, unused as they were to work, placed the shoulder to the wheel, while groups of Kabyles sat hour after hour in solemn gravity, contemplating the work, and wondering what sudden madness had seized on the Roumi foe.

Rumour soon brought the tidings of the work to the ears of the defenders of the stockades of Icheriden, and great was their astonishment at what they conceived to be the cowardice of the Christians, for this road appeared to them to be made only to secure the retreat of the invader ; consequently, Icheriden would not be attacked, and the promised "day of powder" would be denied them. The work was one of great difficulty, for not only had dense and almost impenetrable under-wood to be traversed,—not only had forests of trees to be cut down, but miles of solid rock had to be blasted and cut through, and hills had to be removed and thrown down into the ravines, filling them up to make a passage for the road.

Winding in and out, always mounting upwards, the line of road soon became sufficiently marked to

allow of the passage of mules and donkeys ; and now long strings of them, daily mounted from the plains, conveying the materials for building and the provisions for the camp. On the 22d of the same month the road was finished, and the Marshal commanding followed by a brilliant staff, rode down it in all its length from Souk El Arba, his head-quarters, to Souk El Medour, where lay the tents of Fénélon's Cavalry Brigade.

Along the way, as the case might be, the soldier-workmen were drawn up by regiments or companies. Spade and pick were laid by ; and neat and clean, as on a review day, each party occupied the ground which had been allotted it as the scene of its labours. The men presented arms to their Commander-in-chief, and received with a glow of pleasure his thanks and congratulations. The line of electric telegraph, too, had been laid, and was at work ; and thus, not only was his rear secure,—not only was a broad, fine road opened into the very heart of the hitherto unconquered country, but the new Fort Napoleon, whose walls were barely rising from the soil, was placed in direct telegraphic communication with the capital. The Marshal looked very proud of his men, as his eye glanced over mile after mile of the new road, and over company after company of his army, and as the large, roughly-cut letters in the solid rock of the Kabyle mountains met his glance, he smiled as he read the words which some regimental

wags had placed here and there—"Highroad between Paris and the Fort Napoleon."

That night the Marshal returned to his tent at Souk El Arba, and the following morning the guns destined for the attack of Icheriden were drawn lumbering along up the new road. Large bouquets of flowers were stuck into the muzzles of these engines of destruction, which were soon to deal death and havoc among the ranks of the resisting tribes. Boughs and green leaves, among which wild flowers were plentifully twined, covered the guns, and were wreathed round their wheels; while the buglers and drummers of the different regiments rushed out of their tents, as the loud shouts of the drivers roused them, and preceded the pieces on their upward progress, sounding their liveliest notes of joy. Here and there the guns were halted, and fresh flowers and fresh leaves heaped on them, other buglers and drummers took the place of those who were tired, while the music of the regimental bands pealed forth a hearty welcome to the engines of destruction, which now traversed, for the first time, the new highroad, and proclaimed the approaching march. So excited were the men with the prospect of a move, that many rushed out from their tents, and dancing wildly round the heavy guns, threw themselves upon them, and embracing them with their arms, covered them with kisses!

ICHERIDEN.

DAYLIGHT dawned over the Kabyle hills on the morning of the 24th June, and its light streamed over the serried ranks of the Second Division, as under the immediate command of General MacMahon the head of the column marched out of the lines of Aboudid. This column was not a strong one, having left behind it, sorely against their will, two of its battalions to garrison Souk El Arba. Before it lay the height of Icheriden, with its village and triple row of barricades, behind which the men of the Beni Menguillet anxiously watched the progress of their foe. The village itself belonged actually to the tribe of the Beni Ratén, who had already given in their submission, but were unable to complete it by surrendering to the French this last stronghold of their tribe. Seeing themselves conquered they had submitted to the French, and called on their late allies, who had distinguished themselves by their courage and bravery on the heights of Affenzou and Bou Arfâa, to give them back their women, their

treasure, and their hill fort. To this the warriors of the Menguillet had replied by a haughty sneer. The Beni Ratén had, by their submission, proved themselves to be women,—they could have no need of more. Their treasure should be spent in the defence of the common country, and the women of the Beni Ratén should see what the men of the Beni Menguillet would do to retrieve the honour of the tribes.

The column, therefore, on breaking ground at day-dawn from the lines of Aboudid, and numbering with its artillery, about six thousand five hundred rank and file, was surrounded on its flanks and rear by a perfect cloud of the men of the Beni Ratén. Humbled themselves, they were unarmed, but, still more humiliated by the taunts of their old allies, they were far more eager than the actual combatants to witness the overthrow of their late friends. It was a clear, bright morning, there was a dewy freshness at that early hour, which would shortly disappear before the beams of a hot sun; the birds, scared by the heavy tramp of the advancing regiments, rose on the wing, and sweeping down the hill-side, sought refuge in the denser foliage of the ravines. Others perched themselves on the branches, and poured forth their short melodious songs, which, thrilling on the clear air, seemed a reproach to the handful of men who were about to change the quiet and calm of a bright June morning into a scene of strife and bloodshed.

I have said that General MacMahon had the com-

mand of the attacking column, but it was accompanied by the Marshal and his staff; and, as the resistance was expected to be a determined one, — in point of fact, the carrying of the Beni Raten hills and the combat before Icheriden were the two great features of the Kabyle campaign, — and as the column was under the command of one of the most celebrated Generals of the French army, under the supervision of the Commander-in-Chief and Governor-General of Algeria, and, as it had for spectators the already conquered tribes of the Fraoucen and Beni Raten, I must endeavour to give my readers an idea of the affair.

The village of Icheriden lay on a hill, which hill was connected with the high land of Aboudid and Souk El Arba by a long spinal ridge of ground, having its own little hills and dells, which were, however, on a small scale. A long and comparatively level strip ran in front of the village, dipping in places, and possessing some capabilities for covering the troops. To the right and left lay the high and rugged mountains of the tribes, and the French army were passing along the ridge, pushing themselves like a wedge into the hostile country. While this was going on in the immediate front, the remaining two divisions commanded by the Generals Renault and Yussuff, simultaneously broke ground, and marched against the Beni Yenni fastness to the right, thus giving them quite enough to do on their own account, without thinking of affording help to their friends in the stockades of Icheriden.

My path lay with the column advancing along the mountain ridge from Aboudid ; and it was a strange impressive sight to see that column of between six and seven thousand men, marching quietly and composedly along the beautiful mountain ridge, the birds singing around them, the groups of Kabyles crowning every available hillock whence the fight could be seen in security, the hawks and eagles slowly wheeling in large circles over their heads, and the bright rays of the morning sun gleaming on the brighter bayonets.

A road had been cut by the Engineers as far as was practicable, and though rough, it was at first easy to advance. The guns bumped and thumped over masses of rock and stone, but still all went prosperously. General Bourbaki commanded the advanced guard, and the 54th regiment, which had played so conspicuous a part in the affair before Affenzou, was with a Zouave regiment leading the advance. The 54th had not forgotten the death of their brave Major De Rebeval, and the men of the Beni Menguillet had little mercy to hope at their hands if once they got to close quarters. In rear of the advance came a strong body of pioneers, then the remainder of the column ; and the hospital mules, that quiet, unostentatious, but most useful service, followed in the rear.

The road now ceased, and the regiments, unable to keep up their serried files, broke in disorder, as each company advanced as well as they could ; a hundred strong arms were ready to work forward a refractory

gun, as it stuck fast in the thick brushwood, the long branches of which had become entangled in its wheels, or to set on its legs again some lighter howitzer, as, meeting with one wheel some piece of obstinate rock, it all but tipped over; and so laughing, as French soldiers will laugh, at every misfortune, breaking out of the ranks to seize on some wild flower, and twine it in their hair, or pretending to take deliberate aim at some frightened hare as she scurried away to find more solitary shelter, Bourbaki's leading files moved on. In front all was quiet, and all remained so, until the advanced sections were halted on the comparatively level ridge directly in front of Icheriden. The distance between the 54th and the enemy's stockades could not have been more than fifteen hundred to two thousand yards, and the forms of the defenders of the barricades could be easily distinguished, as they rushed to and fro, making their last preparations for the carnival of slaughter.

Not a shot had been yet fired, and now, after the rear had closed up upon the leading regiments, all was silence, so deep that the pickaxes of the pioneers and engineers who had been dropped in rear of the column, and who were already busy at work making a road for the transport of the men's tents and provisions, could be distinctly heard. The guns were pushed hastily to the front, and in a few moments the song of the birds was hushed, and the air became darkened with smoke, as the scream of the red rockets, the loud thud of the

long guns, and the explosion of the shells, broke the silence of the mountains.

After a quarter of an hour's firing the guns ceased, so as to enable the thick cloud caused by the explosions to disperse, and the houses of Icheriden showed outward and unmistakeable signs of the accurate aim of the artillery. Still there was no sign of reply on the part of the enemy, and again the guns opened fire, but more slowly, one by one, on the devoted village, bringing down every now and then a wall or side of a house, amidst a cloud of dust and a volley of jokes from the troops. All this was very well, but not a Kabyle was to be seen, and the men became uneasy and restless. They had been all looking forward to a short but sharp fight, and then the Zouaves' Elysium—a plundered town; but here, apparently, there were only inert walls to batter down, and neither fighting nor plunder to be had. Their uneasiness soon communicated itself to their chiefs, grouped round the fine figure of the Marshal. The calm, quiet face of the chief of the staff looked uneasy; General Bourbaki entreated permission to lead his men at once to the attack. The Marshal wavered, but General MacMahon persisted in his course of shell and shot. The men had great confidence in MacMahon.

On ordinary occasions, of calm, quiet, gentlemanly exterior and deportment, in time of action he became an altered man. I remember paying him a visit for the first time two days before the attack on Icheriden,

and finding him lazily reclining on a pile of skins, apparently considering it too much trouble to speak or move, and seeming possessed of no ordinary fund of affectation. Such is his everyday appearance; but once the foot in the stirrup, once the enemy before him, General MacMahon knows no fatigue, seeks no rest; and as he stood behind the guns, his eagle eye embracing the whole scene, he seemed the very type of the cautious yet dashing soldier. Had he been alone he would have continued the fire; and as it was, I marked a heavy frown darken his bold, clear brow, as he received directions from the Marshal commanding to cease the firing, and to carry the village by assault. Had the General been left to himself, I repeat that I do not believe this would have been done, but he had received his orders, and nothing remained for him but to obey.

The Kabyle barricades remained black and silent as ever, not a bournous was to be seen, as the 54th and the Zouaves received the orders to carry the position at the point of the bayonet. Before them lay a ridge covered with brushwood, affording capital shelter, but at about sixty or seventy paces from the stockades, the brush had been cleared away, and now the occasional gleam of a bayonet, the report of a musket or two fired against the stockade, the loud ringing of the trumpets, as they gave forth in inspiring tones the *pas de charge*, and the wild shouting of the men, as they pushed their

way forward, was all that told of the progress of the attack.

Still the same heavy, stern silence hung over the hostile village. Was it indeed deserted, or was it the silence of despair? Whichever it was would soon be known, for now the bugle-notes became shriller and more exciting, the shots quicker and more steady, as, emerging from the bush, the attacking column rushed forward to the attack. Sixty paces of green sward were before them, but instantly, and as if by magic, a thousand reports broke the silence of the dark stockades, a wild yell rose from their defenders, as the hail of lead fell on the advancing regiments, and a long line of dead marked the advance. The Kabyles leaning their pieces over the joints of the trees, where they were fitted into each other, and through crevices and loopholes, offered little or no mark themselves to the shot, while not a ball of theirs but found its destination.

But the Zouaves and the 54th were not to be daunted thus, and leaving behind them the ground dotted with their dead and dying comrades, on they rushed, a wild cheer rising from their ranks, and a volley of balls pattering their reply to the murderous fire they had received.

Again the line of fire burst from the dark stockade, and the advancing column withered away. The ground was strewn with fallen forms, and the fire of the stockade fell fast and sure. The men gave way, seek-

ing the shelter of the bushes ; their officers dashing to the front, vainly attempted to lead them on. It was useless, even the sturdy Zouaves refused to cross that deadly slope, for to do so was sure death. They replied from the bushes to the Kabyle fire, and soon a regular fusillade was established from right to left ; but all this was to the advantage of the Kabyles, for the greater part of the French balls were lost against the stockades ; while so accurate was the defenders' fire, that not a man could show himself, but down he went.

On the green slope, across which the balls hurried fast and quick on their mission of death, lay whole ranks of the French uniforms. There was the Zouave, his musket broken in his fall, his turban rolled away from his head, as he lay on his face just as he had fallen. Then, not far from him lay his comrade, writhing in the agonies of a wound, from a ball which had struck him obliquely on the bridge of the nose, and caused the most intense agony, as he rolled over and over blinded with his own blood, until with a wild yell he sprang on his feet, threw up his arms to heaven, and dropped heavily forward, stone dead ; for seeing him move, a second ball from the nearest stockade had mercifully abridged his agony.

Sometimes a form which had been lying still enough, would give a wild start or piercing shriek, as, betrayed by some slight movement, a ball from the watchful Kabyles found the wounded man's vitals ; and sometimes, after having remained still, simulating

death for a long time, a wounded man would, in dogged obstinacy, careless of the consequences, raise himself on his elbow, and shake his fist at the hostile entrenchments, only to fall back dead from the unerring fire, the half-finished execration on his dying lips.

The fire from stockade and bush raged fast and furious, well kept up on the side of the French, more deadly on that of the Kabyles, and still the men would not advance over the uncovered space, for it was certain death. Two thousand Kabyle marksmen lined the loopholes of their entrenched villages; not above half that number could pass along the narrow and unprotected ridge; they must be shot down to a man if they attempted it. The frown on MacMahon's face became heavier. Did he regret the cessation of the fire? perhaps so, for now the balls began to whiz and sing round the heads of the Generals and their staff. A horse is shot, and the General Officer riding it gets a heavy fall. General MacMahon is wounded, but not severely; the men of the Beni Raten, who have become confident of an easy victory, and assured of plunder, begin to look at each other knowingly. A check in the Marshal's career appears inevitable. He must recall his advance, and again shell the stockades. It is a hard alternative, but it must be accepted. At this moment a sudden panic seemed to have seized the brave defenders of the stockades. Seeing the dilemma, the officer commanding the Foreign Legion on the far left had led his men through deep cuts and ravines,

turned the position, and gained the third face of the hill, accessible, but defended at every turn and twist by well-concealed ambushments, trees felled over the only pathway, and each and all lined with the marksmen of the Menguillet. Silent as the grave these steady mercenaries fought their way on step by step; not a cheer, not a shout marking their progress, their dead fell fast; but obstacle after obstacle was swept away, and eventually, to the surprise of the brave defenders of the stockades, the Chakos of the Legion were seen in their rear. Silently they had fought their way; but now with a wild and savage scream of fury, the Zouaves and 54th dashed from their shelter, losing only a few men as they crossed the open, and while the Kabyles wavered for a moment, the two regiments united their ranks, and the whole surged like the ocean wave over stockade and ditch.

Fast and furious became the flight of the Kabyles, for all was now havoc and confusion. The men of the Legion, mixed up with the Zouaves and 54th, dashed after the fugitives, entering the village with them, and bayoneted right and left with savage shouts. Down the steep sides of the hills, away over the ridges to the right and left, the waving bournous might be seen in full flight, and now MacMahon's guns opening on the fugitives added to their alarm and terror, while the whiz and scream of a rocket thrown after them completed their dismay. The fight in the village street was short but bloody, for the musket-butts

were no match for the bright steel bayonet; the pursuit was short, but animated, for the activity and cat-like agility of the Zouaves made up for the more accurate knowledge the Kabyles possessed of the country.

But now the reserve moved up, the village was occupied, the mules did their work, and the surgeons moved busily about doing what human skill could effect to succour the wounded. The bugles sounded the recall, and obedient to the order the men fell back on Icheriden, the Kabyles, according to custom, following them and firing into them at every opportunity.

The different guards were detailed and posted; the necessary provisions were sent up from the rear, and the hardly-contested village of Icheriden became French property. The Kabyles had received a most signal defeat; full time had been allowed them to fortify themselves behind their strongly-entrenched position. More than two thousand of the bravest men of the contingent tribes lined the defences; the position was a strong one, but it had been carried by the stern, cool, determined courage of the Foreign Legion. The portal of the path leading into the heart of the rocky Djurjura had been literally won by their bayonets, for the 2d Foreign Regiment hardly fired a shot in reply to the deadly fire they endured. The bayonet did all the work; and that night, as the different regiments fought the fight over again in the huts of Icheriden, many a devil-may-care Zouave grasped his

foreign brother by the hand, and thanked him for the devotion he had that day shown, and all acknowledged that by the Foreign Legion Icheriden was won. And so, interrupted only by a rattling volley, or a few isolated shots from time to time, as the Kabyle prowlers fired into the picquets and more exposed guards, silence and night sank over the conquered village.

Three hundred and eighty men, dead or disabled, on the part of the attacking column, showed the stern resistance it had met with; and though from the Kabyle habit of carrying away their dead, their loss could not be known—only fifty or sixty bodies being left behind in the last hurried flight—yet a great number must have fallen on their side. On the face of the Kabyle dead, as they lay on the ground they had so well defended, the stern determination they had felt in life still lingered. None could gaze on them without feeling that those men had died for their country, and theirs was an heroic death.

Towards evening I wandered out on to the battle-field. The dead had been mostly removed, but dark, heavy-trampled patches of blood showed where many a brave spirit had passed away. On the far left, lay three forms still in death which had been neglected or passed over by the buriers of the slain, and I walked up to them. Two of them were young men, and had died fighting hand to hand, perishing by the bayonet thrust of the 2d regiment of the Foreign Legion. They lay on their backs, the silver starlight lighting up features

still marked by the ferocity of the struggle. Thrown carelessly over them, and still grasping his broken fire-lock, lay the form of another. He lay on his face, his arms thrown forward as he fell. I turned him on his back. His long silver-grey beard and moustache; his bronzed, copper-coloured face, seamed and streaked with blood and dirt, showed a great age. He was, doubtless, the father of one, if not of both of the dead forms that lay below him; for, as I subsequently learned, after the carrying of the village, and when the victorious French were dashing after the fugitive defenders of the stockades, and following them among the trees of the village, this old man had been seen standing over the two corpses which, doubtless, his old and withered hands had dragged to the spot. Twice he had fired on the French as they rushed past him, but not one effort did he make to fly. Under the shade of the spreading fig-tree lay the corpses of those he loved, while hot and furious in pursuit rushed the "Roumi dogs," who had deprived him of his boys. Again he raised his piece, but as his eye glanced along the sight, a conical ball from a Minié rifle passed through his brain. Wildly throwing up his arms he fell forward stone dead over the bodies of his sons—his musket, broken in the fall, still grasped in his hand.

He now lies under the shade of that very tree which waved over him when he stood erect over his lost sons, dealing the death-shot of revenge around him; nor do I fancy he will sleep the sleep of the brave dead less

soundly because his bed was hollowed for him by Christian hands. We lowered the three carefully into their hastily dug grave, side by side, wrapped in their blood-stained bournous. We placed the broken musket by the old warrior's side ; and the stars shone bright and cold over the old Kabyle's grave.

THE RAZZIA.

"COME, Noutin," exclaimed an officer of the 54th, as some half-dozen of us were squatted Arab-fashion on the floor of one of the Kabyle huts that night; "come, you cavalry fellows have not done much in this campaign, and yet I have often heard tell of your success in many a midnight razzia; open your mouth and help to while away the time by fighting some of your old battles over again."

The night was creeping on, and after a rather scanty dinner, we were seated round a wretched fire, far too over-excited by the day's work to dream of sleep. Every topic had been exhausted, the wine was getting low in the big bottle, and we were tired of smoking bad cigars and listening to the distant shots, as the Kabyles, according to their invariable custom, harassed our outposts without doing any material damage. The officer who was thus called on to afford us amusement and information, was one who, being sent up from the plain on some mission by the officer commanding the

Cavalry Brigade, had, after executing his orders, remained with us, and shared our meagre dinner. He belonged to that splendid cavalry force the Chasseurs d'Afrique, and the greater part of his life had been spent on outpost and frontier duty. A stern, determined, soldier-like-looking man, he had seen much service, but was little apt to talk of it; and it was only on my pressing him that he could be induced to tell of his own exploits. I was anxious to know what the word *razzia*, which was one in every one's mouth, really meant in Africa; and if the reader has had enough, as I certainly had of fighting and bloodshed, perhaps he will not mind passing away the hour that may hang heavy on his hands—as mine did in the Kabyle hut of Icheriden—by learning what a *razzia* means in African frontier life.

“In an enemy's country,” began the Lieutenant of Chasseurs, “or situated as I was during several years of my life, one must have at one's command men who will willingly and unhesitatingly risk life in your service; and the Arab will not do this unless he is sure, not only of pay, but of plunder from time to time.

“I was always surrounded by a number of spies, whom I paid well whenever they brought me any information; and by that means I was often able to lay my hands on a quantity of the enemy's property, and thus make raids and forays worthy of a knight of olden time. Before the commencement of the present expedition, the Kabyles were tabooed on our market-places,

while they risked everything on their side to evade a law which was rapidly ruining them.

“Commanding, as I then did, a frontier and exposed post, it became my duty to prevent this, and to do so I resorted to all kinds of tricks and stratagems. It was trick against trick, and even with the help of my well-paid spies I was not always successful, as you shall learn.

“On receiving information, through the medium of my spies or paid agents, I got together a little troop of fifteen to twenty native horsemen—seldom more than the latter number—and, starting long after dark, I posted my men by twos and threes so as to command the different known by-paths leading down the mountain-sides. The principal open roads I left unnoticed, for I knew no one would take them. Had I attempted to take the caravan on the plain, it would have been difficult for me to have proved that they were Kabyles, and besides they would have broken and fled separate ways; but as they emerged from the fig and olive-groves of their native mountains they fell quietly into my net, which I drew together to catch them.

“I could never be sure which of the numerous mountain-paths they would follow, though I knew from which village the little caravan of merchandise, consisting of some eight to twelve men, would start; so I posted my men by twos and threes, as I have before said, on the mountain-side in the deep shade. The ambush who first discovered the descending party, which marched

generally slowly and with the greatest precaution, had orders to let them pass undisturbed, and then quietly and noiselessly to slip through the bushes and warn the rest. Our horses were quickly gained, and as they issued from the wood, men and goods fell into our hands, so completely astonished and taken by surprise as to show no resistance.

“The captured goods I divided among my men, taking care that the agent who had given me such accurate information had his full share; and thus my native horsemen, not knowing how I obtained my knowledge, looked up to me, and liked nothing better than these midnight raids.

“It was an exciting life, for I lived in the midst of a web of treachery and intrigue, supported by all the cunning an Arab so prominently possesses. Every man’s hand was against me, and I had only myself to rely on, for though the different fractions up to the foot of the hills had nominally submitted, yet I was perfectly aware that many of them kept up a secret communication with the enemy.

“You say we of the Cavalry Brigade had little to do with the present campaign. Your pardon, gentlemen, for though we did not, like the Zouaves, pepper the wood stockades with our bullets at Icheriden, or like those silent devils of the 2d stranger legion walk up the side of the mountain regardless of the Kabyle balls, and then jump among the astounded enemy without uttering a word, but laying about them with their

bayonets, yet the hardly less harassing though less glorious duty of securing your rear and scouring the plains of the Sebaou of the enemy, has fallen to our lot ; and it was from me, and such as occupied frontier posts as I did, that the information which enabled the present plan of campaign to be laid, was received.

“ Well, enough of that ; and after all you Zouaves have not so much to boast of before Icheriden. You have asked me for a description of a razzia. Here it is. One day, a few months since, I heard that a great Marabout of the Zaouia of Sidi Abd el Rhaman was holding close relations with the enemy, although pretending at the time to be friendly to our interest. The tribe were rich in flocks and herds, which were feeding in an apparently unprotected state on the plains at a little distance from their huts. I say apparently, for in reality the cunning old fox was wide-awake, and knowing that an outbreak was imminent, lived in daily fear and trepidation lest his treachery should be discovered and punished. He was consequently ready to sweep away his property and that of his tribe, and to declare himself openly against us at the very shortest notice. Trick for trick was therefore fair, and I coveted the goodly sheep, goats, and oxen, that were feeding on the plain ; besides, though I had gained some reputation for cunning and astuteness, the old Marabout enjoyed the same name in a yet higher degree, and it was necessary to make an example of him, if possible, as a warning to secure the wavering fractions around me.

Calling together my native troopers I found great fault with the state of their horses, which I asserted were getting fat and lazy, and I directed them to make daily excursions of a given length in the environs of the camp. Whenever I rode in the direction of the flocks in question great alarm prevailed. I saw the old Marabout mistrusted me greatly, and was taking every precaution. The huts were at first always full of men as I rode past, but gradually this mistrust calmed down.

“One fine morning, then, I started as usual with my troop of twenty-five men, whose horses were in top condition, and who were themselves well armed for the usual route march. Not one of my fellows knew what I was after; and as we rode past the coveted flocks all was quiet. I knew, however, we should be watched, and so quietly rode on for about a couple of hours more. Then unbitting the horses and picqueting them under the shade, I called my men together, and to their great delight explained my plans to them. Towards sunset, when I knew that the herdsmen would be collecting their scattered flocks on the common centre previous to driving them into the village, which the cunning old Marabout did nightly, I fell in my men, and at an easy trot rode towards the spot. Not the slightest notice was taken of me, and the trot subsided into a lazy walk as we neared the herds obliquely. No fear was shown, for the shepherds had seen us pass as usual that morning; and when within about fifty paces I

gave the appointed signal, and as my men charged down on the astounded shepherds, the cocked pistol in hand, they could offer no resistance. My men so terrified them, and they found themselves so awkwardly placed, that they were actually forced to drive the whole of their charge into my lines. Not one was lost, and they were safely stowed away under the guns of Dra El Mizan before the deceived and disgusted Marabout knew of the loss. He was deservedly punished; and having been so completely outwitted, he became, besides, the laughing-stock of his neighbours. I could tell you many a tale of frontier life, but even the conquerors of Icheriden must sleep, so I will confine myself to one, when, in lieu of booty, I came by little save hard knocks, merely observing that in conducting any affair with a native force great prudence and cunning are necessary in planning the razzia, and determination and dash requisite in carrying out its details.

“In the year 1852, a chief, held in great veneration throughout all Kabylia, made his submission to us. His name was Sidi El Djoudi, and he was at once named Bach Aga of all the fractions, who though they had not actually submitted to French domination, yet had consented to pay a contribution to our Government, amounting to no less a sum than five hundred thousand francs, which contribution was given to Sidi Djoudi as his pay, to enable him worthily to keep up his dignity as Bach Aga. The men of the fractions paying contribution acquired by the fact of

their doing so a perfect immunity from my border raids, and could thus frequent our markets and buy and sell at their leisure ; but they were expected to hold a kind of passport showing that they belonged to the confederation in question, and this certificate was to be signed by the Bach Aga, and countersigned by the head of the Bureau Arabe. Well Sidi did not give these permits gratis, but was usually paid from ten to fifteen francs for each, so that from the five to six thousand people who left their hills each year to trade in our plains, he received a revenue, what by the price of passports and the fines he ruthlessly inflicted, amounting, as near as I can guess, to eighty or a hundred thousand francs. I enter into these details merely to show that by this man's cupidity and oppression the insurrection and loss of life I am about to relate originated.

“ Besides administering to the fractions of the Zaouias, Sidi also had that of the Ouadhias, an important fraction situated about six hours' journey south of the Fort Napoleon, and seven east of that of Dra El Mizan ; and he had built himself, not far from this latter place, a very pretty house in a beautiful sequestered nook. Things jogged on in this way, and Sidi became gradually richer and more exacting, when, all at once, the fraction of the Ouadhia, from smothered grumblings, broke into two divisions, one the weaker party embracing Sidi's cause, the other being in open revolt against his authority. When he found he could

not quiet this revolt he wrote to the officer commanding Dra El Mizan, begging him to come with his troops and the men of the tribes faithful to him to put down the revolt. The morning of the 19th August found us encamped with the Goum, or native troops, not two leagues from the Ouadhia, and the next day at daylight we marched into their territory. Then we learned that a large village, Ighil Igoulmiren, had been seized and fortified by the insurgents.

“A council of war was held, and it was decided on attacking the rebel village the moment the contingent sent for by Sidi Djoudi from the Zaouias arrived. That evening several of the fractions sent in their men, and following out the orders they had received they retook the village at once, and without any difficulty, the rebels not showing fight, but in revenge, following the same plan as ourselves, they called out all the men that they could rally round their cause.

“The following day, the 21st, our chief came to an understanding with Si Hamed, son of Sidi El Djoudi, and with the other chiefs, to attack Taourirt, the spot where the rebels held their head-quarters; and that very morning the firing woke the echoes of the old hills. We with our Goum had taken up a position in the valley, in order to cut off the retreat of the beaten foe, and found the spot where we lay in waiting, we could hear the firing, but could not see anything. We waited impatiently for the moment when we could take a part in the affair, but we waited in vain. An hour

passed away, and we waited still. Now, the fire above us seemed to be slackening ; another half-hour and we heard only a solitary report at long intervals. What could be the meaning of it ? Were our enemies beaten, and had they fled by some other path ?

“This state of suspense could not last ; it was unendurable, and at last, leaving the greater part of our Goum behind us, we started out to reconnoitre at the head of a dozen picked horsemen. At our approach the firing was renewed, but without vigour, and the cause of all this became at once apparent. The partisans of Sidi had expected fighting, but they only looked to find opposed to them the adverse fraction of their own people, whereas there were new forces pouring over the ridges in every direction to attack them. The Beni Baten, the Beni Yenni, the Beni Menguillet, had all sent their forces against us, and just as we topped the ridge we saw another strong part of the Fraoucen join the rebels.

“It was impossible to communicate with the leaders of our own fractions, so there was nothing for it but to rejoin our men and wait, which we accordingly did. There existed in the time I am telling of a Marabout, named El Hadj Omar, who was once an oukil, charged with the administration of one of the principal religious houses of the Kabyle Djurjura. This man, in consequence of several accusations of malversation in office, had been forced to run away and remain in hiding. Wandering about the country he never ceased

to preach a holy war against the French in Kabylia, and he was not a little successful in carrying the fiery cross far and wide.

“The consequences of his harangues were before us, for it was Omar who was the leader of this rebellion. His name as a Marabout had done much for him, but his naturally sharp, clever disposition did more, and his intense hatred of the French pointed him out as a proper chief of revolt. The two parties remained opposed to each other, neither daring to make the first move, and Omar profiting by this position sent numerous envoys among our fractions. ‘Why,’ said he, ‘do you fight against us, or rather why do you fight one against another? Do you not perceive that the French who command the Goums, and the fractions who have basely submitted to them, combined with the family of Sidi El Djoudi, whom in return they allow to gorge himself with your spoils, push you to destroy one another, and laugh to see you daily diminishing your own strength? Unite yourselves with us, fight against our common enemy, for the cause you are now espousing is a bad one, and whichever party wins, the common cause of our country must suffer by the insanity of her sons who slaughter each other to aid false Roumi policy.’

“Such a discourse, at such a moment, was decisive. The rebels, greatly excited, demanded Hadj Omar to lead them against Sidi El Djoudi’s house, which they would burn to the ground; and the remainder of our

friendly fractions promised, unknown to us, to behave as neutrals.

“The plan of attack was known to us, but not the defection of our allies; and our chief, causing the fractions to retreat, arrayed them in and about the threatened house, our Goum consisting of Irregular Horse two hundred and fifty strong, having taken position on the right ready to charge; and as Arabs on the plain when dismounted rarely, if ever, resist the shock of cavalry, our victory was pretty secure should they come down from their mountains. We counted on a force of one thousand five hundred men, but from the effect of Hadj Omar’s discourse, only about two hundred actually remained faithful to us.

“Sidi El Djoudi had started off to recruit followers among his Zouaves, and his son Hamed was left in charge of his house, which was fortified. The 23d passed quietly over, and the 24th also, and it was only on the morning of the 25th that we were alarmed by a far-off noise and shouting. The noise and the music came nearer and nearer, and soon groups of armed men debouched from the bushes. These groups grew larger and more formidable every moment. It was a curious sight, as this mass of bournous formed in front of the fortified house, and Hadj Omar, surrounded by a staff of village chiefs, drew from out the mass of warriors, and by his gesticulations evidently gave them his last directions. Like officers called to the front to receive orders, they returned afterwards to their men, and hid

from observation by an undulation of the ground, we could see a body of about a thousand strong drawn up, which constituted the attacking force. In rear of these came a second body of about the same number, and then, at a little distance in their rear, followed the musicians, playing as they advanced, and the men shouting, or rather chanting loudly, the usual battle-cry, '*La Allah il Allah—Mahomed Ressoul Allah.*'

"The cadence rose and fell as the troop rushed on, and I have said that the house was strongly fortified, so that, as it was pretty sure to resist the shock of the assault, and we with our Goum were ready to fall upon the broken column of assailants, our success was so sure that we looked with amusement on the scene. Soon the head of the Kabyle column, which had been moving through a field of standing corn, trampling it down right and left, was perceived from the house, a spattering volley fell among them, and with a loud shout to Allah the leading column dashed on.

"They had not reached the house when the flames inside told us, to our horror and surprise, that all was lost, and our first idea was, that Si Hamed had himself purposely fired it. The attacking column had never arrived near enough to do the mischief, their loud shout of '*La Allah il Allah*' still floated over the waving corn, as the first spirts of flame and smoke sprang from the captured house. The uncertainty was too great to bear, and unmasking our force from the hollow which had hitherto concealed us, we charged down upon the

exulting foe. Judge of our surprise, when, on arriving at the fortified house, we found that the whole of its defenders had abandoned us, that out of the whole of our contingent force, not more than fifteen or twenty men remained faithful. Hadj Omar's pernicious doctrine had done more than his arms could have done, and the defenders of the post had themselves fired it, and thrown open the gates to the enemy.

"Besides the fifteen or twenty men who remained faithful had joined us, there was a body of about sixty of Si Hamed's horsemen, who, at the moment we charged, were engaged in close combat with the enemy's cavalry. Our people had the worst of it. Two of their leaders had been cut down, and when they rallied to our standard they were in a pitiable condition. All that I have here taken so long to describe was the affair of a few moments, and now, seeing our weakness, the masses of our enemies tore down on us. Again the Allah war-cry sounded on the air, and the balls came fast and thick among our ranks.

"My commanding officer went down severely wounded, and was conveyed to the rear, leaving me in command with orders to retreat. There was nothing else for it, for treason had done its work, and we were only a handful; besides half of our cavalry force had followed our wounded chief, and our dead and disabled still lay on the plain. I could not leave them in the hands of the relentless Kabyles, so rallying my men

around me, I charged twice down on the enemies' masses.

" Their cavalry was too weak to meet us, their infantry, as I have already said, ignorant of the mode of receiving cavalry, feared us, and I was able, by this diversion, to convey to the rear two dead and five wounded men, retiring slowly and in good order, without being pursued.

" On reaching our own frontier, I faced about and took up my position, and there I remained quite unmolested, until the 27th, hearing, by means of my spies, that Hadj Omar had by his success rallied round him the whole country, and was become a most formidable leader. On that date, in obedience to orders, I started for head-quarters (Dra El Mizan), and received command of a force of two hundred well-armed native horsemen, in addition to my former strength. I pitched my camp on a height, and left it well guarded, starting myself with a large case of cartridges, which I had orders to distribute among the friendly tribe of the Beni Bou Heddou.

" I had marched about a couple of miles, when one of my most faithful spies came in with information that Hadj Omar had attempted to force the pass of Ighilmoula, but had been received by a heavy fire, and had turned aside towards the tribe of the Beni Bou Heddou. I at once urged my men onward, for though careful to avoid deception, I thought the man was one on whom I could rely, so, dispersing my horse in

skirmishing order, I pushed on. Soon I saw the men of the Beni Bou Heddou coming towards me ; and not for a moment mistrusting them, I allowed them to approach, and was in the very act of announcing to them that I had brought them powder to fight with, when I received a rolling fire at point-blank range, which emptied many a saddle. It was seven o'clock in the morning, and at the same moment I saw the men of the Ighilmoula tribe debouch from the woods on my right, and directly in my front the whole force of Hadj Omar advanced against me. I had been completely deceived. I was in a terrible mess, for the ground was totally unfavourable for cavalry ; bush and thick underwood lay before and around me, and forests of fig and olive-trees in my rear. The ground was broken into dells and hollows, and long rank grass grew everywhere. I at once despatched a trooper at headlong speed to give orders to strike our tents and retreat with our baggage. This done, I turned to meet the difficulties of my position, and my retreat began.

“ After a time I was forced to halt, which I did on the first open space I reached, so as to give time to my skirmishers to fall back on their supports, and at that very moment the Kabyle horse passed me, overlapped my flanks, and closed round my rear. I seemed lost, for the enemy sent strong detachments to reinforce the body which cut off my retreat, while the heavy masses of Hadj Omar's troops pressed me in my front. I had nothing for it but to charge, and

cut my way through ; so, though I felt the effort to be useless, yet determining to sell my life as dearly as possible, I spoke a few encouraging words to my men, and in a few seconds the sabre was silently doing its work. One of my troopers had the good luck to cut down the chief, who was leading the force opposed to us ; and in a moment, without attempting to avenge his death, they gathered round his prostrate form, leaving us a free passage.

“ Most unexpectedly I was saved ; and, gathering together my men, we dashed on to our rear. There lay the huts of a friendly tribe ; and believing I could count on the Mechtras, I rode easily forward. Many of my troopers belonged to this very tribe, and I was not at three minutes’ distance from their huts, when, suddenly, the women of the tribe issued from them, wildly screaming the *you ! you ! you !* the war-cry of their sex when encouraging the males to the combat. Drawing bridle, I spoke to the chiefs, and I thought I had succeeded, when shot after shot was fired, and soon a general discharge greeted our arrival ; but, strange to say, these men, who might have annihilated my force to a man, had they chosen to attack me in the narrow covered way down which I had come, had let us pass on and gain the plain before they opened their fire. So much had I trusted the chief of this tribe, that I had left an Arab colt in his hands of which I was very fond. So much did I love ‘ Mezili,’ so this colt was named, that I could not

make up my mind to leave him behind, so putting spurs to my already-tired horse, I dashed towards the huts of the tribe, followed by my men. The hut, where Mezili was kept, was known to me, and soon reached; one kick of the door, and it flew open. The horse knew me well, and was accustomed to my voice and feeding.

“Placing him, unbridled and free, in our centre, we bore down on the men of the traitor tribe. A volley met us; but we dashed among them, and man after man went down before us. Frightened by the firing, Mezili broke loose; and despite the condition we were in, I could not help laughing, as I saw him leading the charge, and lashing out furiously with his hind-feet; and, despite powder and ball, break through the ranks of his former protectors, and scatter them right and left.”

Just as the Lieutenant arrived at this point of his story, three reports made themselves heard close to us; and the imprudence of sitting with an open door and lighted candles in an enemy's country, was shown us by the candle, which stood on the table, suddenly toppling over, broken in two by a Kabyle ball. “Confound the fellows!” was the remark made by the officer, as he tried to set the broken candle on its legs again and light it, “the clumsy fellows don't even know how to snuff a candle. An inch higher, and they would have done us a service, instead of spoiling half our only light!”

"Well!" retorted a Captain of Zouaves, "you are not like General Espinasse any way." We all inquired what the General had in common with our present situation, and soon learned.

"I was orderly officer one day," said the Zouave, "when our tents, pitched on the plain, were surrounded with Arab sharpshooters, bent on annoying us, just as these mad devils of the Beni Menguillet are now. Our guards and picquets were posted, and on the alert: but still a solitary Arab, favoured by the deep darkness, would manage to pass a sentry, and get into the camp now and then. I was sent with a verbal order to General Espinasse, commanding then a brigade, and, fearful of forgetting any of the details, I requested it in writing. My demand was complied with; and, tumbling over tent-ropes, and breaking my shins among their pegs, I groped my way onward. A light stood on the General's table as I entered; and saluting, I placed in his hand the written document. Drawing the candle towards him, he began reading; and as the writing was small and in pencil, he had his head rather close to the light, when crack when the report of a musket, and over went the General's candle. The ball must have passed within a quarter of an inch of his nose. I was just on the point of calling for a fresh light, when the General stopped me. 'Stay,' he said, 'do you know what is contained in this paper?' 'Oui, mon Général,' I replied. 'Then leave the candle as it is, and repeat it to me.' I com-

plied; but the tale became known, and General Espinasse suffered in the opinion of his men for his prudence. Perhaps any other army would have applauded it; but with Frenchmen it is different. The act of prudence did him harm."

"Well!" I replied, "since I am not a Frenchman, permit me to be prudent enough to shut the door, or we may have a repetition of the candle-snuffing, which may not end so pleasantly." So calling on the Lieutenant to finish his tale, I closed the open door, and fresh cigars being lighted, we prepared to listen, by stretching ourselves on the floor of the mud-hovel in the most comfortable positions we could.

THE LIEUTENANT'S TALE, CONTINUED.

"I KNEW very well," resumed the Lieutenant of Chasseurs, "to whom I owed the master-piece of treachery which had let me into the ambush I had so narrowly escaped. I was paying for the captured flocks and herds, and it was to Sidi Abd El Rhaman that I owed the debt of gratitude ; for it was he who had bribed my own agent to give me false information. With some difficulty I managed to capture Mezili, who, proud of his liberty, was tearing over the plain, and I sent him to the rear in safety. Hardly had I done so, when the enemy was upon me, and again the Allah war-cry rang around, as, endeavouring to turn my flank, the rebels charged.

"Three separate times I repulsed them, but my powder was getting low. Not far from me lay a large oil-mill, to which the Kabyles had been in the habit

of taking their olives to be crushed. The proprietor, a Monsieur Moline, was well known among the Kabyles; and it became evident to me that the efforts to get into my rear were made with the intention of destroying the mill in question. By the trooper, who took Mezili to Dra El Mizan, I had sent an urgent demand for powder; but none arrived; and the proprietor of the mill, though aware of hostilities going on in his front, did not know what a predicament I was in.

“Lower and lower grew the stock of powder; but as long as it lasted, I held the plain, and the mill was safe. Anxiously I looked for a renewal of my stock, as the enemy’s masses in my front became denser and denser, charging sometimes to my right, sometimes to my left. As I noticed their endeavour to creep in my rear, and attack the mill, I still managed to hold on, though gradually losing ground, until at length the proprietor of the mill was warned of his imminent danger by seeing at least three thousand Kabyles pouring down towards him.

“All the tribes had joined the rebels, and the whole of the valley was in open insurrection. Not a fraction, not a village, remained faithful to us. All I could now do was to retreat, step by step, fighting every foot of ground so as to hinder the enemy from arriving at Dra El Mizan that day at least. I had not more than two hundred horsemen, and those pretty well worn with fatigue, when I reached the mills, and the proprietor

throwing open his court-yard, we drew up in it, to rest ourselves and horses.

“ I had plenty of arms, and amongst the rest eight rifles, but I had no powder, and so I was forced to refuse the proprietor's proposition to hold out in the mill itself, using it as an entrenched outwork against the ill-organised and raging masses which now surrounded it. I had the satisfaction of hindering the Kabyles from entering the place, as long as a cartouche was left me, and the windows and loopholes of the old mill blazed with fire, as the Allah war-cry pealed round its beleaguered walls ; but the enemy were furious, and though many fell, yet, knowing our small numbers, they were determined on our ruin.

“ At last my men became helpless, not a charge of powder being left them ; and then, throwing open the great gates of the court-yard immediately after having fired our last volley, we dashed out. Little opposition was made to our sortie, and, gaining a rise at a short distance, I wheeled my troop, and watched the result.

“ The mill was crowded with the swarthy forms and the waving bournous of the savage enemy ; and I saw them actually fighting like wild beasts for the few articles of value which remained there. Then, when the place was thoroughly gutted, they tried to fire it. Built as it was of stone they found this difficult, and just at this moment the trooper I had sent returned bringing the welcome news that my little colt was safe in the fort ; and also, what was still more welcome, a good

supply of powder. Retiring into a hollow I distributed it, and then sending forward in skirmishing order a body of some thirty men, I commenced a file-firing into the enemy. Under cover of this fire I crept round and charged the Kabyle masses, a good number, and regained possession of the blackened walls of the gutted mills. These I held for the remainder of the day. Not that I feared that the insurgent masses could enter the fort, but because I knew that at all events they would destroy the prosperous village of Dra El Mizan, if the inhabitants did not join their cause; in which latter case we should be shut in our hill-fort.

“At six o'clock the commanding officer sent for me, and the enemy having disappeared, and returned, according to their custom, to their villages, I brought on my men and made my report at Dra El Mizan.

“Two or three words, *en passant*, of the nature of these frontier commands. In the first place, these Arabs who formed our Goums were very different from the Arab of the Desert. Placed between the Kabyle frontier and that of French civilization, they become a kind of mongrel race. He who wishes to make anything of them in the day of battle must be actually with them, never leave them, have his eyes everywhere, be the first in the charge, and in the midst of them during the *mélée*, the last in the retreat. Without this they will do nothing.

“Generally speaking, they are bad shots and indifferently mounted; but, when excited by revenge, they

will occasionally perform acts of daring courage. They are almost all married; and if once the recollection of their home come across them, they profit by the very first check to disperse. All this increased the difficulty of my situation.

“The insurrection, at first so small, gained daily in magnitude. The 30th and 31st August passed over quietly, but on the 1st September the Beni Ismail and all the surrounding tribes, up to the very territory of Dra El Mizan, declared for the insurgents. One of these villages furnished my Goum a contingent of forty men, who, taking with them all the cartouches they could get, silently went over to the enemy, and subsequently fired into us with our own powder. During the three days I have named, I followed the enemy step by step in all their movements, keeping as near them as I could without risk. At night I took up four or five positions, running a chain of outposts in my front; and each time I changed ground, sending forward small parties commanded by the Caids of the fractions who yet remained true to us. We preserved the strictest silence during the night, and it was an anxious time for me.

“Meanwhile Marshal Randon, learning the disturbed state of the frontier, but not aware of the imminence of the danger, formed a column which left Algiers on the 30th August. This column had got half way, and was camped at Issers, when an order arrived for them to send forward in all haste a squa-

dron of Chasseurs, who duly arrived at Dra El Mizan on the 1st September. That night I went to meet them, fearing that they might fall into the snares laid for them, as great masses of the enemy were scattered about on their path. A battalion of infantry from Aumale had also arrived, and I received orders to rejoin my post, taking with me about two hundred horsemen, making in all about four hundred men under my command. Some of these men had only one, and none more than three, cartouches; and on applying for more, I was refused, under the pretext that the moment for using them was not come. I obeyed, and took up my position on a small hill to the south of Dra El Mizan, whence I could see the whole country lying at my feet; and there I dismounted my men.

“About six in the morning I saw all at once a large body of men before me. They had sprung apparently from the earth, having concealed themselves in the brushwood. There, in the middle of them, was the implacable Hadj Omar; and, as usual, the enemy formed into three compact masses. I had an opera-glass in my hand, and could perfectly distinguish Hadj Omar as he formed his men and gave his orders to his chiefs. Each of these close-packed columns consisted of not less than two thousand men; and when once formed, they halted on a broad plateau, while their leaders received their last orders.

“This kind of council lasted about a quarter of an hour, and then the chiefs rejoined their divisions, from

which at once rose the usual chant, or cry, the '*Allah il Allah!*' as the first column, at a run, charged directly upon me.

"I had kept my commanding officer aware of all this, and knowing that without powder I could not hold the hill against this avalanche of human beings, I received orders to allow them to approach within gunshot, then to turn sharply to the right, and thus unmask the troops he would send to my support. The enemy had arrived within shot, and seeing no one to support me, I opened fire on them with the few cartridges I had, but what could I do without powder? Every moment I expected to see my men run away, when all at once I perceived a squadron of the Chasseurs d'Afrique taking position near the little eminence. At once I faced to the right, and my men willingly obeyed, as moving on rapidly, I left the coveted road to Dra El Mizan uncovered, and, as the enemy thought, undefended.

"Their masses broke and scattered, as they dashed on towards the fort, and the loud exulting shout to Allah rose in the air, when, all at once, they found the bright sabres of the Chasseurs full in the midst of them as they topped the hillock; while a European regiment of Infantry was moving rapidly up.

"Dire was the confusion, and swift the flight, as, to increase their dismay, down I came upon them at the head of my Goum, and cut off their retreat. We made forty prisoners, and two hundred muskets were found

on the ground ; while so startled and alarmed were Hadj Omar's forces, that they never attempted to find out the numbers opposed to them, and for the time magnified the squadron of Chasseurs one hundred strong, and a regiment of infantry, tired and fatigued by a long march, into an army of revengeful French.

“ The next day they learned by their spies the smallness of the force which had defeated them so signally, and, excited by the exhortations of the ever-present Hadj Omar, they prepared to return to the attack, but their chance had fled for ever. The column from the Issers had come up, and leaving two battalions to garrison Dra El Mizan, marched on our post of Boughat, so that the Kabyles only scattered their forces on our advance, and experienced a complete check.

“ The whole coalition on this broke up, and each fraction repaired to its native place, leaving a certain number behind to spy out the movements of the enemy. From this day the history of the events that followed are known to you all. How the column under the Marshal's command scoured the country for a month, reducing tribe after tribe, until the whole confederation peopling the territory commanded by Dra El Mizan, returned to subjection, and accepted the conditions offered them, after seeing their lands and villages wasted by fire and sword, and after losing their best men by unavailing defence. The only tribe which escaped the horrors of war were the faithless Mechtras, and their goods were sequestered from them, the tribe

being tolerated only on sufferance, and becoming tenants instead of owners of the soil.

“As for the Oúadhias, from among whom sprang the first germs of the disturbance, they sought the shelter of their mountain fastnesses, and remained unsubdued.

“The Zouaouas did the same, and from that day ceased to descend towards the plains with merchandise, or if they did, became subject to my border raids, in which I never spared them in revenge for the annoyance they had caused me. As for Sidi El Djoudi, he returned quietly to his home, and began to rebuild it, and resume his functions in perfect security. On leaving Kabylia, the Marshal, in an order of the day, had declared his intention of subduing the mountain tribes the ensuing spring; and I firmly believe Sidi was already in league with Hadj Omar, as one fine night he ran off to the mountains, and joined the Hadj. And so, gentlemen, you see the Marshal has kept his word, for it was last autumn all this happened, and the spring, when the Marshal declared he would subdue all the independent Kabylia of the Djurjura, has arrived; and though you say, we Cavalry have had little to do with it, you must except me from the category, as I was, in a way one of the primary causes of the Zouaves breaking their heads against the stockade of Icheriden, and the Foreign Legion breaking those of the Kabyles inside it.”

“Singularly enough,” I replied, “I am enabled to

complete the history of the above-named Sidi El Djoudi, for he commanded his Zouaves on the day the Beni Ratén hills were stormed; and when the latter tribe submitted, your ally, Sidi, came to present his excuses to the Marshal in person, who, in lieu of pardoning, sent him then and there to Algiers, where he and his son Hamed are confined, their goods, property, and houses having been declared forfeited to the State."

"I know it," said the Lieutenant; "and when he was sent down from Souk El Arba, it was I who, being by chance on duty that day, received him, and forwarded him on to Tiziouzzou. Poor fellow! he seemed to know what a fool he had made of himself—but enough of him. I could tell you many a tale of Kabyle life; for I know their institutions and traditions well.

"Those traditions are numerous, and many of their songs, which sound to us so dreary and monotonous, are covered with a veil of mingled religion and romance, which are almost incomprehensible among a people of such rude and warlike constitution. I will wind up my yarn with an instance of both.

"I remember a poor mad creature coming in to my outposts shortly after the villages of her tribes had been burned by your Zouaves in the campaign of autumn last. She was not very old, and must in her youth have been very handsome. Her straight Roman nose and fair hair, with her dark eyes now

glancing with the fire of insanity, indicated that she had once been very handsome among the Kabyle women, and she was the widow of a chief. She would sit herself down on the ground, day after day, before my tent-door, swaying herself to and fro, as if in pain, her wild, black, restless-looking eyes glancing here and there, singing a long monotonous song, which she repeated over and over again. I used to send her a little rice and bread from time to time; and one day I had the song she so mercilessly sang written out in Arabic; and subsequently, when I had more leisure, I translated it into French. The old woman's history I never ascertained; but I know she had lost her children and husband in the late unhappy feud, and that was the burden of her lament. I have turned it into verse, for such it was as she sung it in her own language, and here it is. I have entitled it

THE MOTHER'S DREAM.

'Twas midnight, and a deep sleep came
Stealing o'er the wearied eye,
When low-toned murmurs breathed my name,
And spirit-forms came hovering nigh.

The moon's soft rays shone clear and bright,
The waving palm-leaves gleaming through,
They fell on forms of heavenly light,
As bright and brighter still they grew.

A childish form, surpassing fair,
Stood 'neath the pale moon's gentle light,
There with her raven locks of hair
My Leila's form burst on my sight.

About her, houri forms were gleaming
And floating round as light as air,
Now fully seen, now only seeming
Like bright motes in the moonlight there.

I knew I slept, my eyes were sealed,
And yet my spirit seemed all free,
When Leila's form appeared revealed
In angel brightness near to me.

I stretched my arms, I strove to clasp
That spirit to my yearning heart :
It slowly faded from my grasp,
Gently as though 'twere loth to part.

And hark ! melodious sounds arise,
Stealing amid the moonlight there,
The sweet-toned music of the skies
Comes floating o'er the midnight air.

The soft harmonious music creeping
In sweetest cadence seemed to fall,
While o'er the cool night-air came sweeping
My Leila's song, "The Spirit call."

"Sweet mother, come, oh ! come away
With me to my own happy star !
Haste ! fly with me, nor longer stay,
Its beams shine brightly from afar.

There, sweet flowers that bloom for ever,
There, palaces by Allah made—
Joys and pleasures that can never
Dimmer grow, or ever fade.

The almond and the spice groves there,
Waft their sweet fragrance o'er the sea,
While gladness fills the sunny air—
Then come, sweet mother, come with me ;

Our rivers run o'er beds of gold :
Pearls, and rare gems of brightest hue,
Their countless riches there unfold,
And I'll reveal them all to you.

Sweet birds in each unfading grove
An ever-changing music give,
Singing soft songs replete with love,
For there the birds on music live.

Nor ever tear, nor care, nor cloud,
Obscures our happy spirit-land ;
No evil dares our star to shroud,
Nor care assails its houri band.

O'er star its course does calmly run,
No earthly beam shines half so bright ;
We need no light, we want no sun,
Allah's our light, our star is love.

Then, mother, come ; oh ! come away
With me to yonder happy star ;
Haste ! fly with me, nor longer stay,
Its beams shine brightly though afar.

The path is hard, but do not fear
Its dangers, or its gloomy wave,
There's one will watch thee ever near,
And aid thee every ill to brave.

See I have passed it safe and free,
With Mahomed my soul reposes
In my bright star I wait for thee
To deck thee with unfading roses.

Then come, my mother ever dear !
Come with me to my happy star ;
The path is dark, but do not fear,
Allah will guard thee from afar."

I started with a bound to go,
To follow quick my Leila light,
But Allah had not willed it so,
She faded from my failing sight.

But still at midnight's silent hour
That houri form, so bright, so fair,
Bathed in the moonbeam's dancing shower,
With music fills the trembling air ;

And then the deep sweet music creeping
Melodious wraps me in its thrall,
While o'er the silent air comes sweeping
My Leila's voice, "The Spirit call :"—

"Sweet mother, come ; oh ! come away,
With me to my own happy star !
Haste ! fly with me, nor longer stay,
Its beams shine brightly from afar."

"What if there be a little too much of sensual pleasure in the poor mad Kabyle woman's heaven ; what if gold, pearls, and flowers, do fill a more conspicuous place in it than in ours ? still the ideas embodied are beautiful, and worthy of a higher state of civilisation.

"Poor old woman ! she used to weary me out with her long monotonous song, hour after hour ; but one day sent for by my commanding officer, I spent some time at Dra El Mizan. On my return the poor old mad woman was gone. They had neglected to give her the daily pittance, and she had wandered elsewhere. I found her body the next day, leaning against a tree, not a mile from my camp. There, under a huge date-

tree she had died, singing, doubtless, with her last breath her 'spirit call,' and whether Allah gave her back her senses reft from her by violence and bloodshed, or whether her spirit took its flight from under the lonely, sequestered date-tree, for her Leila's star, I know not. I had her buried where she lay.

"Now for the opposite traits of Kabyle character, fierceness, independence, and carelessness of life.

"Two shepherds of neighbouring tribes were feeding their flocks near each other. The sheep got mixed up together, and after being separated, each counted over his numbers. One pretended the other had taken a lamb too much, and he, in return, demanded that a sheep should be given back to him. From words they proceeded to blows; others of the tribes came up, who, instead of calming the dispute, augmented it. The two tribes turned out, and three men were killed, and four died of their wounds, before it was found out that both men had their proper tally of sheep.

"Again, at the market of Ouadhia, a Kabyle brought his wife's haik to be mended. The tradesman mended and returned it the next market-day, asking for four sous (twopence) the sum agreed on beforehand as the price of his work. The owner of the haik laughed at him, and said he should pay him just when he pleased.

"Soon the dispute came to an open fight between the two. Here, however, a deliberation ensued, which ended in the decision that the affair could only be settled by an appeal to arms; and as at that time,

before the French interfered with them, the Kabyles always attended the markets armed, each faction drew together its members then present. Five men were killed, and two died afterwards of their wounds, simply because of the mending of an old haik. And now, gentlemen, you have each side of Kabyle character, its partial want of faith, its proneness to revolt, the veil of romance and religion flung over the Kabyle hills, the distant and unknown origin of the tribes, and their cruelty, and the want of care for human life. You know, too, why this expedition was undertaken, which, I'll wager, none of you ever dreamed of before. And now good night, for I must be in the saddle before day-break." Rolling himself in his cloak the narrator was soon asleep, and we quickly followed his example. The long candle burned itself out, and so ended the 24th June.

THE BENI YENNI.

WHILE MacMahon's division reposed on its hard-won laurels at Icheriden, the Marshal was pushing hard the powerful tribe of the Beni Yenni. It is not my intention to follow out the different operations of the various columns; for by doing so I should but weary out the reader with a mass of detail; but the principal events of the mountain campaign will give an idea of the whole, and throw some light on the habits and dispositions of the people.

I had never properly understood the reason of this determined attempt to subdue the wild ridges of Kabylia until the lieutenant of Chasseurs enlightened me; and it will be seen at once that with such neighbours as the Beni Yenni and the Beni Raten no half-measures could be followed. Either they must be completely subdued, or they would descend from time to time into the plains as they had done under the leading of Hadj Omar, burning outposts and revolutionizing the country up to the very walls of the French forts.

The Beni Menguillet, though beaten at Icheriden, had not submitted, and the Yenni, whose populous villages were to be seen from Souk El Arba, had all fortified their mountain heights, and mounted guards and out-picquets on every available spot. Two columns, one commanded by General Renault, the second by General Yussuff, with each of whom alternately might be seen the Marshal and his staff, penetrated the Yenni country.

The great difficulty to be encountered was not, as at Icheriden, the fire of the enemy, but the tremendous heat of the sun's rays as the men climbed the nearly perpendicular cliffs. Four of the principal villages of the tribes, much better built and more populous than any which had as yet been visited by the French, were carried one after another by one of the two columns, while a third, but smaller division threatened the Yenni villages from the plains. These villages—Ait El Hassan, Taourirt Minoun, Ait El Arba, and Taourirt El Hadjaj,—were carried in succession with but little loss, the great difficulty being to get at them; and when once the French uniforms, after hours and hours of fatigue, losing but few men, did manage to get within shot of their assailants, these latter, dreadfully frightened by the manner in which the Foreign Legion had so ruthlessly treated them at Icheriden, fled, leaving their villages a prey to the conquerors.

With the exception of the last-named village the whole of the principal posts fell before the two divisions

on the first day after the Marshal joined them, that is to say, on the 25th; and then, according to French tactics in Algeria, the tents were pitched on the mountain heights of the conquered Beni Yenni; the guards and outposts were told off, a part of the force descended into the valleys, camping there; another portion returned to strengthen the builders of the Fort Napoleon, and the French drums and bugles might be heard among the Yenni hills, just as though they had never practised anywhere else since they practised at all.

A chain of workmen extending from the extreme advanced posts of the two columns, encamped among the Beni Yenni, as well as from General MacMahon's position of Icheriden—each having the common starting-point of Souk El Arba—were at once established. The Engineers traced out the road, and soon the different regiments échelloned along its line were at work. First a path, next a road appeared among the wild mountains where nothing but mule-tracks had existed since the world began; and the ammunition and supplies of the three divisions, pushed like three wedges into the heart of the Kabyle Djurjura, came as regularly up to the three camps as though they had found themselves within half-an-hour of Paris or Algiers.

The extraordinary way in which the French soldiers converted themselves into workmen, the manner in which, with an uncivilised enemy in their front, they pacified and tranquillised the country in their rear, fraternising with the inhabitants, and driving roads

through the conquered country almost before its former possessors knew, and long before they acknowledged themselves conquered, was most remarkable.

In front of the advanced guards lay a small Yenni village, and its defenders fired from time to time on the French posts; but with that exception no annoyance was experienced. MacMahon's division, on the contrary, daily lost many men by the fire of the Menguillet tirailleurs. The same spirit which prompted them to fire into the open door of our hut as we lay stretched on the ground listening to the Chasseur's tale, launched them against the advanced posts; and though every possible precaution was taken, though the advanced posts and main guards were strongly entrenched, this division alone lost in killed and wounded by this guerilla about ninety men, making a total of close upon nine hundred men *hors de combat* since the day they quitted the plains of the Sebaou. Nevertheless General MacMahon, sparing his men as much as possible, remained quietly encamped on the heights he had won, and waited the effect of the operations of the two remaining divisions before moving onwards.

The Beni Yenni still held out, and, in consequence, the last of their strongholds, Taourirt El Hadjaj, was carried on the 28th in the usual manner. The artillery began firing about midday, and as each ball buried itself in the rude walls, a cloud of dust rose in the air. Soon down would come a wall here and there, and the breach being practicable the troops divided

into three columns, and marched to the assault. Then began a spattering fire of small-arms, and soon the staff and unoccupied spectators grouped round the artillery, perceived a French uniform gliding over the house-tops, and the "Tricolor" waved on the highest point of the captured village. Next would come the plunder; and when the place was thoroughly gutted, the red spirts of flame and the rolling smoke completed the scene. Such was the fate of Taourirt, and then the whole of the conquered country of the Yenni was overrun not only by the French soldiers of the line—the Turcos and the Zouaves, but by the Kabyles of the tribes who had already submitted, and who followed the three columns as camp-followers, plundering and devastating in the most approved fashion. Nothing escaped them. Where the Zouave and the Turco had passed there could be but short gleanings, and yet these men turning against their late allies with the fire of many an ancient feud burning in their hearts, managed to do more harm in a shorter time than both Turco and Zouave put together. Still the men of the Beni Yenni held out, and soon the Marshal threatened them not only with further warfare, but that their trees should be cut down if they persisted in their insane resistance.

The trees, olives and figs, were the riches of the country; and aware of this, Marshal Randon—while giving in to the almost necessary evil of plundering and burning the resisting villages—not only in the

most humane manner protected them from destruction, but never allowed them to be harmed. His threat on this occasion had at once its effect; the Beni Yenni submitted, and with them several of the smaller tribes. The amount of the fine imposed on them was fixed; and soon the camps became full of them, buying, selling, and bartering with quite as much obstinacy as they had fought.

On receiving the submission of the Yenni, Marshal Randon detached part of General Renault's division to co-operate with MacMahon against the men of the Beni Menguillet, while, moving towards them in the plain, four smaller divisions threatened on every side the doomed country of the Kabyle Djurjura. From Constantine, General Massiat moved on the common centre; General Drouhot scoured the plains from Dra El Mizan, while D'Argent and Marmier approached the restless tribes on the other flank.

One stronghold of the Beni Menguillet yet remained. The conquered defenders of Icheriden, closely pushed by the Zouave bayonets, and the musket-butts of the men of the Foreign Legion, had thrown themselves into the village of Aguemoun, and from it they had descended to fire into MacMahon's advanced posts. The great difficulty of attack lay in the approach. Like most of the Kabyle villages Aguemoun lay perched on a height or peak. The whole of the top of this peak was covered with houses, their walls springing from the sheer precipice, and

loopholed everywhere. To climb up either of the three sides was impossible, and no one could enter the village save by its solitary gateway, consequently the attacking force must be exposed to a murderous fire. In thus describing one village I have described all those of the Beni Ratén, Yenni, and Beni Menguillet. It will easily be seen, therefore, that without artillery the country could hardly be reduced, and even when provided with it, the crests of the mountain-heights offered no facility for its use; and, besides this, only very small bodies of men could be moved at once against any one point. All these considerations united had caused General MacMahon to halt some days at Icheriden, and in doing so events proved he had acted wisely. But on the 30th June, leaving a strong force to occupy Icheriden, he moved forwards. The 1st Regiment of the Zouaves and the 93d of the Line formed the advance. The guns opened fire on the village, and then the assaulting column rushed on. Some hand-to-hand work took place, and the first barricade was carried.

Disheartened and frightened, the Menguillet made but a feeble resistance, and firing their muskets, a great part of them fled; still two groups, comprising the sterner hearts of the tribes, and numbering about three hundred men, fought on, and stayed the progress of the column, but they were soon swept away by the bayonets of the Zouaves and the fire of the howitzers; and then disappeared the last remnants of resistance

among the men of this warlike tribe. They submitted to their conquerors, and the tribes around, after some show of fighting, did the same. General MacMahon pushed forward, and established his camp at a spot called Djemma El Koon, without further resistance; and the Marshal had little else to do but to receive the deputations of the tribes, fix the amount of their tribute, and direct the hostages given for its payment to be sent to Tiziouzou, to be restored to their tribes on the fulfilment of the terms agreed to.

And now all animosity appeared to cease between the late combatants. The Beni Yenni and the Beni Menguillet contemplated the havoc war had made in their hitherto unconquered country, their ravaged gardens and pastures, their burned and blackened homes, with the greatest philosophy. Not a single act of hostility was engendered by the sight; and when some Zouave lost his way among the Yenni hills, and found himself unable, in the thick darkness, to regain his camp, he would seek the nearest village, and then, amid its fallen houses and the blackened ruins he had helped to make, he would be well received, the plate of couscoussou set before him, and he could sleep in as great security as though he were within the lines of his division, and sheltered by the canvas of his own tent.

I have mentioned more than once the couscoussou, the national dish of Arab and Kabyle. From north to south, from east to west of Algeria, on the borders of

the desert, or close to the iron-bound coast washed by the waves of the blue Mediterranean, in the heart of Kabylia, and at the gates of Algiers,—wherever, in fact, the native lives, there the preparation of the couscoussou goes on; and I was one day witness to its simple cookery.

The cook was an old, and not over-clean Kabyle woman, the kitchen the usual large unfurnished room common to all Kabyle villages. At one end was the long board, morticed into the wall, which served for men to sleep on, or eat on during the day. Around, in large earthen jars, the corn, barley, oil, &c., were deposited, and the fowls and goats of the proprietor walked in and out, having just as much business there as any one else, for, like the pig of our Hibernian neighbours' cottages, the goats and fowls constitute the riches of the Kabyle, and share his dwelling with him.

This system does not add to the cleanliness of the house, but then the ground around is poor, and the sweepings, or I should say pickings up from the floor, are carefully stored, before the door—for window there is none—to fertilize the Kabyle garden.

The old woman in question, who, by the way, was preparing what was to serve more than one of us with the only meal we were destined to have that day, had the appearance of having been adding to the heap before the door, by the above-mentioned process—at least her old shrivelled hands looked very like it, as,

after moistening some very white, fine-looking flour in an earthen plate, she rolled it under, until a multitude of small round grains were formed. Long habit had made this easy to her, and in an incredibly short space of time she had made a considerable quantity.

Should the reader ever care to try the Arab cous-coussou, I would advise the purchase, ready-made, of these groats, or grains, of flour, which are probably sold in some shape in the larger towns; for it must have required years, and long years of experience, to form them as quickly as the old Kabyle woman did; and I could not help fancying her hands were much cleaner for the operation, though where the accumulation of dirt was to go to it did not become me to ask.

The remaining process was very simple. One large earthen pot, holding water, was soon placed on the fire, and in this was put a piece of meat, which my orderly had luckily brought with him. A quantity of spices were next thrown in, and then, after the old cook had stirred it well up with her hand, she proceeded with her manufacture of flour-grains. By the time the water boiled, she had made a regular mound of them, and these were all placed in another earthen pot or vase, pierced like a cullender with holes. The second vase served as a cover for the first, so that the steam, rising through the holes, cooked the flour. The water in which the meat was boiling must have been very strongly spiced, for the large empty room was perfumed with the vapour. By the time the flour-groats were

cooked, my comrades arrived; and then the old woman turned them into an earthen platter, put the meat on the top, poured a little of the soup round, and placed it before us. Hungry as I was, I still thought I could detect a flavour of the floor-sweeping predominating over the spice; but as I said nothing to my companions, they pronounced it excellent, and so doubtless it was to men who had not eaten for twenty-four hours, and were not quite sure when they might again. The odour, at all events, was good, and as it mounted into the room above us, where the women of the house were squatted on the floor unseen by us, their loud chattering told that they would gladly have become actors in the feast.

Among the Arabs the same mode of cookery is observed; but instead of the soup poured round the flour-groats, they often use milk, placing a little butter on the flour; sometimes the whole is sweetened with honey, but this latter generally when meat or fowl cannot be procured. The dish resembles greatly the pillau of the Turks, the flour-groats being nearly the same size, though of a different shape, to the rice of the pillau.

The house, as I have described it, resembled the general run of the Kabyle dwellings there. It had no windows, but merely narrow slits in the wall. The women are not immured like the Arab women, but when at home they always inhabit the upper and inner room. Infidelity is all but unknown among them, and

in this they differ greatly from their Arab sisters, who, emigrating from their native villages, seek the towns, whence, after having realised a certain sum by the most immoral means, they return to their homes, and so far from being looked upon with abhorrence, marry, and become respectable members of society. In the province of Constantine this is very general.

Notwithstanding the excellent traits I have mentioned, there existed in one of the very villages I have already described a number of men who lived by coining. So expert, too, were they in their evil practices, that they imitated the coinage of any country which fell into their hands, and when the little village of Ait El Arba was carried, the whole material necessary for the trade was found. From generation to generation they had flooded the plains with their spurious money, and while their neighbouring brethren followed the more legitimate professions of workers in coral and in silver, or the more humble ones of makers or menders of iron-ware, such as ploughs, rakes, &c., the coiner gang of Ait El Arba flourished upon its nefarious traffic.

To return to my narrative of French proceedings. The Beni Yenni and the Beni Menguillet having submitted, the fractions around them, the Zaoua, the Ataf, the Ben Akache, and a number of others, followed the lead of the more powerful tribes; and every hour, strange groups might be seen squatted round the door of the Marshal's tent, waiting for reception, or, as the fine-looking old soldier stood in the middle of them, solicit-

ing pardon for their resistance, and endeavouring to work on his kindness and good nature—which they seemed to have found out by intuition—to diminish the amount of the tribute imposed on them. And they generally succeeded too, for Marshal Randon listened to the suggestions of his generous nature, and treated these chiefs of tribes more like erring children than subdued enemies.

This exhibition of justice and humanity in a conquered country struck me particularly in an instance which came to my knowledge after the Beni Raten tribe had given in their submission. It was this. When General Chabaud Latour traced out the lines of the future Fort Napoleon, a small village of some hundred Kabyle huts came within the space marked out. The inhabitants were ordered to quit, as those very men had been among the foremost in the fight but a day or two previously, when the heights of Bou Arfâa and Affenzou were carried at the price of some three or four hundred killed and wounded to the conquerors. The ejection of from eighty to a hundred villagers seemed no great matter. But the French Marshal thought otherwise, so he sent for the chiefs of the village, and pointed out to them the necessity he laboured under, at the same time offering them a similar extent of ground elsewhere, together with help to build their houses, or a sum of twenty-five thousand francs in money. The latter offer was thankfully accepted, paid, and the village razed.

CAPTURE OF THE SMALA—LALLA FATHMA.

THE various camps were well supplied with provisions, the roads being completely open in the rear, and the expedition was supposed to be virtually at an end. Every day brought some new submissions, and the Marshal and his staff had quite enough to do in regulating the conditions on which the tribes and fractions were received into French dependence. The men had covered their tents over with arbours, giving a snug shade, had made skittle-grounds, and, as the weather was not too hot, they were happy and contented. The various fractions, now peaceable and unarmed, wandered about among the tents, conversed with the "Turcos," or native troops, the Sepoys of Algeria, or, squatted down on their haunches, spent hour after hour stupidly staring about them. Others brought in coral-work and arms for sale, or forage for the horses, while some exchanged snow, brought from the high peaks of the rocky Djurjura against the bright silver of their Roumi invaders. On the high crests and rugged peaks the

poor Kabyles began to reconstruct their burned houses, and the women of the tribes might be seen scudding down the mountain-side in alarm as the stranger approached them. Figs, dates, and vegetables, were also brought into camp, and all went on smoothly and joyously, the order for the march on Algiers being daily expected.

During this period of repose I enjoyed many a stroll among the hills with my photographic apparatus; and, by the way, a most curious adventure, in which I was noways an actor, followed consequent on my photographic propensities.

At the close of the campaign, and after my return to the neighbourhood of Algiers, it occurred to me that I should like to send copies of what I had done to the wife of the Governor-General of Algeria. They were in no way worthy her acceptance, but they might pass muster as a *souvenir* of the Marshal's conquest. I had experienced much kindness at the hands of Marshal Randon and his staff; but in this attempt at least I was destined to make a bad return for it. My servant, a self-conceited, opiniated Frenchman, was the messenger I chose. The man had been a soldier first, had passed through a variety of services, in all kinds of capacities, had been valet to the late Marshal St. Arnaud; and at the date when I took him into my service, had fallen so low as to be a waiter at a third-rate inn. He was a most useful fellow, combining the qualities of a fair groom, a good valet, an excellent

cook, with great honesty, and attachment to me ; but, notwithstanding all this, his inordinate self-conceit, and the vanity and foppishness of his disposition, had so annoyed me that I had been on the point of turning him away several times.

Clean in his person, foppish in his manner, spending every farthing he had on dress or jewellery—proud of himself, his horses, and his master—plastering his old, withered face with all kinds of filthy ointments to make himself look younger than he was—curling his hair studiously, and practising a thousand arts for the embellishment of his person ; yet he could sleep under a bush, go without his meals, or suffer any privation when he saw it was necessary ; never neglecting to look out for the wants of his horses in the first place, and those of his master in the second.

But any description of my strange little servant would be incomplete did I not mention one particular of his dress. Years ago, when passing through Paris, I had ordered myself a pair of long boots ; and the Parisian bootmaker, with all a Parisian's ideas of such an article intended for hard service in the Crimea, had, I found, on my return supplied me with a pair of very handsome, well-made, patent-leather boots, reaching half-way up the thigh. Being useless to me, I had put them on one side ; and they now fell to the lot of my servant, who was perfectly enraptured by the possession of them. Being made for a person six feet high, and poor François not ranging above five, the patent-leather

boots, which he kept bright as a mirror, became the predominant feature, not only in his dress, but in the man. He was literally all boots; and attracted so much attention in the streets of Algiers, that his name varied between that of Boots and that of the Marquis de Carabas.

It was to this conceited, but good-natured fellow, that one fine day I consigned a small parcel of photographs, together with my visiting card, for Madame la Comtesse Randon; and the commission was executed.

Days passed on, and the circumstance was forgotten. I had never received any acknowledgment of their arrival, but then the things were hardly worth acknowledging.

One day I received the visit of a gentleman, an *habitué* at the Marshal's table; and after a little conversation, he broached the subject of his visit. "We were all seated at table last night," he said, "when Madame la Comtesse astonished us by remarking what a strange little man that English officer was; and wondering whether it was the custom in England to pay visits, more particularly to the highest authorities in the colony, dressed up like a monkey in an enormous pair of boots! Of course this produced a rejoinder on the part of the Marshal that you were not a little man, and did not wear long boots. The Countess persisted in her statement; and with so much obstinacy, that at last the truth broke on us."

Only fancy, dear reader, how mortified I felt when, on making inquiries, I found that my servant had, on leaving me, polished up his long boots to the very highest degree, curled his hair, put on his best shirt (at this time he had only two), and taking my best horse, decked it out with an old Turkish bridle and trappings, covered with silver crescents and stars. Dressed out in this absurd manner, the toe only of the bright boots inserted in the stirrup-iron, and the left arm akimbo, the hand resting on the left hip, he rode through Algiers, and proceeded to the Governor's palace. Arrived there, he drew in his bridle-rein, sending up his packet of photographs and my card to the wife of the Governor.

The servants, most of them old African soldiers, were astonished at the gorgeous spectacle, and soon a message from the Countess caused the infatuated man to dismount and follow an usher into the interior of the palace. There, though not an ordinary reception-day, the kindness which has ever distinguished the Governor and his Lady towards English residents prompted her to receive what she believed to be the English officer. My servant, too conceited to fancy there was any mistake, and too pleased to find his merit appreciated in so high a quarter, seated himself at the Countess's request, and gravely pointed out the different objects worthy of notice in the Kabyle mountains. It was here, he said, General Yussuff was en-

camped after the Beni Raten hills were carried. There lay MacMahon's Brigade before the bloody day of Icheriden. In this spot, and under this very tree, the Marshal's tent was pitched, when he received the chiefs of the conquered tribes. The man was quite able to do this, as he had assisted me in taking the views; and thus, while wondering at the pure French accent of the Englishman, and the strange dress he had chosen to make his visit in, still she knew an Englishman had proverbially a right to be eccentric, and she felt he had done his best to show kindness in sending the photographs, however uninteresting they might be. Accordingly she pardoned his folly; and after some little further conversation, the man retired, perfectly satisfied with himself. Again the strangely-caparisoned horse and the oddly-dressed little man passed through the streets of Algiers, every one looking at them; as with a still more minute portion of the boot inserted into the stirrup-iron, and the arm placed more stiffly than ever on the hip, he caracoled through the streets.

I never knew to this day whether the man was aware of the folly of his conduct, or whether he merely thought in his supreme and ineffable self-conceit that the reception he had met with was but a tribute to his personal merit. He never spoke of it; and after having called and apologised to the Countess for my servant's folly, when she was kind enough only to

laugh at the matter and pass it over, I let it drop entirely, never mentioning it to the principal actor in the farce.

The days which I passed among the Kabyle hills, and which led to the incident I have just related, were brought to a speedy close. The rough and rugged range of the Kabyle hills I have already described ; and the whole of this country had after the hard struggle I have endeavoured in a cursory manner to chronicle, submitted to the pressure exercised over it by Marshal Randon's three columns ; but in front of the French camp, separated by a deep valley, through which ran a stream discharging itself into the Sebaou, were the high mountainous peaks of the Djurjura. This range, resembling that of an Alpine country, and which any one who has visited Lucerne can at once realise by recalling to memory the rocky but magnificent " Pilate " mountain, rose high, barren and rugged before the French camp. Deep cuts and ravines full of luxuriant foliage, through which no pathway had ever been traced, and which were almost impenetrable to a regular army, lay at the foot of the mountain. Some of these ravines, dark and sombre, could not be less than six hundred to a thousand feet in depth ; and the rocks often ran precipitously down to a sheer descent of hundreds of feet. High peaks towered above these ravines, and as a background rose the arid cliffs of the high mountain-range, on which some patches of snow yet lingered amid its nooks and crevices. This country was thinly inhabited by frac-

tions, poor indeed, and but few in number, but warlike, and having little or nothing to lose, besides being perfectly aware of, and counting on, the almost impassable nature of their country ; and these men now refused to submit. It is true they were of little moment, but to leave behind even a spark of freedom to light again into a blaze the Kabyle love of liberty, was to leave the work unfinished ; and Marshal Randon was not the man to do that. The weather had become hot, and sometimes in the early morning a thin vapoury mist would gather round the high land, wetting the tents through, and rendering them dark and heavy with moisture. Then the blazing African sun, pouring its rays vertically on tree, cliff, and tent, would dry all up quickly enough, but at the same time render the close, stifling heat within unbearable. The men had partially obviated this by constructing arbours of green boughs and leaves over and around their tents ; but do what they would, fever was beginning to wander among the three columns and to pick up its victims here and there. The news, therefore, of the refusal of the far-away fractions to give in their submission, was not very gratifying, for every one had at that moment seen quite enough of work. Still more had to be done ; and it was a curious sight to see the various columns scrambling down the precipices from sunrise to sunset, tumbling here and there, and a long volley of curses filling up every spare moment. The mountain guns were carried on kinds of stretchers, and the

three columns moving with a perfectly well-concerted *ensemble*, overcame all the difficulties of the road, which were in reality the principal ones, and carrying village after village by assault, swept over the land of the Beni Ithouragh, leaving a long trace of waste and desolation behind them. Village after village was burned; the smell of the burning rafters hung heavy on the mountain air, and, poor as they were, this obstinate tribe felt their loss severely.

The mountain-guns echoed through ravine and valley, inspiring a thrill of fear in hearts which up to that moment had never known what fear was, and the blazing woodwork of their rude houses told them of the price they were paying for their mad resistance. Still the Marshal spared the trees, the riches of the land, and in doing so, abstained from utterly ruining these misguided fractions; following, at the same time, a sound policy, for ultimately these savage tribes must come under French rule, and the fig and olive-trees of their wild ravines would be a source of profit to the subdued country. The land of the Ithouragh was soon overrun, and only three more remote tribes still held out; these were the Idjee, the Illoula, and Illiten. Their habitations lay on the very high slopes of the mountains, and, strong in their inaccessible holds, they refused submission.

Followed by a large force of the contingent tribes, the three columns pushed on, and while the cavalry force and the division of General Massiat cleared all

the accessible plains and valleys, gradually overran the country. The fiercest plunderers, the greatest devastators, were the Kabyles of the submitted tribes, and these were now organised into a regular, or I should say, a very irregular force; and French officers being given them, they contributed something to the subjection of their late brethren and allies. So unexpected was the entry of the French into this hitherto-impentrable country, that many of the wretched villages were surprised before their inhabitants could save their stores; and figs, dates, flour, and fowls, became the prey of their invaders. Then the glancing flame finished the affair; and night and day the smell of the burning wood penetrated the recesses of the hills. Few men were lost, nor were the villages well defended.

The men of these mountain-tribes had apparently trusted to their mountains and ravines; and, when these failed them, they gave up all for lost. But in one of the far-off villages of the Illiten dwelt a great prophetess. Her fame was spread over the whole Kabyle land. Not a tribe, not a fraction, not a village, existed in Kabylia where the divine mission of Lalla Fathma was not known and venerated; and now the infidel, unbelieving foe, was at the gates of her mountain retreat. She could not resist the bright bayonets of the French, —the thunder of their mountain-guns reached her ears, and the line of smoke advancing day by day met her sight, as she sighed over her conquered country. The land which had rolled back the Turk, the Roman, the

Arab foe, was at length doomed. With all the fatalism inspired by the religion of Mahomed, she bowed to the decree, and sent her brother as ambassador to the Marshal's camp. Marshal Randon, having launched his columns on the last strongholds of the Kabyle mountains, where he knew the only difficulty to be contended with was the terrible nature of the country and the burning rays of the sun, pitched his camp at Tamesguida, which place MacMahon's column had left, to attack the fraction of the Ithouragh.

It was a spot difficult of access, easily susceptible of defence, and from its high precipitous summit, the country of the hostile tribes lay spread like a map before the eye. It was here that Sidi Ihaieb, her brother, asked audience of the conqueror, and he, having no reason whatever for punishing the prophetess, promised to spare her village. The brother in return offered to lead the invading columns by the only practicable roads in the country, by which means he proposed, doubtless, to keep them at a distance from his own place of refuge, which, I may mention, *en passant*, bore the reputation of being very rich. Well, the columns marched on, destroying all before them, the burning rays of the sun poured down upon the arid, dried-up mountain-peaks, and fever and dysentery began to make more rapid strides among the men. From his mountain-hold the Marshal looked on the land of the hostile tribes, his view bounded only by the high mountain range; and as the far-off thunder of the

guns came upon his ear, as the line of smoke, which marked the burning villages, became more and more distant, he looked for a speedy end to his important work, and the withdrawal of his men from the effects of the climate.

One day the sun had been unusually hot. A thin, gauzy veil of heat had hung all the morning round the camp of Tamesguida, a dancing waviness in the air struck the eye as it looked forth on the mountain-peaks, and in the afternoon, the canvas of the tents having become thoroughly heated, their shade was merely nominal. The horses picqueted to their ropes, drooped their heads, the few trees that existed on the height looked parched up, and their leaves seemed to close before the sun's rays, as the fiery beams fell on the white tents, the languid-looking horses, and the parched trees. The smoke of the burning villages had marked, during the day, the track of the conquering columns, and as it had been observed high up the mountain-side, the Marshal's task must be drawing to a close.

At length the sun set in one bright blaze, lighting up with its rays the country of the Beni Raten and the Yenni, and tinging their olive and fig trees with its purple light. Darkness fell on the camp, and as there was no moon, the dim light of the stars alone shone on the high land of Tamesguida and the tents of the men encamped there. But as the cool night air began to blow, its refreshing influence was soon apparent. Gradually the camp became alive, as the hot inmates

of the canvas homes emerged into the starlight. Bright specks here and there might be seen, marking the lucky possessors of cigars, and the little esplanade in front of the tents of the Marshal and his staff soon became alive with uniforms. From the quiet gentleman-like figure of General De Jourville, — who, I do verily believe, would try to smoke a last cigar, if he knew he were sure to be shot before he could quite finish it,—down to the young lieutenant of a few years' standing, all were there; and walking among them, talking first with one, then with another, the fine old Marshal, according to his wont, soon appeared. He cast no restraint on any one, nor, his plan of operations once fixed, did he ever seem anxious or fidgety for the result. He must have felt both, but at all events he did not show it, and that night, in particular, was more gay, more chatty than usual.

Suddenly the loud challenge of the main-guard sentry was heard, brought by the breeze into the camp itself. What could it be? A moment more, and an officer of the Marshal's staff announced, most unexpectedly, the arrival in the camp of the far-famed prophetess Lalla Fathma, together with the whole Smala, making in all over two hundred prisoners, most of them women. And now a curious scene occurred, for the air was filled with the cries and lamentations of the captive women, who, with the exception of the priestess herself, uttered continual shrieks. What they expected would happen to them I don't know, but they seemed in mortal fear, more for their revered female chief than for themselves.

The Marshal himself received the prophetess, and as the long train of prisoners marched into the camp preceded by Lalla Fathma, with their strange dresses, their bournous, and the tears running down the cheeks of the women, it was a curious spectacle.

Stately as a queen (though an old and an ugly one) Lalla Fathma approached the Marshal, who received her as he would have received some foreign potentate visiting him in his own halls in his fair France,—nay, perhaps, he threw more of politeness and urbanity into his tone as he expressed his regret for her situation.

It is said that Lalla Fathma had for years foretold the subjection of the Kabyle race, not that it was difficult to foresee, but still her reputation as a prophetess had given her predictions weight, and the fulfilment of them had cast a fresh halo of holiness round her head in the estimation of the poor Kabyles her fellow-prisoners. With proud and haughty carriage she replied in the most unbending manner to the Marshal's expression of regret, announcing in a voice which could be heard by her followers, that what had now happened had long been known to her. It was the will of Allah, and as such had long been written in words of fire. A long wailing cry followed her words, and the heavy sobs of the women might be distinctly heard as they closed up round their revered priestess. Behind her were the women of her "Smala," placed two and two on mules, many of whom had fallen down from sheer fatigue, while in rear of them the male prisoners, their looks cast down, but not abject, came on foot.

The officers of the staff swept in a circle of uniforms round the captives, and the men of the camp, each endeavouring to get a view of the celebrated prophetess, without intruding on their officers, completed the picture. The night breeze, heavily laden with the smell of smoking rafters, rustled through the trees, and the bright stars shone out upon the scene, as the haughty priestess moved on to the tent allotted her. Her brother Sidi was at her side. And now the scene changed its character, and the officers of the staff, headed by the Marshal, all vied with each other in doing something to soften the rigours of captivity. The prophetess entered her tent, and her followers, uttering loud wails, remained for an instant outside, then, as if they had endeavoured, but could not prevail on themselves to be separated from her, they rose apparently with one simultaneous impulse, and burst into her tent, renewing their cries. In vain, the Marshal's chief interpreter, M. Schousboe, who knew their language and customs intimately, endeavoured to restore some order,—in vain Sidi himself remonstrated, the women with loud sobs and cries hung on to Lalla Fathma's garments, and refused to be separated from her. What was to be done?—other tents had been hastily provided for them, but it was impossible to prevail on them to enter them. Huddled round her, closely pressing her, Lalla Fathma, forming as it were the centre of a sobbing, weeping mass, resolved the difficulty. In a few words she pointed out to them the

necessity of resignation to the will of Allah, and commanded them to withdraw. Slowly, and amid weeping and sobbing, they obeyed, and headed by Sidi entered the tents provided for them. All night long from these tents rose plaintive songs and sounds of grief and mourning.

Sentries were placed around them to prevent any indiscreet familiarity on the part of the soldiers, and the Marshal, with his usual kindness, sent from his own tent all the delicacies which his camp canteens afforded. These were accepted by the prophetess herself, but, for the weeping crowd of women and of children, there was no doing anything. The only man who at all succeeded in conciliating their regard was M. Schousboe, and he, with his pockets filled with sugar, and aided by his naturally mild and quiet voice, managed better than the rest. For a long time the sugar was refused, but when at length some sobbing child or woman was induced to taste a piece, it became in great request; and the good-natured donor being perfectly able to converse with his prisoners, eventually succeeded in effecting something like order among them. Gradually the sobbing crowd calmed down, and the camp became quiet. The fresh night breeze still rustled among the green leaves, the stars twinkled, and winked themselves asleep, as the grey morning gradually put them out; and so the night passed away for both victors and vanquished, the conquering French and the captive Kabyles.

SUBMISSION OF THE ILLITEN.

MORNING dawned, and under a strong escort Lalla Fathma and the female prisoners were directed on the rear. The fate of the prophetess of the land was kept open until the submission of the tribes still in arms should become known. It was a *triste*-looking spectacle enough as the long train of females left Tamesguida on their way to captivity. All seemed cast down except the prophetess, all else showed pale, haggard faces; and as she headed the procession, her large, stout person, adorned with jewellery, a white veil thrown over her face, and a gay scarf hanging from her shoulders, she seemed in no wise abashed or depressed. The native soldiers in French pay showed her quite as much deference as her own people, and the Kabyle loiterers in the camp pressed round her to receive some mark of her favour. He who was allowed to kiss her white fingers, for white they were, deemed himself supremely happy; and though she was of unwieldy make and large size, her piercing black

eyes, and undaunted bearing, became well her high fame and sanctity. Hardly had the captive prophetess left the camp, when messengers arrived from the front bearing tidings of the submission of the Illiten ; these were followed by others announcing that the Beni Ithouragh and the Illalou also had given in, completely subdued.

Soon the chiefs of these tribes themselves appeared, and were received by the Marshal, the terms of their pardon were arranged, and hostages given for the due payment of the almost nominal tribute imposed on them. The following morning the chiefs of the only remaining tribe came into camp and humbly sued for peace. This was the last fraction which had persevered in fighting for its independence, and now the Marshal had accomplished his task. The last spark of hope of the old republican tribes of the Kabyle Djurjura was extinguished, and the mountain fastnesses were at length French. From Constantine to Oran, from east to west, from the iron-bound coast washed by the blue Mediterranean to the sandy tracts of the Desert, from north to south, Algeria was at length a French possession. Marshal Randon had put the finishing stroke on the work begun at Sidi Ferruch, when the French guns protected the landing of the first French soldier on the shores of piratical Algeria, and his name must live for ever in the annals of that African land.

While the last arrangements are being made, while Marshal Randon tenders the olive-branch to the tribes

he has hitherto only met with the bayonet and cartridge, and makes his final dispositions before leaving his camp of Tamesguida, I may as well give the details of the capture of the prophetess and her Smala as they became known to me at a later date.

Our table was set under a spreading tree, when I received the account I am going to give. Many an old tale of Eastern wanderings had been told over, for it was not the first time I had met with my comrade of that day, the hero of Lalla Fathma's capture. I remember well one day seeing his burly, strong-built figure, coming up at a long, hulking canter, a dirty, much-trodden path, leading from the French post of Kamiesch to Marshal Pelissier's head-quarters. The unfortunate Captain Fourchault, being charged with a verbal message to the Marshal, and in soldier-like eagerness to deliver it, drew up his horse with a rapidity which threw his charger on his haunches and bespattered the Marshal with mud. Fourchault never delivered his message, for Marshal Pelissier opened upon him instantly such a torrent of abuse, so bespattered him with all sorts of names, that I verily believe he would have faced the fire of the Malakoff rather than have remained a moment longer. The next time I saw him was on the heights of the Beni Raten, calmly contemplating my horses, which had been through the latter part of the Crimean campaign, wondering where he had seen them before; and now, the campaign over, we sat under the spreading tree, and talked of

old times and far-off scenes. Our glasses were empty, for wherever the Captain was to be seen, there were sure to be either empty glasses or plenty of musket-balls: he was not particular which.

"I accompanied," he said, "the column destined to attack the Illiten, and a terrible country it is. Broken into precipices, ravines, and holes, we were all forced to leave our horses with you loiterers at Tamesguida, and hard work enough of it we had to keep our legs. We got on better when Lalla Fathma's brother became our guide, and he, though always persisting in talking of his great love and veneration for France and his attachment to the Marshal, was a constant subject of our suspicion. One thing he heartily joined us in, and that was, in our endeavours to keep the troops from straggling. In our rear all was given to fire and flame, as far as the enemy's villages were concerned, and but little plunder was found, but at night it was almost impossible to prevent the Turcos and the Zouaves from straggling. Sidi was a great Marabout in his country, and the men of the Kabyle contingent, great plunderers as they were, respected his orders to a certain degree. Even the Turcos showed some obedience to him, for his sister's name was like a spell over the whole country, but the Zouaves would straggle, despite all our united efforts.

"Sidi's reasons for thus aiding us only became known to me later, but they were very simple. Two

villages belonging to his tribe were stored with his and his sister's wealth, and he studiously led us away from them. What he most feared was that some straggler from our force should light upon them by chance and bear the tidings to the rest of the column: and this was precisely what occurred. Three or four Zouaves completely routed poor Sidi's diplomatic forces. One of the last of the villages of the Illiten had been attacked, and but little defence was made. As our fellows dashed into the narrow street in front, the Kabyles dashed out in rear, and away went pursuer and pursued, over rock and stone, bush and ravine, until the mountain training of the Kabyle showed its superiority in flight, and left the agile but less practised Zouaves in rear.

“Sidi having made his submission to the Marshal, and, having ordered the men of his villages not to fire on the French, was virtually under French protection, but the wily Marabout had never told us where his villages were situated,—consequently no order had been issued for their safety. The tribes retreating from the French columns had naturally fallen back on these villages, and heaped their little riches in and about them, thus placing themselves under the protection of the well-known prophetess, while her saintly brother led the Roumi by other passes up the mountain-side. The fugitives from the last stormed village of the Illiten soon saw the smoke-wreaths ascending from their poor houses, and heard besides the bullets

from the persevering Zouaves whistling round their ears. Now and then one would fall tumbling over the cliffs, or rolling down the dark ravines, and his fate would but add to the swiftness of their flight. It was a race for life and death. High up the mountain-gorge, amid the most rugged and desolate scenery of the Kabyle Djurjura, in an almost inaccessible position, and placed there like the eagle's eyrie, lay the village of Tirourda, and near it, in a situation equally strong and savage, was that of Takleh, where the prophetess dwelt. Behind them was death, before them safety. The men of the Illiten are generally short, spare, but strong-built men, just the very fellows for a mountain-race; but the Zouaves were determined, and their cat-like agility and strong force of will made up for their want of training in such a country as the Djurjura. Tumbling, rolling, laughing, and firing whenever they got a chance, they pressed on, until their number was thinned down to five or six. Whether they knew or suspected the existence of the two villages I never found out, but I am inclined to think they merely followed the fugitives by hazard; but be that as it may, they kept the flying men in sight until pursuer and pursued reached the villages. They were crowded with armed men, and most soldiers would have paused at such a sight. Not so the five Zouaves, they dashed at the village, entered the street, and received the fire of a cloud of the enemy. One or two of their number fell, and the remainder beat a

speedy retreat, hiding themselves behind the rocks, and commencing a scrambling fire.

"The whole population of the villages now turned out, and to the solitary muskets of the three Zouaves, for two lay in the village streets, hundreds of matchlocks replied. No great harm was done on either side, but, hearing the firing, I collected what men I could and hastened forward; when I reached the spot, the three Zouaves told me a long tale of having fallen into an ambush, which I took for what it was worth, but it was a fact that the corpses of two of their comrades lay in the village streets. Rallying my men around me, I determined to carry the place, and bidding the bugler sound the charge and send to our assistance all who might come up, I poured in one volley and trusted the rest to the bayonet.

"Away we went, receiving a heavy fire, and a good many being knocked over. The bugler kept sounding the charge, and as its clear loud notes rang over the mountain-side, a stream of our fellows poured up the gorge. The fight was short but bloody, the village was cleared of its defenders, and they were ruthlessly shot down as they fled up the mountain-side. A great number must have perished, but the booty which fell to our share was enormous. I knew nothing about Lalla Fathma, and cared less, but the men were mad with excitement, and with the rich plunder they had found.

"A report had got afloat that the two Zouaves who had fallen in the first attempt had been tortured and

disfigured, and the men were furious for revenge. I need hardly say this report was untrue, but the moment when the men's blood was boiling with the excitement of the fight and the rush of the assault, was not exactly favourable for an *éclaircissement*. On every side I heard the crash of the splintered doors, as they were driven in under the musket-butts of the men. New plunderers kept flocking in as the news spread, and each being eager to gut the place before the arrival of the column diminished his individual share of the booty, the work proceeded rapidly. I was engaged in directing the removal of the wounded when a loud cry reached my ears. At first I disregarded it, but soon my little bugler came running towards me.

"Fearing some fresh attack, I left my task and ran up the narrow street. There, in a large house, its door driven in and shivered, I saw a large crowd composed chiefly of women collected. Their loud wails and shrieks rose in the air. Before them stood a few of the men of the Illiten, and in the centre appeared the form of the prophetess. She was perfectly calm amidst the tumult. The few men who to the last had stood by their priestess, had interposed between the shrieking women and the menacing foe. Still they were loath to begin the attack, knowing that it could have but one issue, and at the moment I came up the Zouaves were in the very act of charging them. The result of this must have been fearful, for I repeat the men were infuriated by the false report of the

mutilation of their comrades, and all within the house would have perished.

“I had, indeed, the greatest difficulty to prevent it, the more so that the men of the Illiten refused to stand aside, and I could not make them understand that I desired only the protection and safety of their priestess. Eventually I succeeded in my endeavours, but it was harder day’s work the saving of those few lives, than I have found the taking of many more to be. I had, however, the satisfaction of succeeding, and soon the head of General Gastré’s brigade appeared. Attracted by the firing he had marched on the village, and, accompanied by Sidi, now entered it. I need hardly describe to you the saintly man’s face when he first saw his plundered village and his captive sister. It was pitiable, for all his arts had failed, and the triumphant campaign was crowned by the capture of the renowned prophetess and her whole Smala. Lalla Fathma alone remained calm and unmoved, not a muscle of her countenance had betrayed a sign of weakness ; when surrounded by the vengeful bayonets of the Zouaves she awaited the instant death, from which I had with so much difficulty saved her, and now, calmly and quietly, she looked round her on her fallen glory and her ruined household gods.

“A regular search was now instituted, the whole of the prisoners you saw at Tamesguida were captured in and among the various houses. For hours after the lucky finders of the first valuable booty had departed,

men might be seen staggering along towards camp, laden with heavy sacks of barley or flour, driving cattle before them, or lugging along strings of screaming poultry. There was great eating and drinking that night in the division, for several hundred head of cattle were captured, and poultry in enormous quantities. I saw little of that, for I was directed to convey the captives to the rear, and hard work I had of it. They evidently thought I was leading them to slaughter, and it was only late at night I arrived at the camp at Tamesguida and delivered over my charge, as you may remember.

“Thus, through the thieving propensities of a few Zouaves, were captured the prophetess of Kabylia, and the Smala of the Illiten ; and with her was extinguished the last spark of resistance in the hearts of the latest defenders of the savage mountains of the Kabyle Djurjura.”

FAREWELL.

AND now, dear reader, I have nearly accomplished the task which I proposed to myself in this rough sketch of a few months' wanderings in Algeria; but while the camp at Tamesguida slowly breaks up, while regiment after regiment, and brigade after brigade, marches past the foot of the hill on which the white tents of the head-quarters still swelter in the sun—while the Marshal and his interpreters receive chiefs of fractions and tribes, and arrange with them the details of their future government and relations with the French, can I do better than invite you to tread for yourself the paths I have so imperfectly described? It is true you will not find the wild and savage scenes which met my eye, should you venture to climb the hills of the Sons of the Raten. A well-built and extensive fort will replace for you the tent pitched under the shade of the olive and the fig-tree. A *restaurateur* will cook your dinner. I had often not only to cook, but to

forage for something to cook. You will not have to keep a sharp look-out at every turn, or to avoid with suspicion each larger trunk of a tree or more gigantic boulder than usual, for fear it should conceal the dirty bournous of the lurking Kabyle eager to settle your worldly accounts by means of the rude bullet in his long musket-barrel, but the wild beauty of the conquered mountain region yet remains, and its curious institutions, religious and military, still exist with but slight modifications. The rugged summits of the rocky Djurjura still point their sharply-cut, bare peaks, high into the clear air, and look down upon a wild and singular race of men well worthy of study and research. The air is untainted now by the smoke of hostile arms, or the pungent smell of burning villages; the hereditary death-feud no longer stains hill and valley with blood and carnage; but the breeze from the clear sea sweeps over a rich and beautiful land, and the blue Mediterranean may be marked dotted by many a sail, and spreading far away until sea and cloud meet and blend together in the far horizon. The Kabyles themselves are unchanged, except that they are unarmed. The silver streak of the winding Sebaou meanders in many a capricious turn and twist through the plain below, and the white battlements of the Bordj Tiziouzu look far over it, just as on that morning whose dawn showed the dark masses of the three powerful French divisions moving in the grey twilight towards the hostile land. Strange tombs, too, monuments of old Roman history,

lie unknown and unexamined in the neighbouring hills, and submerged walls and ruined docks lie beneath the surging wave which breaks against the adjacent coast. Here is temptation for the wandering tourist and for the prying antiquary; nor must it be imagined that the rude Kabyle, or the wandering Arab, riding on his broken-down horse, or belabouring pitilessly his patient donkey, is quite the dirty, wretched savage he looks. Hospitality will not be found wanting, either among the natives of the land or their French rulers, whenever it is needed, while the young colony is as yet untrammelled by the forms and customs of European etiquette. I will endeavour to give an instance of this Algerian *laissez aller*, which cannot fail to strike most forcibly the traveller newly arriving in the colony. On my leaving Paris for Algiers, I had been furnished by the French War Office with certain letters of introduction to the dignitaries of the place, and these letters I looked upon after the fashion of thorough Englishmen as omnipotent. They bore the signature of the *bureaux* of Marshal Vaillant, and I sufficiently forgot my Bashi training as to look with some anxiety to the day of presentation.

It arrived, and having sundry points to carry, and sundry favours to ask, I presented myself one morning at the door of General De Jourville, the Chief of the Staff, and second only to the Governor-General in actual colonial importance. It is the habit to receive in the early morning in Algeria, so I was quite *en règle*

when one morning at seven o'clock, duly belted and spurred, I drew bridle at the General's door.

Mustering up all my resolution, I tugged most manfully at the bell-pull, but with the exception of a far-off tinkle, I produced no effect. I pushed the door, and it opened; so, concluding the General absent, and unwilling to return wholly unsuccessful, I entered in search of servant, anticipating an hour or so of waiting in some corridor or ante-chamber. I entered a Moorish court-yard, in the centre of which a bright clear fountain was playing, leaping high in air and then falling with a most pleasant splashing sound into a marble basin beneath, in which a number of gold-fish were swimming. Passing round the lemon and orange trees, I mounted the stairs leading to the second story, but here I found my progress arrested by a slight wicket; to it was attached a rude bell-pull, on which I at once exercised my ringing powers without success, being eventually obliged to wend my way downwards, resolving to call again. It struck me as very strange, and I could not help contrasting the silence and desertion of the place with the formality and ceremony which would have attended such a visit elsewhere. I succeeded in finding an out-of-the-way table in a corner of one of the deserted corridors, on which I deposited my card as an emblem of my vain endeavours to procure an interview, and then, passing round the opposite side of the old court to that which I had followed on entering, I paused to

look at the gold fishes, as they swam about, poking their noses against the sides of their marble prison, and wished they could tell me where to find the Chief of the Algerian Staff. They were the cause of my seeing him, for on turning from the basin, I saw standing in a doorway opposite, in the act of lighting his cigar, a tall gentlemanly-looking man in a staff uniform. It was the General. I delivered my letters; and though they were hardly read, nothing could exceed the politeness and kindness of my reception, except its perfect freedom from all restraint.

I obtained all I asked without a second word, and letters to the officers commanding posts in the interior were sent to me the following morning. On mentioning the difficulty I had experienced in finding some one to announce me, it was at once accounted for. His valet, the General told me, was a character in his way; and though he condescended so far as to get up early enough to see that his master had his morning cup of coffee, yet not approving early rising, he went to bed again; consequently every one found their way in and out as they could.

The same *insouciance* of all form met me everywhere, mixed up with the same kindness, and the same method of at once facilitating all reasonable wishes. I remember one morning arriving a comparative stranger among the tents of the head-quarter division, then pitched on the heights of Souk El Arba. My own tents were far away, nor had I anything with me.

General De Jourville furnished me with a tent, personally superintending the pitching of it, and offering me the free run of his kitchen and table during my stay (an offer as freely and uncereemoniously accepted), he presented me, dirty and dusty as I was with a long ride, there and then to the Governor-General. With all this apparent disregard of form, business never suffered. The every-day work was done in the same easy, off-hand way in the mountains of Kabylia as it was in Algiers ; but precision and correctness marked its most minute details, though ceremony seemed to be ignored.

When travelling in Algeria I never entered a large military station without meeting with some mark of kindness or attention on the part of the French officers. The right of entry of the club or officers' gardens would be offered me, or if the station were too small to admit of this, the pleasantest and most interesting rides would be pointed out to me, and horses offered in case my own should have suffered from the journey. The remembrance of many such a kindness, which pleasantly ended more than one long day's ride, kindness and attention bestowed without hope of repayment, causes me to look back to the days of my wanderings in Algeria with pleasure, and to acknowledge a debt of gratitude, which I must ever feel myself under, to the officers of the well-organised Algerian army. If, therefore, anything I have written may tempt some wanderer like myself to the margin of French-African civilisation, and the need of it should ever be felt, the most remote, the

smallest fort commanded by a French soldier, will cheerfully afford him the hospitality and shelter he may stand in need of, and fearlessly and certainly may he claim it.

So much for the European; but the Arab, too, is far from being the totally uncivilised wanderer we are apt to give him credit for. It is true, his code of morals and manners is far different from ours; but still he not only possesses a code, but also observes it. For instance, nothing would appear more strange, or in worse taste, than for two Arabs, were they merely common acquaintance, to meet together, and to put to each other that question so common among Europeans,—
“How are you?”

Such a meeting, and such a salutation, would be to them the commonest vulgarity; so the Arab, in lieu of this, meets his friend or acquaintance, invoking the blessing of Allah on his head, which the other replies to by transferring that blessing from himself to the invoker.

“May the blessing of God rest on you!” is the every-day salutation. “May that blessing rest on you!” is the usual reply; and these words are spoken, not in a quiet, cold manner, for the Arab endeavours—no matter how little he may really feel it—to throw into his manner and features an expression of warmth and sincerity. At table, the rules of Arab etiquette are numerous and strict; and among chiefs and highly-bred men they are rigorously observed. Hospitality is

traditional; nor can the stranger arriving in the Douar of the tribe commit a greater fault in good breeding than by letting it appear that he is endeavouring to save his host trouble. On entering the tent, and after calling down God's benison on the proprietor and his tribe, the stranger has nothing else to do. He must not look after his horses, baggage, or servants, for from that moment his host becomes responsible for all. The Arab is clean in eating, washing before and after each repast; and moderate in his drinking, never doing so save at the close of the meal. The host will studiously abstain on his part from looking at his guest while eating, in the fear that he might think the meal begrudged him; and the guest is expected to eat slowly and with decorum, if he wishes to be counted as a well-bred man. For cunning and verbose flattery the Arab stands unrivalled; nor will he shrink from anything to obtain his end. One of their sayings illustrates this most forcibly. It runs thus:—

“The dog, when he has money, must be called ‘My Lord the Dog.’”

To understand this, it must be borne in mind that the Arab despises the dog in the same ratio as that animal is esteemed among us. But though flattery and servility to obtain an end are openly encouraged, yet among themselves great simplicity reigns predominant. For an Arab to spit while in a strange tent would be a solecism in good-breeding verging on insult to its owner; and yet suppose that owner in conversation or

consultation with his friends, the neighbour, however poor, will walk in, listen to the conversation, wait for his turn, and then deliberately give his opinion on the subject, and stalk out without a word of apology or leave-taking. Among the harems of the chiefs, European ladies are received with *empressement*, and will find no difficulty as to *entrée*; but I may go on multiplying traits of character and describing curious customs for ever, and the camp of Tamesguida itself is breaking up, so that I can no longer linger in the cloud-land of Kabylia and among its simple tribes. The little army has melted away, and with it we must depart too.

The camp at Tamesguida was now broken up. The jokes and cheerful laughter of the marching regiments, as each step brought them nearer their homes, might now be hourly heard; and soon the lately well-peopled ridges became bare of their contingent of white tents, and the smoke of the kitchen-fires could no longer be marked, curling up from out-of-the-way recesses formed for that purpose by the men. Every day, every hour made some new void, as the various regiments and divisions received the orders which were to disperse them throughout the land. As they had been gathered, so were they scattered among the various garrison towns, a strong force being left at the great centre, where the bastions and walls of the new fort were fast rising from the ground. The affairs and government of the tribes were arranged, and but a

slight change made in old forms and customs. A moderate tribute was exacted from the subdued tribes, so moderate that it seemed imposed more as a token of power over them than as a tax; and though the male population were disarmed, the constitution of their government and their religious institutions remained unchanged.

A final end was put to the feuds which had so long ravaged the land, and which had become hereditary; a punishment was now found for murder, and the Marshal signified his intention of repressing it. French supervision was, in fact, to be exercised everywhere,—but it was only to be supervision. No old forms or customs were to be interfered with, except where human life was at stake; and thus increased security was given to the land. To compensate their defeat, too, the ranks of the French native regiments, with all the powerful inducements of good pay, good living, and plenty of fighting, were now open to the more martial of the Kabyle tribes; while the public market-places of Algiers, Oran, and Constantine, offered even greater attractions to the manufacturing and agricultural fractions. The general feeling seemed to be satisfaction at having done their best for independence, but that having lost it, they were quite content with the loss. Roads had been driven through the the country, immediately on the French advance, forming new arteries to the land, to which the great fort on the high plateau of Souk El Arba was the heart.

Lastly, the newest of human inventions—the electric telegraph—placed this fort in direct communication with Algiers, and, if need were, with Paris. Such, then, was the result of the short but active mountain campaign; and the 14th of the month found matters settled, all working quietly and smoothly, the excitement of the late struggle calmed down, and the different regiments on their march homewards. This return-march was, indeed, a pilgrimage to all. During the advance, new scenes, new people, and new excitements, had heralded each hour and day; now everything seemed quiet and calm.

Perhaps with no other people save these tribes, accustomed to sudden raids and disturbances, springing to arms at the slightest alarm, and that over, returning calmly to their usual pursuits, could this quickly returned confidence have been so apparent. They understood, too, the wisdom of the Marshal's conduct in so energetically protecting from harm the trees, those riches of the Kabyle mountains, save when the necessary timber had been felled to admit the passage of the roads through some thick grove, the dates and olives waved in the ravines, and the enormous fig-trees stretched their branches high up the bleak mountain-side as we retraced our march. It was difficult at times to believe that a hostile column had traversed the land; and the roads too, which doubled the value of the produce, were the gift of the conquering French; but then, here and there, high up on

some steep ridge, the burned and charred remains of villages would tell a different tale, speaking of determined resistance on the part of the conquered, and ruthless vengeance on that of the attacking force. But we noticed as we moved along, that the Kabyles had quietly and systematically set to work to repair the damage; and it was astonishing how, in so short a time, the traces of fire and sword had disappeared, or were fast disappearing. Had the fig, olive, and lance-wood trees been destroyed, they could never have effected this rapid change; but with the exception of the loss of a little wheat, barley, and some wretched vegetables, the Kabyles—save in the single instance of the plundering of the village and capture of the Smala of the Illiten, where Lalla Fathma fell into the hands of their foe—had lost little, and had that loss richly recompensed to them by the prospect of free access to the French markets, and increased facility in transporting their merchandise to and fro.

Thus cordiality and good-will greeted the homeward march of both officers and men, from the chief downwards; the trees waved their adieux on the mountain-slopes, and their leaves rustled far down in the depth of the shady ravines. The Kabyles worked away at their villages, and only paused to look at the troops as laughing and chattering they filed past, while fathers would call back their screaming urchins, as the said naked little specimens of humanity fled howling from the blue uniforms, or the turbans of

the Zouaves, telling them many a tale of the prowess of the wearers of the said turbans and uniforms — tales which now ranked among the deeds of the past — and the Marshal would check his horse, and let fall words of encouragement, and promises of help and protection, to the workers as he passed, giving full employment to his interpreters as he journeyed on. Then the children would approach cautiously, their mahogany-coloured forms glancing from behind tree and bush as they sneakingly followed the march, or with a wild howl of terror and alarm some dozen of them would dash down the steep hill-side as a Zouave, catching sight of a group, would make a pretended rush at them.

Then followed another long tract of mountain ridge, or well-covered slope, and another village, with its complement of men and children — the former, deprived of their muskets, would lean on their saws or axes, with which they were cutting up their late barricades into door-posts and window-frames, to replace those lately fired and destroyed, watching with an admiring eye the men as they stumbled along over the rough road, laughing and singing. Then would follow another halt, and more work for Monsieur Schousboe, the head interpreter, who, by the way, would have occasionally to be fished up from some out-of-the-way nook or corner where he was scrambling after ferns and strange plants. Our progress was not rapid; the expedition had lost its warlike character, and all the *laissez aller* of African

life shone through it. Such a halt as I have described took place on the late battle-field of Icheriden, the Marshal drawing bridle under the great fig-tree I have before mentioned. Its shade was indeed grateful, for the sun poured its full blaze on the plateau before Icheriden, burning up and scorching all before it.

The Marshal knew nothing of the old Kabyle and his two sons, whose bones lay whitening beneath his horse's hoofs, as his calm eye ranged over the scene of the late assault. It was greatly changed, too, since the morning when the French guns opened on the barricades of the village, for its late defenders were busily occupied now in effacing the traces devastation, war, fire, and plunder, had left in the village. All was calm quiet. A few hawks and eagles circled round and round high in air; the bones of a dead horse whitening in the sun attested their scavenger-like care; the larks were singing on the hill-sides; the round ball-like quails whirled away as the men moved on; and the swarthy forms of the Kabyles new roofing and repairing their mountain-homes glanced among the mass of war-stained huts. The morning breeze swept through the branches of the old trees, and caused them to make strange shadow drawings on the Kabyle's last resting-place; the order to march was passed on, and we bade farewell to Icheriden.

Dipping down into the ravine, and then toiling up the steep ascent, we reached Aboudid, whence MacMahon's column had marched to the attack, erroneously anticipating an easy victory. Aboudid

itself was but little changed. There were the little huts of boughs thrown up during the occupation of the outwork by MacMahon's Zouaves, as a temporary shelter, only the green leaves about them were dried up and fallen away, and the hot sun streamed through the holes and crevices left by their fall. Many of the hands which had placed them there were withered and fallen too. There was the earthen breastwork which had been thrown up as a further protection to the guard in the outpost, leaning against which I had so often watched the Beni Menguillet working at their triple row of stockades. The earth had fallen and crumbled away here and there, beneath the influence of the dew and the sun, and the waving bournous of the out-picquet of Beni Ratén could no longer be observed keeping guard between Aboudid and Icheriden.

But we pass on; and now, as the road suddenly turned and swept away towards Souk El Arba, a different sight met the eye; for where waving trees and white tents had alone dotted the mountain level, when I was last there, the white walls of a large fort, with its bastions and outworks, burst on the view. Our troop now consisted of the Marshal and his staff only, and involuntarily we halted as the changed scene first appeared to us. A fine broad road swept on before us. There lay the villages of Affenzou and Bou Arfâa—there the ground, where, on the day of the storming of the heights of the Ratén, many a gallant eye had looked its

last. There De Rebeval had passed away; when, maddened by their defeat and loss, and supported by the whole force of the contingent tribes, the warriors of the Beni Ratén had made their first stand, when Affenzou and Bou Arfâa rang with the report of French rifle and Kabyle musket. Two of the villages were yet there; the third had totally disappeared; and on the ground lately occupied by it now rose a bastion of the Fort Napoleon.

The whole *coup d'œil* was peaceful enough, and yet totally different to that presented by the first view of Icheriden. There the calm, quiet of Kabyle indifference had again fallen on the land; the eagle and the vulture wheeled their circling flight over the plateau, where the musket and the howitzer had so lately played out their deadly game; the piercing whistle of the blackbird came up from the ravine, not long since searched by the plunging rocket of the advancing foe; and the melodious song of the lark burst over the level plateau up which the Zouaves and 54th had advanced, and which had rung with their gallant cheers and their dying groans. The Kabyles were working deliberately and lazily, as though they had plenty of time before them; the children were playing, and stopped their games to look out on the gay uniforms as they passed. All was quiet and apathy at Icheriden, but at Souk El Arba it was different. Where the old trees had formerly sheltered our tents, bastion and wall were rapidly rising, or had already risen: where the white

tents of the men had been massed together, heaps of brick, lime, or timber, rose confusedly: where the men's cooking-houses and skittle-grounds had once flourished, cabarets and drinking-booths had sprung up by scores. Workmen were busy everywhere; a confused hum of voices reached us where we halted; hundreds of mules, donkeys, and horses, whinnying and braying, were wending their way from the plains, with their burdens of stone, lime, or timber, and returning for fresh loads. The cries, shouts, and sounding blows of the dusky drivers, mixed with the general hum. Gangs of soldier-workmen were at work from early daylight till sunset, the walls of the Fort growing beneath their hands. Added to this, the laugh, the joke, the song, and the noise of rude music, came floating away on the breeze; and this was Souk El Arba, which we had left waving with trees and redolent of quiet Kabyle life. It was, indeed, a busy scene as we again moved on. All sorts and conditions of people had flocked to the newly-appearing town in the Kabyle hills, and a low population, a mixture of nations ebbed and flowed beneath the walls of the rapidly rising fort. We entered those walls; and on the cessation of noise and confusion, that great attention to the minutiae of detail, ever observable among the French, became apparent.

The work was rapidly rising beneath the hands of the soldier-workmen, whose comfort depended on their finding shelter before the rains came on, while that part of the building, more advanced, was already por-

tioned off, and bore letters indicative of its future destination. Here were the men's barracks, the officers' quarters, the future magazine, the stables, and many another building, rapidly called into existence. Order and regularity reigned everywhere within, while a Babel-like confusion, added to doubtless by the arrival and departure of the regiments, ran riot outside. In vain I tried to trace out the spot where my tent had stood formerly, or where the hospitable open door of General De Jourville had lately invited entrance. The trees, which had overshadowed them, had been chopped up for winter fire-wood; and the spot where, not many weeks ago, the Marshal might have been seen every night walking to and fro, in low converse before his tent, with some of his generals, was now a turned-up trench, out of which the foundations of a stable were rising rapidly. How often had I sat after dinner in the chief interpreter's tent, looking over with him the fruits of his day's ramble among the Beni Raten hills, consisting of mosses, ferns, and strange leaves, which he had found time to collect, though the far-off crack of a Kabyle musket warned him the country was not exactly a safe one for herborising in; but now I could not even determine the site of M. Schousboe's tent, as I wandered through the chaos of rising buildings.

Not a workman had been employed out of the ranks of the army in the construction of this mountain fort. As it had done with reference to the road, the army had again fully sufficed for its own

wants; and in doing so, it struck me, had presented a most striking contrast with the position of our own gallant little force before Sevastopol, which, unable to construct a road, lay starving before the hostile walls of the Russian stronghold; although an open port and a numerous fleet were within a short distance.

Regiment after regiment marched on, halting beneath the walls of the fort for a time, and then pursuing their way to Tiziouzou. The Jews and the Moors daily threw up more extensive huts, and fresh shops were continually opened. These gradually became formed into streets and squares, and thus the lately wild and well-wooded plateau became a regular French colonial settlement, with its hybrid and mixed population composed of the military and the thirsters after gain of all nations. At a later period these houses of wood will be replaced by others in brick; and even before I left Algiers, a regular omnibus service was established between that city and the Fort Napoleon.

Two days subsequently Marshal Randon disembarked at Algiers. His reception was a most gratifying one; for it was thought by all that with the final subjugation of Kabylia the military history of the colony was complete; and that the Marshal, whose great capacity for the internal administration of affairs was highly and justly appreciated, would now have full time to carry out his liberal and extended views untrammelled by the obstacles thrown in his way by the jealousies of the French War Department. The guns

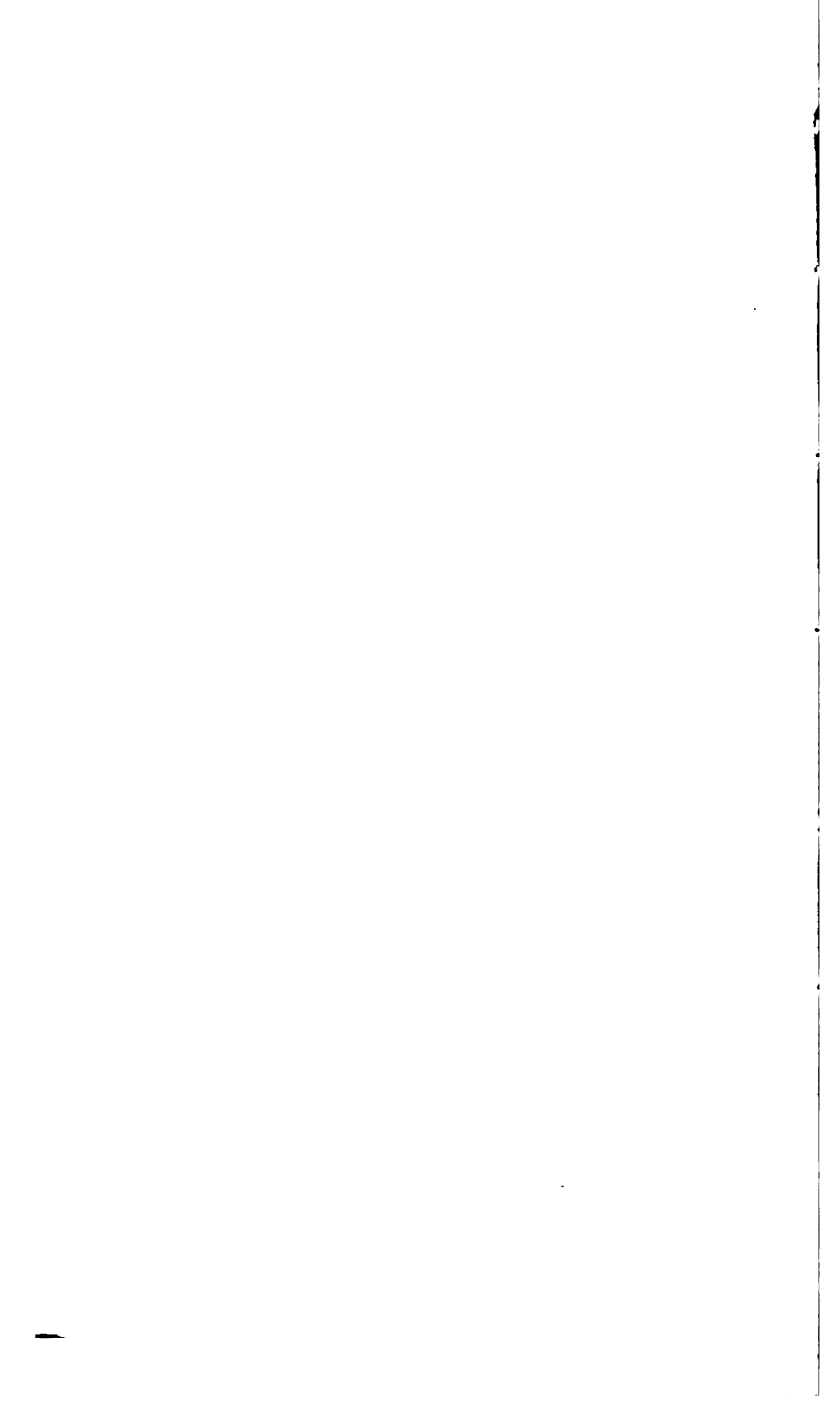
thundered in the port and from the batteries; they were answered by the heavy metal of the citadel. The whole population of the place turned out, lining the street. Deputations of the civic authorities presented congratulatory addresses; and in joy and triumph the Governor-General took his way towards the Government palace. Fêtes and illuminations followed, and the Algiers regiments marched into the town amidst general enthusiasm. Young and old remembered to welcome them; and as, covered with the dust of a long march, with their bronzed faces and worn uniforms they moved along, the music of the bands and the rattling of the drums rising and falling on the air, cheer after cheer made the windows of the old streets shake as they passed them; and not a man moved in the ranks but found some friend, relation, or admirer to listen to his tale of the wild mountain campaign, and of the final subjugation achieved by their brave old Marshal of the half-savage mountaineers of Kabylia.

At Constantine, Oran, Boné, at Philippeville and Aumale, and many another town and village, a similar greeting met the returning force from what had certainly been a most fatiguing and harassing hot weather campaign.

Among the incidents of the time was the reception given to the brave Foreign Legion. Their Zouave brethren recollected the day when with twenty-two officers dead or wounded, and the ground strewn with the fallen men of the 54th and their own gallant corps, they had been

so nobly supported by the Foreign Legion. A long cheer rose from their ranks as that Legion marched past them; the Zouaves broke their ranks and grasped them by the hand; the inhabitants cheered them on their way, as with unbroken file solidly and sternly they moved on, their severer discipline and graver nature instinctively prompting the men to keep their ranks, though deeply moved by the hearty meed of praise accorded them: and with this closing incident of the Kabyle campaign a new era dawned over the beautiful shores of the French-African colony.

And now my self-imposed task is done, and all that remains to me, dear reader, is to say farewell. As in the conclusion of a former work I breathed that farewell from my tent pitched on the African shores, so now the rude mountains of Montenegro meet my eye; as my pen traces the letters, the busy hum of a multitude speaking a language strange to my ears, rises around me, and the soft night breeze comes sighing in at my tent-door, bearing the farewell with which I now greet thee, far over the fair Adriatic towards thy Western Land, from the Bashi's tent on the Dalmatian shore.



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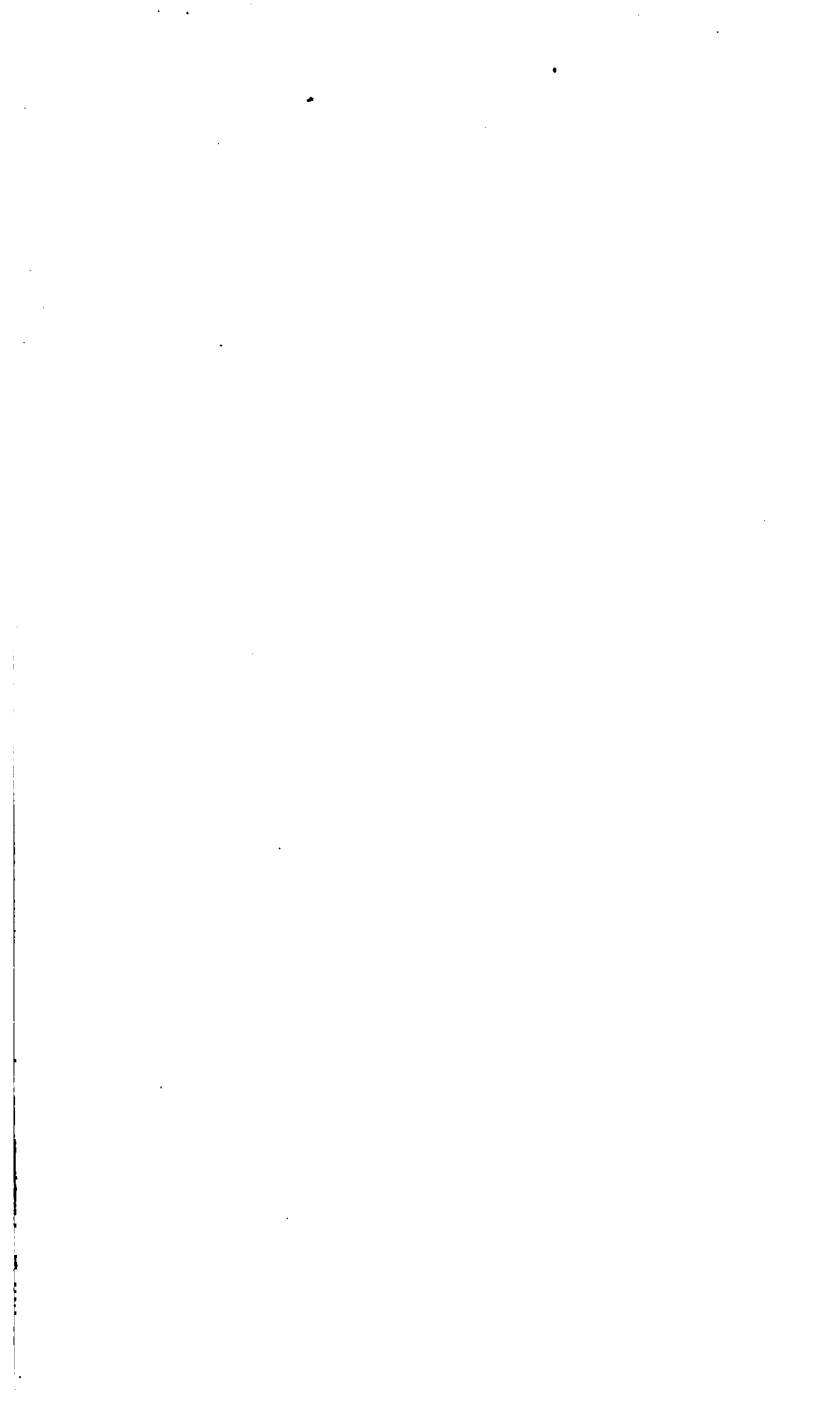
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